

THE
AMERICAN
IN
EUROPE





Do you know me now.

THE
AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

BY
HENRY CLAY CROCKETT.



Le Bois de Boulogne, Paris.

THE
AMERICAN IN EUROPE:

BEING

“Guesses” and “Calculations” on Men and Manners;

MADE DURING A TOUR

THROUGH THE MOST IMPORTANT PORTIONS OF EUROPE.

BY

HENRY CLAY CROCKETT.



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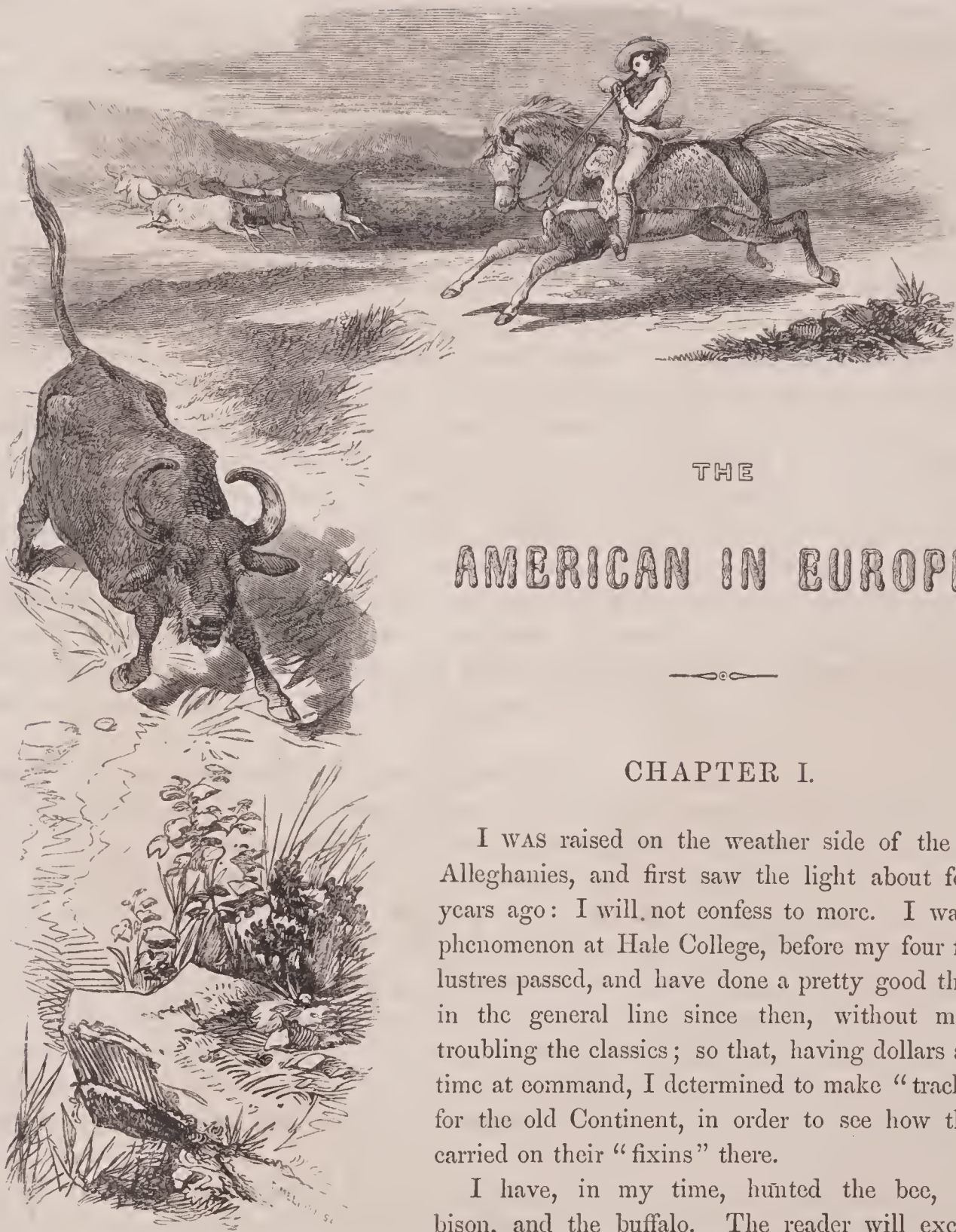
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The Music Lesson.



THE
AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS raised on the weather side of the old Alleghanies, and first saw the light about forty years ago: I will not confess to more. I was a phenomenon at Hale College, before my four first lustres passed, and have done a pretty good thing in the general line since then, without much troubling the classics; so that, having dollars and time at command, I determined to make "tracks" for the old Continent, in order to see how they carried on their "fixins" there.

I have, in my time, hunted the bee, the bison, and the buffalo. The reader will excuse the alliteration; it may be an unconscious mark of genius. I have almost gone to the length of "whipping my weight in wild cats;" but a sufficient number could not be found, they having taken flight when I first resolved upon it at a great 'coon hunt, which we held

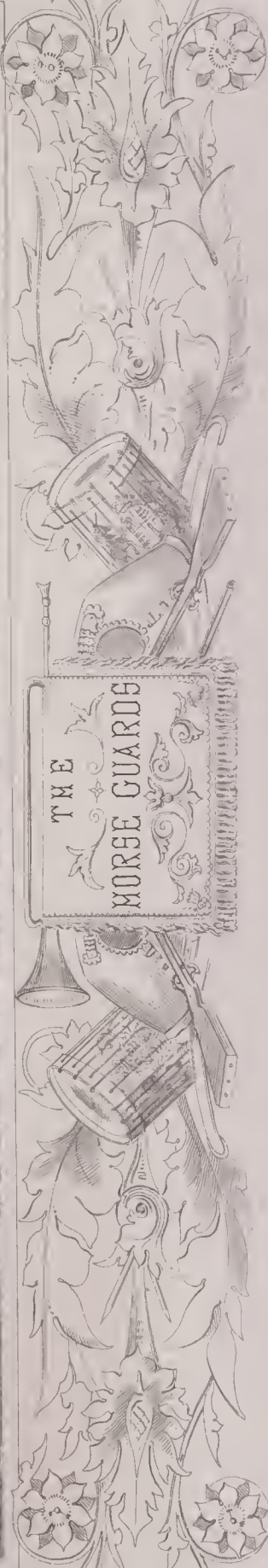
north-west of the Delaware; so I gave up the point. So far as the Castalian fountain went, and all concerning it, I drained it as dry as the creeks of the Susquehanna are when the sun is vertical, and committed myself in verses of forty-horse power, addressed to Miss Jem. (for Jemima) Booty, daughter of Methusalem Booty, of Old Salem, which, I am told, created great havoc in her heart; but of this I never took advantage. As I have said, I am (round about) forty years of age, clear in the eye, brown in the face, which is tanned by the sun of every elime, aquiline in the nose; I stand six foot one in my stockings, am rather 'ugly' about the arm and hand, and have smoked pipes with every tribe from the Cat to the Pawnee Indians.

I have drank sherry-cobblers in the Broadway, no end of coektail and mint-juleps up the Hudson, quarrelled with half-breeds on the St. Lawrence, and once tried a winter on the cod-banks of Newfoundland. I meant to have speculated at Labrador, but found that the humidity of the place did not "convene" to me "no how," so I declined it.

I struck out for the prairies, where I have killed mocassin snakes, and strangled gigantie cobras. I might have been a great naturalist; but whenever I wanted to make a "noteh" about anything, I found that I had whittled my pencils away, and my stock of paper had gone to supply me with wadding. Finding that I had lived fast, and had exhausted the novelties of the new world, I resolved to try the old, and see what there was to be seen before coming home to be made president. So, on the 12th May, 18—, I sailed in the —, Captain —, for Liverpool. She was a noble ship of the first class of "liners," and her commander was as fine a fellow as ever trod plank; but they both (captain and ship) went down in the equinox of September, 18—, and I need say no more on that head.

Liverpool struck me, as we went up the noble Mersey, by its mighty ranges of docks, its intricate forest of masts, its immense masses of warehouses. Everywhere arose the sounds of labour, and the bustle of business gave life and animation to all around. The town rises from the Mersey side by a gentle ascent, and its extreme boundary from the river may be said to reach from the village of Walton to Everton, and thence to Edge-Hill, beneath which the vast railway tunnel is bored. The Exchange and other buildings pleased me very much, as well from the compactness as from the elegance of the whole. St. George's Hall, a fine and stately building, then just completed, delighted me most. It occupies, as nearly as possible, the centre of a vast area, known as the Old Haymarket. Once there was a lunatic asylum on the site, which was changed into a barracks, that, in turn, gave way to this fine temple of the muses. The vast frontage of the railway gives relief to the space.

I spent but little time there, however, as I was anxious to be in France with all convenient speed. A day served me for a scramble over the Cheshire coast, and for a turn through the rapidly rising town of Birkenhead, which, with its new docks and store-houses, threatens to make with Liverpool a division of trade. Soon wearied with all this, I hastened from thence back to Liverpool, and the same evening took my place by the



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railway for London, and off we went at a speed that, in a few hours, set me down at Euston Square.

It was a wonderfully beautiful panorama through which I rapidly ran. Town, city, and hamlet, village, farm, and cottage, with rustic steeples peeping forth far over the woodlands in the pleasant distances. There were noble mansions too, and stately woods and parks, where bounding deer rushed past in all the enjoyment of their freedom. Corn and pasture land, and broad meadows, all betokening plenty; but, as compared to the plains and forests of the Western world, made no more than the well-laid-out grounds of a wealthy country gentleman would be, as compared to the undulating scenery I passed through. Having engaged a cab, with no small difficulty as to fare, I was safely installed at Long's Hotel.

Before arriving in London, however, I had caught a glimpse of that thick and murky mass which for ever hangs above the city, denoting undeniably its whereabouts, and looming like a giant's head was the noble dome of St. Paul's. With a sort of feverish haste I dashed through the parks of the west end, which I greatly admired—with much to find fault with in detail. I was pleased, on the whole, with the gigantic mass of busy life that pervaded every street and alley of the crammed city. I visited the exhibitions and places of amusement, and was certainly gratified with the fine acting at one or two theatres, and with the magnificent music of the opera.

I visited the Abbey and St. Paul's, and felt ashamed for the "coot" of a beadle, who let me into each of God's temples at less than theatre price. I may say, that they were well worth the money; in fact, they were the cheapest exhibitions in London. From the Guildhall, where I saw the giants, and thought how much men are like children in their foibles, I turned towards London Bridge, in order to make *my* "progress" up the river. They have fine black-beetles of steamers, which tear along and vanish under the bridges, and which certainly burst now and then, as they do on the Ohio or the Mississippi.

I was immensely struck with the idea of building the House of Lords behind the corner of a vast bridge, which makes the other structure look dwarfish. To my thinking, there is no comparison between it and Somerset House. They ought to have made an elevation of stone, thirty or forty feet high, as a basement, and then have erected their superstructure upon that. It will, doubtless, look better when the bridge is taken down; as, in fact, it has itself threatened to commit suicide, if they do not relieve its old bones. Returning by Whitehall, I saw everything at sixes and sevens, for they were then building a new frontage. I admired the Horse Guards; but Nelson's Column caught my attention, more especially the coil of rope, which has a miraculous resemblance to the devil's tail; but the crowning magnificence of the whole was the *classic beauty* of the three domes on the top of the National Gallery! It is a question if the world can show anything so unique. I had visited most of these places alone, though I might have had those with me, had I chosen, who would have acted as willing guides.

I had letters of business and introduction to deliver, which I now attended to; and

having despatched two notes to two several friends, who were going to accompany me in my continental perambulations, remained at home in the evening to receive them.

The first came in time for dinner. He was a fine-grown, strapping fellow of about two or three and thirty, daring to absurdity, and as full of devilment as an Albany colt. He and I had shot bears before this at the "Salt-licks;" but for some years we had not met, as he had been in Egypt, and finally resident in London for the last two years. His features were frank, bold, and regular; his head of hair Apollonian; but his frame was so angular, that no coat ever sat so gracefully upon him as the hunting blanket he used to wear. His name was Ewart Dewbank, and he came from Connecticut.

"Henry Clay Crockett," said he to me, as he shook my hand; "I am glad to see you."

"And I am glad to see you, Dewbank," said I, in turn, shaking him as heartily by the hand; "sit down—put your feet under the mahogany. I can't promise you roast venison ——"

"Such as we used to broil, after I'd brought it to the tent in my blanket, many a time," interrupted my friend; "nothing like broiling slices upon the embers ——"

"And falling to with a hunter's appetite, eh?" said I, and we both laughed heartily. "But where's Ralph Potter?" I asked; "he ought to have been here by this."

"He is here," said a voice as the door opened, and a tall, remarkably handsome young man, with wild dark eyes, pale cheeks, and hair tossed over a white forehead, entered the room. We both started up to greet him, for he had been dear to us when we were away in the great heart of the mighty forest, thousands of miles from home. There was an affecting history connected with him, which had always most deeply affected us; and though we were not particularly "soft," yet we were (I mean Dewbank and myself) both of us men, and had men's feelings too. Of Ralph's history I may give the reader some insight into at a future time. After the first welcome was over, we sat down to as good a dinner as Long could put upon the table; and as soon as this was cleared away, we began to talk over our campaign.

"When do you propose to start?" asked Dewbank.

"To-morrow," I replied, "by the steamer for Boulogne. I have taken three places."

"That will suit me," said Ralph; "I have no arrangements to make."

"And I," added Ewart, "have made mine already."

"That will do also," I said; "and now mix your grog: I have some prime Monongahela in my ease"—and I put it out—"and here are some cigars which were ripened in the sun of Cuba;" and down we sat as cozy as it was possible for men to be.

We had a wonderful "talk," as the Indians say; and in its discursive course it embraced almost every topic, from the price of pot-ashes to the disposal of an empire, and making it so many republics. We spoke of our old adventures by field and flood, in the prairie or the mountain, in the forest and over the lake, and we remembered a few old companions who had been side by side with us in many a fray, when the war-whoop of the wild tribes rang fearfully in the night air.

"You ask about Tom Trevor," said Ewart, in reply to a question I had put. "Ah! he was a strange fish certainly. There always was a certain singularity about Tom, which I never could well make out; but I can now tell you all about him. Did you ever hear how Tom did the devil?"

"No," we both replied.

"Well, I'll tell it you; fill your glasses, and light a fresh cigar;" and having done this, and drawn our chairs closer, he began the story.

How Tom Trevor did the Devil!

"You remember," began Dewbank, "my meeting with you at New York, after we had been for several months absent at the last hunting excursion, which was just over; and that I brought with me a good-looking, thin-faced, mischievous, witty fellow, whom I introduced as Tom Trevor, a portrait-painter from old England—quite a metropolitan, in fact."

"Yes," I replied, "I do. I shall never forget his devotion to cigars and gin-sling. I thought I was myself a pretty good hand at both the one and the other; but the roof of Tom's mouth seemed plated, and his throat was like that of a crane."

"With a stomach of *gutta percha* quality," added Ewart. "Well, you recollect too, that he was about the most amusing fellow you ever came near. Tom was one of the best hands at a comic song, a recitation, at imitating a saw, the squeaking of a pig, a cat on the house-top, with a dash of ventriloquism, I ever knew."

"Yes," said I, "these qualifications struck me at once."

"After Tom had completed some commissions which brought him to America, and made a panorama of the St. Lawrence, which is now lost in the sceneries of one of the London minor theatres, he returned to England, and settled here. Tom was, to my thinking, a very idle sort of dog, after all, and would lounge on a sofa with his amber-tipped hookah in his mouth, dreaming of Michael Angelo, or Correggio, by the hour, or distract himself about the black sparkling eyes of his cousin Rose Richardson, as pretty a girl, too, as ever tripped with a tiny fairy foot across the ground. This, however, you may be sure, was not very productive; and while Tom's studio was more like an old lumber-room than anything else, his out-goings began to exceed his in-comings considerably, and Tom began to deplore the sacrifice which he was making of his genius to an ungrateful world.

"Tom had an old maiden aunt, living in the country with her niece Rose, upon whom he was almost totally dependent, and, to do her justice, the old lady was very liberal; but as it was expected that Tom would do something for himself, it was found that, as from quarter to quarter there was nothing but his aunt's allowance to depend upon, he grew more and more straitened in his means, after having, like the 'Dick Swiveller' of Charles Dickens, nearly shut himself out of every available street and passage leading to his lodgings.

"Tom loved his cousin Rose dearly, and lived much upon love, and the dear girl returned this love in an equal ratio; but she also depended upon her aunt, so that their prospects were not particularly bright. Still Tom's wonderful flow of spirits did not altogether leave him; and seeing that portrait-painting was at a discount, Tom took to writing sonnets to his lady, and vaudevilles for an operative theatre not far from his residence. The latter paid better than the former; but Tom could not keep up the supply according to the demand, so that his occasional guinea did not avail him much.

"Now, this portion of Tom's history I have from his own lips," continued Dewbank, emptying and refilling his cup,—“so that, as far as that goes, I vouch for the fact; but you will think with me, that there must be a considerable mistake in it upon the whole, though Tom religiously believes it, but cannot himself account for a portion of it that puzzled me. But of that anon.

"Tom painted occasionally, though he had no order of any consequence to fulfil; but he amused himself now and then with his brushes and colours, as if to relieve the monotony of being idle. He had upon his easel a fancy sketch (I suspected then it was his cousin Rose's likeness), which was drawn with amazing force and beauty; but it was in a very incomplete state, and it was a matter of uncertainty whether it would ever be finished, as Tom, under the pressure of his ill luck, grew moodier, idler, and finally more despairing, in spite of his almost unconquerable good humour. Day by day saw Tom getting lower and lower. His rent was unpaid for several months, duns were unceasingly at his door, and at last he received peremptory orders from his landlady to leave the rooms in which he had become domesticated.

"This finished the cup of Tom's bitterness, for he did not know what to do. Already did destitution stare him in the face; and the few friends he had, the companions of his idle or more dissipated moments, could give him no aid, however willing they might be.

"Tom, on this particular day, was seated in a chair, gazing grimly at the few embers dying in the grate, his empty pipe was in his hand, and a pewter pot, thrown from its perpendicular, lying on the ground, showed it had just been emptied; his palette and brushes, all useless, were flung into another corner. It was a picture, Tom said, of utter heart-broken misery. He did not dare to apply to his aunt, for his conscience smote him that he had not behaved entirely as well as he ought to have done; and that some portions of the supplies he received from her did not always find their way by a legitimate channel. Tom was liberal, fond of good cheer, and thoughtless; but he was the soul of honour. He would starve rather than make known his desperate condition.

"Tom, as I have said, was gazing wistfully into the grate, thinking of his cousin and of his condition, when, drawing his hand distractedly over his brow, he muttered, 'The devil take it—what am I to do?'

"Tom is certain that he not only used this expletive; but went the length of using the said gentleman's name in a very wicked manner, when suddenly he heard a smart rap at his door.

"It was only one knock, but of that imperious kind, Tom describes it, that it brought his heart at once to his mouth.

"'It's all over with me now,' thought Tom; 'they are coming to sell me up;' and he cast his eyes around the room, when his glance fell upon the half-finished picture of his cousin Rose, and he felt, as his eyes became blinded with tears, as if everything good in life was leaving him.

"'Come in,' said Tom desperately, after a pause, and gulping down a sob with great resolution, when the door opened, and a queer-looking little old gentleman in black entered.

"Tom declared, that as he looked upon the stranger by the dismal light of the dull morning, he felt a thrill of awe creeping over him, which he was utterly unable to repress. Perhaps it arose from a sudden chill, attendant upon the opening of the door; perhaps—but conjecture is useless. There was the visitor, and Tom having recovered from his first surprise, found that it was necessary to address him.

"'May I venture to ask your business with me?' said Tom.

"'Are you Tom Trevor?' asked his visitor, in a tone so peculiarly discordant as to make Tom start.

"'Mr. Trevor, at your—service, sir,' replied Tom, a little distantly.

"'And the idlest fellow in London,' grumbled the other, 'if one may judge from appearances.'

"'Why,' said Tom, a little nettled, 'if men will not give me orders to execute, there can't be much done. As for the remainder,' he added, shrugging his shoulders, while a spice of mischief still lurked in his eye, 'my upholsterer has been too busy at court lately to attend to me; but after ——'

"'That will do, Tom,' interrupted the other; 'and now to business.'

"'Now to business,' echoed Tom, pointing his visitor to a chair.

"'Well, Tom,' began the other, twitching his shrivelled and hooked nose unpleasantly, 'you don't appear to be very thriving.'

"'Don't I?' retorted Tom; 'bless you, things are very deceptive sometimes.'

"'Humph!' growled the other; 'well, perhaps, in that case you can settle a few of these bills for me,' and the old gentleman unfolded a roll, and scattered sundry ugly-looking documents upon the table.

"Tom, to his dismay, found that all his creditors appeared to be concentrated into one—the person of his visitor—and with a sort of haze gathering over his eyes, he endeavoured to make out the countenance of this stranger; which, however, by its wonderful mobility, utterly defied his skill. It changed and twisted as if a cloud of smoke were passing over it.

"'Who the devil are you, sir?' demanded Tom, snappishly.

"'Be quiet, Tom, be quiet,' said the other, tapping his nose. 'You can't oblige me at present, can you?' he added, pointing to the bills, and rolling them up, as if he had anticipated the answer.

“‘No,’ replied Tom, with a sigh; ‘I cannot.’

“‘Well,’ said the old chap, with a dry sort of laugh, ‘I’m pretty rich, very patient, good-natured, and so on, and I’ll wait ——’

“‘I’m much obliged to you, I’m sure,’ said Tom, rising, while a lively feeling of gratitude moved him; ‘I wish I could return the obligation.’

“‘On one condition, Tom—or we’ll say, one or two,’ continued the amiable old gentleman.

“‘Condition!’ muttered Tom, changing colour.

“‘I want a picture,’ rejoined the other, ‘a magnificent picture!’

“‘Ah!’ said Tom, glancing towards the one on his easel, ‘I have something begun there; but it will take such a time to finish.’

“‘What is it?’ said the old gentleman, rising; ‘something or other stupid, I dare say. Ah! Tom, Tom, you’re an idle dog;’ and drawing away the cloth which was flung over it, he gazed with evident delight upon the incomplete sketch, which now possessed new charms to the artist.

“‘Now, I’ll tell you what, Tom,’ he rejoined; ‘it’s a capital likeness of Rose, I know. D’ye hear? I want that picture finished by a certain day.’

“‘That!’ ejaculated Tom; and then added aside, ‘What the deuce can he know about Rose?’

“‘Yes, that, and none other; and what’s more, it must be exhibited at the Academy. I’ll insure you the prize.’

“‘You!’ and Tom opened his eyes to their widest.

“‘Bother!’ was the unceremonious response. ‘You shall have five hundred guineas for it. You shall marry your cousin Rose. You shall ——’

“‘Five hundred Roses! marry cousin guineas!’ muttered Tom, who was so utterly confounded, that he did not know what he was saying.

“‘You shall do all this,’ persisted the queer dark gentleman, playing with his nose, and lifting up the angles of his lips after the most purely Mephistophilic manner possible. ‘I will befriend you with these bills, and insure your success, if you will sign this little bond,’ and he shily showed Tom a bit of parchment.

“‘Bond!’ muttered Tom. ‘He’s some old usurer or other, and thinks to make money out of me. Egad!’ he added, ‘it would serve him right to sign it, and see how savage he’ll be when he knows he’s done himself.’

“‘Well, Tom, what do you say?’ asked the old gentleman, holding out a pen and the bond to him.

“‘Come, he’s liberal with time,’ thought Tom, as he glanced upon it again, and saw *thirty years* written very legibly upon it; and so saying, without another word, Tom took the pen and scratched his name at the foot. The deed was done, as Tom said.”

At this juncture Dewbank ceased his narration for the moment, and we took the oppor-

tunity of replenishing the glasses, and relighting fresh cigars. Ralph Potter seemed to enjoy Ewart's story hugely, which I was glad to see, for generally he was taciturn and grave. I partly knew the cause, and did not remark upon his mannerism. When we were again in full sail under a cloud of smoke and the steam of hot grog, after a little desultory chat, Dewbank resumed.

"I have already told you," began the full-blooded Yankee, "that the sequel to this tale puzzled Tom himself in no little degree. Tom states, that he plucked up courage, worked night and day at his picture, and sent to the Academy a gem of art.

"The picture was a most beautiful one. It was the portrait, in half length, of Rose, clad in a sort of fancy costume, which was eminently graceful, and set off her lovely laughing face to full advantage.

"To Tom's astonishment it *did* carry away the prize, and this caused such a sensation, that Tom's name was placed in the first rank of artists. The picture was sold for five hundred guineas, and though Tom could not discover the purchaser, he had no great doubt himself as to who it was; and began to think of the queer-looking old gentleman with something of fear, while gratitude mingled largely in this feeling.

"One day after Tom had received his five hundred guineas, and had written to his aunt and Rose to this effect; though it is true he felt a pang at the heart in having parted with it, for, as his work progressed under his hand, he began to love it almost as much as he did his cousin; and had already made another attempt to try another sketch, but never could please himself by it, and now sat looking on his dark canvas, thinking of many things—Rose and the queer gentleman among the others—a light touch on the shoulder roused him; and turning round, he saw a female standing before him, veiled almost from head to foot.

"I don't know whether Tom was not more startled at the sight of this second visitor than he was of his first; but Tom was gallant enough when a lady was in the case. Making a polite bow, he requested the fair stranger to be seated, and begged to be honoured with her commands; but, to his astonishment, a suppressed tittering was all the reply he received.

"As Tom looked still closer, he began to fancy that he recognised the garments she wore. A dim idea haunted him that their form, style, manner, and so on, were familiar to him.

"‘Madam,’ said Tom, ‘may I beg to ask ——’

"‘Do you know me now?’ asked a sweet laughing voice, as with two fair arms she flung aside the veil, and there, in a pretty masquerading dress, stood his lovely cousin Rose.

"Although Tom started with surprise and pleasure, he soon recovered himself, so that catching the blushing girl in his arms, he first kissed her warm lips, and then shook hands with her. A few words from Rose gave Tom to know that his aunt had been the pur-

chaser of the perplexing picture, which she then possessed; that they had both come up to town together, in order to see how Tom's rising fame might be forwarded. In fine, from one thing to another, the time passed away pleasantly till Tom was reminded that he had an order to execute which was not yet touched, and, enraged with himself, he began to think that the old gentleman was right in calling him a sad, idle dog. It was then Tom swore a great vow, that no difficulty should, for the future, mar his exertions; but he almost fancied that he heard the sounds of mocking laughter greeting him as he concluded. A shade of fear and displeasure crossed Tom's face; but the bright and beautiful creature before him dissipated by a word, and in a moment, both his annoyance and his doubt.

"I need not detail to you," continued Dewbank, "*all* that passed during this interview, as it began to take a most interesting turn. The 'good understanding,' as diplomatists have it, existing between them was heightened, and they parted with a mutual understanding that they were shortly to be—married! and what was more, Tom's aunt, the good old soul, had bestirred herself in the matter, was going to come down handsomely, was, in fact, looking out for a house, goods, and chattels, for the newly-married pair—that were to be; and soon after Rose had concluded her recital, Tom Trevor and his cousin parted.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the relater, "the mysterious part of the transaction begins in earnest. By some unaccountable singularity, Tom found himself sitting in the same room, moodily pondering over the dim shadow of a bond that he had signed *thirty years back!* He was in possession of name and wealth, a wife, family, and all that,—and yet around him there was no sign of any one existing.

"'Devil take me!' muttered Tom, 'if I'm not puzzled all out.'

"Knock! It came to the door, short, quick, imperative, the *fac simile* of one he had heard thirty years ago. Why was Tom afraid? *He* had fulfilled *his* conditions, and the old gentleman's pledge had been strictly adhered to. Yet, why was he afraid? Tom had kept no copy of the bond. He trusted to 'honour;' besides, thirty years looks a long time, when it lies right straight before you.

"'Come in,' said Tom; and once more did the old gentleman enter, looking more queer, more grim, more strange than ever.

"'How do you do, Tom?' asked he; 'glad to see you looking so well,' and he tweaked his nose as before.

"'Quite well, thank'e,' replied Tom. 'I must say that I'm surprised I never saw you after the morning you first called upon me. I assure you I often wished it.'

"'It was of no consequence—none at all, Tom. I've called now,' added he, 'to settle that little matter which lies between us, if it's convenient;' and he darted upon Tom such a look as made him quake in his shoes.

"'Business!' echoed Tom. 'Ah! I know. Well, it was all right—perfectly right;' and Tom fancied he caught sight of the old man's meaning.

"'I'm glad to hear that—very,' returned the other; 'therefore I'll just trouble you to

read this over,' and this time he fairly unfolded out the bond before Tom's eyes, all in regular order, with a thumping big seal attached, and Tom's bold signature opposite.

"'What the deuce can it mean?' thought Tom; 'what the plague is it? What the dev——'; but here he stopped short all at once, as if he had done something of a dreadfully evil kind, and was only struck by suddenly remembering it.

"He glanced upon the bond. His eyes dilated, and became riveted upon it. He turned pale, and trembled in every limb.

"'What—what—can this mean?' stammered Tom, clasping his forehead, and trying to think.

"'It's all correct,' said the other blandly; 'quite right. I've aided and served you for thirty years. The time is up—you're *mine*!' The murder was out. Tom had sold himself to ——; but we won't mention names.

"'You finished your picture,' continued the disagreeable old fellow, 'and from being the idlest vagabond in London, I made you industrious, and industry made you talented. You sold the picture of pretty Rose—you gained wealth. Thirty years! think of that, sir! and now, come, for I've got another party waiting.'

"'Wait a moment,' said Tom; 'don't be in such a confounded hurry, I beg.'

"'Nonsense! I've no time to lose. Halloo! what now?' shouted the old slyboots.

"This exclamation was drawn out of the qucer gentleman, by seeing an exulting and insolent smile spread over Tom's lately dismayed face.

"'Not so fast, old chap,' said Tom; 'you've done yourself nicely. Look there! tell me that date!' and he pointed to it with a chuckle.

"The old fellow could not blush; but he did something like it, for, as he looked at the bond, through his dark and sombre checks there seemed to steal a red angry glow, that made his face appear like a dun-coloured, lurid transparency, with a fire inside of it. He read the date. It was the *twenty-ninth of February*!

"'That was LEAP-YEAR,' cried Tom; 'now what think you of that? Eh!' and he laughed. 'According to the thirtieth anniversary of that date, I've to live for a *hundred and twenty years*. So pack up, you mischievous old villain, and begone!' and Tom pointed to the door.

"If the old chap was not the 'father of lies' himself, he now looked marvellously like him.

"'But Tom,' he began, '*honour*, you know ——'.

"'Bother!' said Tom; 'vanish! begone! you're caught in your own trap.'

"The form seemed to dilate and fill the room, and as it retrograded to the door, a grin of rage and baffled hatred spread over the angry countenance that made Tom's flesh creep. Away he went with a howl and a roar, as if he had torn away the lintels and posts with him in his flight.

"When Tom told me of this," continued Dewbank, "I said plumply that he had been *dreaming*! 'But there's the picture,' said he, 'and here's my wife,' pointing to both, 'and I should say that they were sufficient evidence of the fact.'

"The devil was your own indolence, Tom," said I, "and the good angel of Leap-year was your love for Rose; but Tom could not be altogether convinced that there was not something in it. However, he found that he had not lost the thirty years he had dreamed over, for he had yet to use them, and if he lives," concluded Dewbank, "I'll be bound he does so to good purpose. Thomas Trevor, of the Royal Academy, is no longer an idle man, but industrious, happy, married, and well to do."

We laughed heartily over this *escapade* of Tom's, when the relation was over, and once more the conversation was changed.

At this moment, when we were becoming joocular, and—I assume, as a matter of course—witty, the sounds of a street organ, one upon a new construction, and at that time a novelty, struck upon the ear, and the trumpet stop, at the very instant, rising and swelling upon the air, died away with a cadence inexpressibly beautiful.

I saw that Dewbank's glance was rivetted upon the face of Ralph; and I also, looking in that direction, was struck with the sudden change in the youth's countenance.

"Ralph, my boy," said I kindly to him, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said he hurriedly, lifting up his head suddenly, like one startled out of a reverie, and drawing his hand across his brow; "the melody which has just ended reminded me of—of something. It is forgotten."

Now I cannot say that I was ever much given to the sentimental vein; but I had an idea what it was to have a peculiarly sensitive organization, and had before observed how great the power of music is upon others; so thinking for a moment, I remembered that this fine organ, elaborately constructed, was playing a selection of those beautiful, and sadly sweet airs from Bellini's wonderful opera of *Sonnambula*. These struck his particular chord of feeling. Ralph's heart, I knew, was in a tumult of voluptuous pain.

"Music affects Ralph sometimes you know," observed Dewbank to me, as if to give him time to recover his former composed manner.

"It does most wonderfully," said Ralph, as if disdaining to hide his emotions; "and as you know it, I will not disguise from you that those airs have the power of moving me to tears at times. No magic of language can be more pathetic than the harmonious madness of Elvino, when, in his despair, he recounts the depth and fervour of his love."

"Talking of that," said I, willing to change the subject; "I fancy that the director of the opera here must have made a smart hit of it when he got Jenny Lind on his books."

"Right," exclaimed Ralph readily, and once more his old cheerfulness returned. I saw that he was mounted on his hobby, and knew that he would go on agreeably enough for the next hour. "I think you have never seen or heard her?" said he to me.

"No," I replied; "but I mean to have that pleasure."

"Ah!" and he drew a long breath; "it is a pleasure to hear her miraculous voice, and to witness the childlike faith, the almost superhuman energy, with which she enters into the spirit of her part. She is in herself one of those brilliant instances of the triumph of natural gifts, and the most persevering industry over every obstacle, whether the contempt

shown by managers and masters for her juvenile looks and feeble voice at the outset, which during her childhood lost its sweetness and flexibility, or the combination of envious rivals, she conquered them all, and broke through every opposition by the pure force of genius. The divine spirit of musical gifts asserted its mastery, and she became queen of the art. Rich, honoured, and renowned, she is said to preserve the severe simplicity of her humble birth and unartificial northern nature. In this respect alone she is a *rara avis*, for, generally speaking, the stars of the opera have eccentric orbits, and are easily led to forget their own proper path in that overweening and flattered conceit which might turn steadier brains than theirs. The old opera, what with its internecine warfare and its new rival, was falling off day by day, and things looked black enough. Jenny Lind appeared in May, 1847, with all the *prestige* of a name blown far and wide by the press, and the vast theatre was filled to the roof. This was the first of a series that never lost attraction. She never failed, never was inferior, and indeed rarely the same, which may be paradoxical; but repeatedly seeing her in the same part never gave one the idea of weariness.

"You describe her powers most admirably in their effect, my dear Ralph," said Dewbank; "like most artists, I imagine she is greater in some things than others."

"True," rejoined Ralph, "in the *Vivandière*, for instance, she is light, playful, and fascinating. Her by-play with the old serjeant is delicious—the 'Rataplan' fires one with enthusiasm, and I shall never forget the effect of that scene, where, in her splendid dress, and in the splendid hall, her turbulent but warm-hearted old companions burst in, the singing-lesson was a climax, not to be surpassed in its way."

"I have seen her highly spoken of in the papers," said I, "when playing the part of 'Alice,' in the opera of '*Robert the Devil*!'"

"And with good reason," rejoined Ralph, his eyes absolutely kindling, and his features growing flushed and radiant; "she is there like an angel of a lower grade, standing between hell and heaven. Her earthliness for a moment succumbs to the powers of darkness, as the weird music, and the awful words of Bertram ring with ponderous tonings on the unhallowed air. Clinging to the cross, the symbol of her hopes, her clear, pure, and marvellous voice, full of prayerful intreaty, of fear, of defiance, and despair, exhibits not only her powers in a transcendent degree, but at once convinces the hearers of the gigantic genius of Meyerbeer, whose majestic music, which finds fitting vent for human and superhuman attributes, fascinates, delights, and even affrights us. The genius of Weber, in that grand and sombre *Der Frieschutz*, and that of Mozart, in his brilliant, enchanting, and terrible *Don Giovanni*, goes not beyond Meyerbeer. To the art, grace, and tenderness of the Italian school, he had added all the spiritual and unearthly qualities of the German, and of these three *chef d'ouvres*, I know not which to admire most."

"It is really astonishing how so young a creature, gifted as she may be with the power of song," I observed, "should have mastered these immense difficulties of the dramatic art which gives vigour, expression, and life to music, and become thus an artist so consummate as to strike the world with wonder. I should wish her," I added, "to pay us a transat-

lantic visit; she would find that we possess as much appreciation in America for that which is beautiful in art, as either England, or any continental nation can show."

"There can be no doubt upon that," said Ewart, "considering the patronage we have bestowed upon dramatic and musical art of a much inferior nature."

"Perhaps she may imagine," said Ralph silyly, "that a promiscuous encouragement of art in its inferior forms may be a feature of American taste, and conscious of her own powers would not wish to run the gauntlet."

I laughed at this sally, which I took in good part; but Dewbank, with a little of republican dignity, retorted—"I deny your inference totally. The instances to the contrary are self-evident, and whatever opposition some of them have met with have arisen from unworthy caballings among professionals themselves, whose envy have enlisted partisans on both sides, which have had no other effect than that of disturbing the harmony and good-will which should exist in a republic of art, as well," added Dewbank, by way of an episodical climax, "as in all other republics."

In the meantime the night was deepening, and our sense of enjoyment was heightened by the interest we felt in Ralph's disquisition on this charming cantatrice; and by an easy transition, we spoke of art and artists of every kind, and from the "new" and the "old" world we drew subjects for fresh argument.

The "creature comforts" that surrounded us (to which Dewbank and myself were in a moderate way devoted to) heightened the joy of the hour. Ralph drank wine sparingly enough; but we two were old hands at transcendental devotions, and stuck steadily to our punch, while the delicious aroma of our cigars, mingling with the vapours of the faultless liquor, filled the room.

At last Ralph, breaking the silence of a sudden pause that ensued, said to me, "Have you marked down with any degree of precision the route you intend to take?"

Now, as I have always enjoyed that little mystery which lies in taking a road leading one knows not where, and could enjoy with zest anything unusual, grotesque, romantic, picturesque, or even dangerous, that crossed my path, I do not like being exactly mathematical in chalking out every step and stage of such a journey as we had in contemplation. In that case one might as well stay at home, and travel through a road-book.

"I guess, Ralph Potter," I replied, "that I ain't going to jog-trot on from town to town as our old grandsires would have done, and know the inn, place, and prices, and what will happen a month beforehand. No, first for Boulogne, next for some intermediate places between there and Paris; when we arrive at Paris, we will there hold a grand council of progress. You will arm yourself with your sketch-book Ralph," I added, "and Dewbank and myself will take notes; as for pictures they're things I much admire, but should be sorry to look upon one of my own make."

"Very well," began Dewbank, "I don't see anything to prevent this arrangement turning out a most excellent one. I, in the meantime, who have been on the continent before, will take charge of the travelling business. Leave the route, the conveyances, the

navigation, the commissariat department, altogether to me, including the obtaining of passports, custom-house, &c., and I will answer for it that all will go as smoothly as one of Sam Slick's clocks."

"Well," said I, in turn, "it appears that we are now in as fair a condition for starting as it is possible for three men to be; so let us have one parting glass, and each betake himself to rest, in order that we may meet at London Bridge in the morning." This was done, and with a cordial "good night" we parted.

It was as fine a morning as I have ever seen dawning in the east, when, having bundled my compact case of luggage into a cab, I was set down at London Bridge, and was proceeding to go on board the steam-boat that was hissing, and bubbling, and uttering half smothered shrieks, that seemed to be under water, when my attention was drawn to a group of men who were evidently in great commotion. Startled at this, for I could not at first make it out, I went nearer, and to my astonishment beheld the sledge-hammer arms of my athletic brother hunter, Dewbank, making significant motions in the air, and descending with peculiar effect upon the faces and ribs of some two or three burly porters, whose savage blasphemies, in addition to their smeared visages, completed a picture in which Hogarth would have delighted. The fellows fought stoutly, and swore still more so; but they had no chance with one who could wrestle with a bear.

"What on earth are you after now, Dewbank?" asked I, catching his arm.

"Why darn the critters," was his answer, his eye catching mine, while a momentary pacification ensued, "I had no sooner stepped down, than three or four made a plunge upon my plunder here," pointing to his baggage; "and this not being quite convenient to my disposition, I felt a little 'riled,' so I gave one rascal a gentle shake, and then I was obliged to thrash the three—look at them!"

I did so, and could not help laughing at the rueful aspect they presented. One had desired to carry a box to the "Havre" boat, another a portmanteau to the "Hull" steamer, a third his cloak and hat-box to a wicked-looking clipper starting off for Madeira, and Dewbank himself on board the "Effendi," a Mediterranean steamer, going on a six week's pleasure cruise; and as they used violence, and were otherwise abusive, thinking to have a "lark" with the "Yankee," I was not sorry to see them so nicely handled.

Ralph Potter joined us at this juncture, and as Dewbank's bold aspect, and unruffled good temper (for he fought laughing), made him a favourite all of a sudden, a few shillings bestowed upon the defeated porters healed their bruises again, and we went on board, leaving them grinning with composed comicality over their morning's work.

In half an hour we were threading our way down the noble river, and I was struck with the superb lading of commerce, home and foreign, that the multitudinous craft of every shape, and denomination, which surrounded us bore. Both the shores gave signs of trade and business. The shouts of men, the loading and unloading of cargoes, the boats and barges passing and repassing, vessels coming in, and others going out, the custom-house in

the foreground, the steeples with St. Paul's towering above, and the dingy mass of "still" and active life, constituted a scene that I never saw surpassed.

We came to Greenwich, which I afterwards visited, and at the moment regretted that I had not first gone there. As this place is well known both at home and abroad, I shall not here enter into any description of a town I had not been to ; but its picturesque appearance pleased me in an extreme degree.

We arrived at the Nore, and began to hoist a topsail or two to take advantage of a fine "mackerel breeze" which blew over the stern ; but as nothing on earth can equal a stern wind that rises into a gale in the channel, except a slip of wind when you are in the Bay of Fundy, and making for the Gulph, so we soon found ourselves in the midst of as pretty a bit of wind and water as any mariner having a close-reefed topsail breeze, sent by a lap-land witch, can offer.

After steaming about fourteen hours, through a most tempestuous sea, where we were in danger of foundering, we arrived at the harbour of Boulogne. I have dispatched my description of our short voyage, because I shall have to describe a short "life at sea" at greater length, and upon a scale of greater magnitude.

Dewbank, with characteristic coolness, had, during the first part of our passage, been smoking cigars on the deck. I found that Ralph, who may be called a bit of a sailor, and who loved the sound of the wind and the moan of the sea, had mounted into the "gig" that hung from the "davits" over the quarter ; and there, smoking his cigar, was lost in thoughts, which, from his nature, prone to enthusiasm and poetry, might, doubtless, have had a touch of sublimity in them. I amused myself as long as I could in remarking upon the manner and appearance of those who surrounded me ; but, as the gale came on, many went below to make themselves snug, and to call upon the steward, "in the name of heaven," for brandy and water. Some two or three, however, whose ease was more desperate, hung over the gangway, or settled their chins upon their hands, and did not seem to care one farthing if any one had threatened to throw them overboard. Oh ! the prostrating agonies of sea-sickness ! For my own part, I was, to use a common vulgarism, "all right."

It was three in the morning when we lay alongside the quay, and a few faint lights here and there from the easements in the streets, showed me through the haze, the outlines of the town and harbour. It was as yet too early to land, or too late, which you will, as we were some hours behind time, and so making all fast, we were snug enough aboard, and as the deck was cleared, almost the whole of the passengers being now below in their berths, I had the whole of it to myself.

Dewbank wrapped in his cloak, had flung himself some time ago under the lee of the gangway, and with a half-smoked cigar still between his lips, the strong man slept as calmly as a child, while the more the wind blew, the softer and the deeper became his slumbers.



Garrison Hospital



The Boulogne Fishwife.

I felt anxious about Ralph, for I knew he had on one or two occasions suffered dreadfully from sea-sickness; but was satisfied to know that he had descended from his rocking-cradle, and was now an inmate of a comfortable cot. On going below to take a peep at him, I found that he was as fast as "a ground-tier-butt."

I was a little wearied myself, and had as yet taken no rest; so, following the example which so many had set, I ordered the steward to brew me a glass of whisky toddy, real "sma' still," as it proved to be. I drank it off at a draught. I then gathered my cloak around me, and flinging myself upon one of the settees in the cabin, in five minutes I was dreaming of mosquitoes, the lagunes of Florida, and alligators. Again I heard the Indian war-cry, and was in the midst of a desperate fight, till my sleep deepened, and I dreamed no more. A trampling on the deck, some three or four hours after, roused me up, and I saw Dewbank standing beside me yawning most fearfully, though it was broad day.

Rejecting the offer of a number of strangely dressed women, who babbled, and screamed, and shouted incessantly to carry us and our luggage on shore, we exhibited our passports to the proper officers, left our "plunder" to be overhauled by the *douanier*, and following Dewbank, went on to a hotel whither he led us, and where it appears he was tolerably well known.

Sea-coast towns are not always remarkable for their elegance or cleanliness; and though the mackerel and herring fisheries of this port are very extensive, and such as might give one reason to expect a shore somewhat littery and untidy in its aspect, yet I was much struck by the light, clean, neat appearance of the whole. I was more particularly caught by the beauty of the females I saw, for among the prettiest young women I ever beheld, the shrimp girls of Boulogne may fairly be classed. Their neat and rather picturesque costumes, their light graceful carriage, plump rosy faces, bronzed by exposure to the sun, their ruddy smiling lips, disclosing white and faultless teeth, are speedily remarked, and are as soon appreciated, for this is a question on which no man will be likely to hold two opinions.

The houses of the lower town, as it is called, are mostly coloured, and the windows being furnished with a sort of Venetian blind, have a light, clean appearance; and I found the steep street which leads to the port, (the latter of which bears the impress of Napoleon's hand, by whose orders it was greatly enlarged and improved,) full of the animation and bustle of a second-rate seaport town, particularly when it has become a fashionable resort. Boulogne divides itself, as a matter of necessity, into two portions, the higher and the lower. The latter being on the shore, and, of course, connected with the business of the place, engrosses all its labour and its profits. The former is allotted to the habitations of the wealthier class, and houses of some pretensions to elegance are to be found among them.

The population, as may be imagined, is of a very mixed character. The sharper, the gambler, the cheat, the defaulter, the bankrupt, the duellist, in all their infinite variety, are to be met with in the *cafés*, and at the *table d'hotes*, and the strange assemblage of outlawed men among which a visitor finds himself at times would move his wonder, were he not to

remember that towns like Boulogne form a neutral ground, where the offenders against the civil laws of every country enjoys, to a certain extent, a sort of immunity. An indescribable convention protects these men from the consequence that their deeds or their circumstances have entailed upon them; and I fancied that I could trace, in the features of one or two, indications of atrocity and villany, which ought to have consigned them to a different destiny.

The differences of national custom and manner struck me forcibly. The French character was unmistakable. Gay, lively, and laughing, the everlasting tide of people that seemed never to eare for within-doors, was at once indicative enough of their volatile nature and disposition. A Frenchman's life is a *fête* out of his house. A platform extending between the sea and the high and lower town offers a pleasant place of perambulation, and in clear weather the shores of England can be discerned.

Dewbank and Ralph Potter did not seem to care so much for the novelty of what was seen and heard as I did. Boulogne is, doubtless, well known to the majority of English people, as the facilities offered by steam vessels, the narrowness of the channel, its reputation for salubrity, and its noble baths, which may rival with any in the world, together with numberless other small advantages, make it a source of attraction to hundreds of visitors during the season, so that I cannot add to the stock of information already known.

We visited the few public places there were, saw some very fine paintings and altar-pieces in the principal church, and was amused at the theatre, where an English company was performing a ferocious melodrama, evidently to the disgust of the inhabitants of the "haute ville." I could not help smiling at the double significance of the marble column erected by Napoleon, which was commemorative of a failure. It has been assigned to perpetuate Louis the Eighteenth's landing in France in 1814, when the wild flight of Napoleon was stopped, and his splendour began to be eclipsed.

I was walking about with Dewbank the next day, taking a rapid survey of all that offered itself to my observation, when leaving the principal street, we passed along a narrow lane, where we saw a few "restaurants" and wine-shops of the lowest order, and where I beheld the worst feature that Boulogne could possibly offer, when I stopped suddenly at a small dirty-looking house, that turned out to be a general lodging-place for a class who are not particularly attached to locations in the same spot for any length of time.

Looking down through a small window which was open to the streets, my attention being called to it by the somewhat unmelodious cry of a cat, I saw a large grizzly-looking monkey, half clad in a dark-coloured pair of tartan trowsers and a flaming red waistcoat, evidently the property of some wandering vagabond or other. With a grave and sententious air that was vastly amusing, he held a kitten with both his hands to the strings of a guitar that reined against a table, and the strugglings of the animal made it twang as it clutched at the strings, evidently to his great delight. The old cat, with no small share of impatience, was sympathetically joining the concert, till the enraged kitten, who struggled in the grasp of the grotesque animal, by a determined twist, was enabled to give his nose

a severe scratch, when, with a shrill cry, he let her go, and sat grinning and chattering on the ground—the kitten making her escape by a bold leap to a neighbouring shelf, and very composedly began to lick herself clean from the brute's rude contact, while he himself, by a thousand antics, expressed his annoyance at being defeated. The "first lesson" in music was, I should imagine, the last.

We were very comfortable at the hotel in which Dewbank had engaged bedrooms for us, and as the house was much used by the English residents, there was little or no variety from customs at home. Generally speaking, we dined at the *table d'hôte*, though there were occasions when we found it to be both agreeable and pleasant to dine together in a private room, in order that we might talk matters over, and enjoy the charm of conversation.

As we did not intend to stay above two or three days at Boulogne, Dewbank began to look after the means of departure. It was the custom, on the arrival of any vessel, for the police to board her and demand the passengers' passports,* which were forwarded to Paris—a temporary one being, in the meantime, provided. All the regulations imposed upon travellers by the jealous nature of French monarchy had been observed, and our luggage had been sent from the custom-house, having been barely glanced at, for, as our gratuities had been liberal, we thus obviated a deal of trouble.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and I had been walking by myself on the banks of the river Liane, Boulogne being situated at its mouth, when I derived no little amusement by watching a sturdy peasant who, *pleni Bacchus*, was going ahead of me, and plainly more bothered by the *width* of the road than its *length*.

He was a bluff, broad-shouldered, happy-looking fellow, of some forty years of age, and had gone a considerable distance into that "happy land" of the inebriate, so that whether "hewer of wood," or "drawer of water," there was not a Bourbon in France as happy, I'll be bound. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, in which some wag had stuck a peacock's feather. His short warm frock hid whatever deficiencies in his garments they might have laboured under, and one of his thick woollen stockings was, like Hamlet's, "ungartered." A more marked physiognomy I never saw, and a vaster scale of features, including a mouth of the most ample proportions, have rarely been exceeded.

By his side there trotted a little girl, looking remarkably neat and clean, though her garments were reduced to a mere chemise and linsey-wolsey petticoat. She seemed to enjoy the old fellow's condition of excitement amazingly. She was evidently his child, for she had every feature of her face so much like to his, that there was no mistaking them; and although they were not particularly pretty, the fresh, healthy colour on her cheeks, the sparkling eyes, and the merry joyous laugh, had an attraction in them that was particularly irresistible. She had on neither hat nor shoes, and did not seem to have ever known their use. She carried in her hand a small basket filled with grapes and

* Since December, 1849, by a new regulation, the use of passports in France has been utterly abolished.

provisions, with probably a small bottle of wine or brandy for the jolly old *grogard* to humect his throat with if he felt inclined to be thirsty.

The man was singing and laughing by turns. He had a strong Norman *patois* in his voice, which was very striking in its way, and had evidently attained the summit of earthly felicity.

"Oh! Richard, oh! mon Roi!" he was singing, and then breaking out into some burlesque ditty, that sounded as if Rabelais had written it; then breaking out into a jovial fit of laughter, he drew upon his head the pretended ire of the daughter.

"You naughty papa," said the child laughing also, "will you not get a scolding from mother when she comes home? This is all from going to Pere Petit Grassue's wine-shop, where you have been tasting grapes. Ah! fie! fie! Won't mamma tell you of it?"

"Be quiet, you little scold, do," rejoined the man with inimitable good temper; then making a fearful yaw, and bringing himself up to a sudden stand, he muttered, "*sapristie!* one would say that I had been out in a mackerel boat, and had not got rid of the confounded heaving and pitching of the sea; but, tralal la!" and he sang out lustily as he approached a rude but pretty cottage, thickly covered over with vine-leaves and blushing fruit: "here we are, my little pet—here we are," and felt in his pockets for his key.

If Poussin had painted a cottage where bacchanals alone dwelt, it could not have been a more perfect spot. The ruddy grapes implied an absolute vat of wine, where the gigantic Cyclops might drink and be filled. The warm summer sun was raining down his ripening influence among them, completing the delicious picture. Over the door hung, as a most significant sign of future good cheer, a wine-pot; and a cat that had been basking in the warmth, rose on the form as the man staggered, and began to give him welcome home.

"Ti, ti," said the man; "you old ruffian, are your claws clean after stealing neighbour Spadille's fish? Here's whiskers! here's a warm top-coat!" and he endeavoured to stroke the animal's back, which scratched him. "Beast of a cat! Where's my key?" and he began to fumble helplessly for it. "Ah, my God!" he cried, "am I not to get in? This is my cottage. Eh! *enfant!*" he added to the child; and finally lugged out a huge key, with which he began to seek for the keyhole; but as the existing order of things had been disarranged to him *in toto*, he was unable to find it, though more puzzled than ever.

"In the name of me," he muttered, "surely no one has run away with the lock in my absence; if so, to fatigue oneself were useless." All this time the merry child was chuckling with the greatest glee over her father's dilemma.

"Papa, papa," she said laughingly, catching hold of his frock, as the oblivious man was tipsily groping about for the keyhole, and darting forth a mirthful glance at me, as I stood by watching the result; "papa, you are trying to find the keyhole where there is none, and the gentleman is laughing at you."

"Sapristic!" muttered the man, with a comical sigh. "What then has become of it? Surely I must be drunk!"

This conclusion being finally arrived at, the wine-bibber gave up the key to the little



Truly, I must to drink

girl, who, standing on tiptoe, put it into the lock, and bade the man then turn it. After an effort or two, the whole difficulty was mastered, and they both entered, leaving me heartily amused at the oddity of the affair.

On my return to our hotel, I found that Ewart and Ralph were both of them in great glee; but the pleasure of the latter was always checked in its exuberance, as though a great internal struggle marred all outward expression of delight, and reproached him with a levity unbecoming a man who had such great cause for mourning as himself.

"What is the matter?" asked I, as I saw that something had occurred which greatly gratified them; "what have you seen or heard?"

"It is what we have not as yet seen or heard, I reckon, that's so almighty amusing," replied Dewbank; "but what do you think?"

"Of what?" I demanded. "Do not be so mysterious about what you have to say, lest it should fall to a discount when it's told."

"Humph!" muttered Dewbank, thrusting his huge hand through his wild-looking hair. "I've half a mind to—but, no—what do you think of going to a little village *fête*?"

I started, overjoyed. "Just of all things what I should most like," I replied; "but where is this *fête* to be held?"

"At Wimille, a pretty little village about a mile and a half from this spot," was the reply. "A rustic wedding is to take place, and as it is also one of their holidays to boot, I promise myself no little amusement." It was Ralph Potter who now spoke, and that too with an animation which surprised me. "I shall go there," he concluded, smiling.

"Well!" ejaculated Dewbank, lifting up his eyes, "if this is not the most remarkably strange thing that I have observed in you yet, there's no snakes in Virginy."

"Nonsense," I added; "what can you see strange in a young fellow wishing to behold the prettiest faces of a French village collected together once upon a way? I will go also."

"Why, that I easily concluded on," said Dewbank, with the most provoking simplicity of manner, which indicated as much mischievous enjoyment as anything else.

"We shall have Ralph Potter falling in love next, I calculate," added Ewart. "Damn the critters, with their smooth pretty faces, and their sparkling eyes, they're the only real St. Anthony's temptations."

I, at the very moment Dewbank was speaking, caught sight of Ralph's face, and was startled by seeing how white and pallid it was. My sudden look attracted Dewbank's notice, and he abruptly stopped.

With a low-breathed but tremendous curse upon his own want of judgment, and his folly in unconsciously harping so much upon things related to the more secret causes of Ralph's grief, Dewbank was stalking with huge strides out of the chamber, either for the purpose of walking or drinking away his momentary annoyance, when Ralph's voice stopped him.

"My dear Dewbank," said he, "it is I who am foolish and not you, and I take some shame to myself, that I have so little of manhood as to let the most innocent and trivial things

remind me of terrors that can have no future parallel. Do not go forth, and I will try and master these absurd emotions. It is well for a man," he added with a sigh, "to think, if he will, upon the past, because he should, in some form or other, draw the seeds of what may produce good fruit; and you will do me an act of friendliness not to let considerations for me check your speech. I *must* and I *will* be blunted in feeling, for these emotions, which so shake me, are but unhealthy indications after all."

For my part, dear reader, I was perfectly inclined to be of Ralph's opinion, and without letting my purpose have pointed reference to him, I continued the conversation, as well as I could, upon the same theme, though Dewbank, I knew, sat upon thorns. His friendship for the youth kept him silent. This he felt to be still more awkward; and to obviate this difficult business he had in hand, viz., doing nothing at the moment, he took a huge Spanish cigar, and put the end into his mouth, which in five minutes was masticated into a pulp; and taking out his knife, began to *whittle* the mahogany chair on which he sat, till I was compelled to stop him, by pointing out the absurdity of his act.

"Let us go and stroll about," said he, at last.

"No," interposed Ralph with a quiet smile, "I will tell you both what you shall do. It is a lovely evening, and if you will go and sit in one of the verandahs which open upon the sea, I will give you some portions of an autobiography to read, which will put you in full possession of those circumstances that deeply affected myself some time back."

"Yours," I exclaimed in delight; "let us have it by all means."

A few moments beheld Dewbank and myself comfortably seated in a charming little spot, formed by the leads of one portion of the hotel. Before us were wine and cigars, and an almost total silence reigned around.

Ralph went into his own room, as he said, to write, and I began to unfold the manuscript he had put in my hands, which I found headed—

An Autobiography.

"Before I plunge at once into my history," it began, "I would wish, first of all, to hold some little colloquy with the reader, so that we may be a little at ease together as we proceed.

"Good, kind, gentle reader, let me be friendly with thee then at the starting. Take it into thy head to like my tale hugely, and I will strive to please thee. I am about to write the story of a life; but it will be true enough in its generalities, and though this may have an under-current of sadness, or of terror, here and there gliding through it, weaving itself in the several threads I weave,—I say, and you will agree with me, that if this be so, my first chapter must not be sad, because it is one of summer—of the gorgeous flower-bearing summer—which is full of the odours of wild thyme, and the music of brown bees, of silence deep and mysterious, broken by the sighing of the air, when the winds begin to breathe, and wild babblings pass by you in the gusts of the evening.

'A sad tale's best for winter;'

therefore we eschew it, and this introduction is of youth! And is not that summer, I ask you? You so grave and wise, with that fathomless profundity which may have led you (heaven knows how) over the '*pons assinorum*!' You, also, who have ripe moist lips, on which there sits that charming smile I so much loved to see! You who are half mad with joy, going to spend your half-holiday in the fields, whispering earnest vows under the shade of May hedges into the prettiest, rosiest little ears in the world! I demand of you all boldly then, is not youth summer?

"But for the winter?" you ask.

"Be patient, O thou with brown hair and earnest eyes, with wild riotous health shining through those glowing cheeks of thine! Patience—the winter cometh slowly, surely, but full soon enough; there is but the golden autumn between man's own noble harvest-time, and through that we will reel along with a sort of tipsy revelry, pelted with flowers and fruits, till we come to the threshold of the iron-handed winter; there yet awhile—patience. Let the winter be—let us 'babble of green fields!'

"For there is a day, an hour, a moment in our life, when we all take solemn leave of our youth, as of some dear friend that we *must* part from. There is a time when we take our last banquet with it in the open air.

"Truly I begin to find that I am doing a bold thing in beginning this. I, who am so little able to grapple with the impassive sphinx-riddle before me. Yet methinks I hear you impatiently cry out—'To the story. O, poor authorling, proceed! let us have it.'

"What! at the beginning," I ask, "do you desire to have the pith, the marrow of my story here, and I, too, speaking of youth—of the summer? *That* is just for a short time utterly impossible, for I am more than ever inclined to linger here, in this pleasant nook.

"To bid farewell to one's youth for ever!

"Truly there is something sad in this beyond all doubt; therefore let us sit down, thou and I, oh! my reader, and let us in dreamy meditation indite something of our youth. Listen to the distant chimes, which come to us as sounds come over a great sea. Think of this youth, in its time so great, so noble, so patrician, that supplied us with what we lacked of noble blood, and high descent, and coronets, of kingdoms, and elective crowns. Think of this youth, as of a gorgeous Thessalian spell, that made the stars look like a rain of 'golden fires,' that made the weird moon bend down to earth, and of each one of us formed an Endymion. O, believe it—youth hath wondrous powers.

"My hero, good reader, is a young man; that is to say—myself! but I beg of you that you will not sneer at me and say, 'O ho! then this, your young hero, he is to be terribly virtuous, is he? he is, doubtless, to endure all the evils of life like a stoic; he is to be dreadfully sentimental; ah! he will drop fine aphoristic sentences, like another Joseph Surface—sentences picked up from the old moralists, from Seneca, from Epictetus, or Montaigne, something very dry and very trenchant from Locke, or more canonically loaded from Paley. Do you see,' methinks I hear the reader continue, 'that he is not to be at all vicious, not to have the slightest possible spice of the devil in him. He will not

be remarkable for his wearing some peculiarly elegant vice—in these days it is a great recommendation—as he would some elegant garment. But, good gracious! what on earth,’ you cry, ‘is the use of such a virtuous—such a nice young man?’

“And I, reader, I declare to you, upon my word, that I cannot tell you; but I also beg of you not to be alarmed—have no fear, my hero will be no such prude, but a bold, energetic young man, who will be impulsive enough to wear his vice in a manner most remarkable and pleasing to yourself; for, as you observe, a terribly virtuous young man must, after all, be an amazingly stupid fellow; in fact, he must be quite a bore.

“But of my heroine!

“Well, *that* I acknowledge to be my weak point, for Lady Macbeth and Desdemona I hold to be the antipodes of women.

“At this moment the form of our youth turns to us and says, ‘The time is up—we are now parting. Thou, O my brother, wilt go forth, and I shall be left behind. Bear witness it is not I, thy *youth*, that is leaving thee; but it is *thou* that leavest *me*. Thou wilt mourn for me, as I will for thee—for thy youth, which reminded thee of the Heroic Ages, and of the Old Dramatists; and thou wilt have a long dreary wilderness to cross, ere thou come to the pleasant land of peace. I leave to thee hope, a gift worthy of the gods, and I bequeath to thee labour and toil, to be done and borne, difficulty and cold heedlessness (as thou wilt deem it from thy fellows), the one to be overcome, and the other to be thought of with forbearance and with pity.

“I leave thee also those great human affections, which may for many a sad and lonely hour wring thy soul with anguish. I give to thee the legacies of the poets—poverty and unrest; but I also give to thee the salt and the wine of life, for thy hour of joy shall be greater, and thy power of enjoyment shall be amplified to thee in fabulous measure.

“Thou art arrived at that period in thy life, when thou lovest youth in manhood, and both of these again shortly in age—age, weak and tottering age, which remembers but dimly that it was once young, and graceful, and strong. Thou wilt never feel after, as thou hast done up to this time. Never will thy grand enthusiasm, that broke open the gigantic portals of the antique past, and showed thee the heroes of Homer, struggling in their heroic strife on the Seamander’s banks, be to thee what it has. It will be cold and cramped, and a heart full of worldly wisdom, and the dust of life’s trifles will be all that thou possessest. Oh! youth is the time, the fresh morning of the poets, the first throb of rapture in the bosom of love, the first glimpse of some diviner beauty to the sculptor, some dawn of heaven to the mystic, or the Swedenborgian.

“To have been nourished from the first on kisses and milk at the breast of a fair, fond, adoring mother! To have been an absolute god to the great but utterly absorbed heart of a mother! for such is the child ever, unless by an unhealthy moral organization the instincts of nature are violated. To have been all this, I say, must be astonishing, and even incredible to him who is thirty or forty years of age, who is tall and strong, or portly, as your good citizen, who is fond of wool in his ear and about his feet, who looks upon his

mother as a venerable relic of his civic grandsire, who is no more like a cherub than I am, and who has undergone an entire transformation since his childhood and his youth—for a man to think of what he has been, is, I repeat, very marvellous. He smiles, he is delighted, he lisps and stammers words quite unintelligible; but he cannot tell you the thoughts which move him. Oh, my youth! Oh, my childhood! are you departed never to return?

“It is thus, my reader, that, with a great cry of agony, I appeal to the radiant shade that is kissing my lips in farewell, and a mournful moisture dims the starry eyes from which I gather no joy. I smell the perfume of the young spring flowers; I behold the soft sunshine raining amid the trees, and casting fantastic shadows upon the rich sward; I hear the tolling of the village bells, and I see behind me the hill over which I must this night traverse—the hill which separates me from my youth. Ah! believe me, he who has no reason to sorrow for parting from his youth, knows not what it was to have been happy once—joyous once—joyous, and as free from care as a child playing in the meadows.

“Farewell then to my youth!

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“From this colloquy, O reader! do I draw forth a new inspiration, which shall clothe my hero, that is to say, once more—myself, with all the graces I can bestow upon him. He will be no duellist; but neither will he be a coward, nor an elegant scamp, which even the mildest of ‘fathers of families’ have such an insurmountable antipathy to. I shall not even be a spendthrift, a gambler, or a rake, though I *may* be prodigal, play cards, and cherish a ‘platonic love’ for a woman. After all, when I look upon this transcript which I draw of myself, it strikes me that it will not eminently differ from what you, my reader, may be or have been, under precisely the same circumstances; and therefore, with your good leave, my story now commences.”

The moment that I had completed this introductory portion of Ralph Potter’s narrative, which I had read without stop or pause, so much had it interested me, I placed the manuscript down and glanced upon Dewbank, as if, for the moment, I would have gleaned his comment upon it from the expression of his face. Nor was I disappointed. I know not whether on his vast features there was most of astonishment or admiration.

“What do you think of that?” I asked.

“Well,” replied Ewart in a measured tone, “I thought I had known the measure of Ralph Potter’s foot long before this; but if this doesn’t mystify me, there’s no ‘snags’ in the Mississippi, and *that’s* not likely, seeing I have been caught twice when going from St. Louis to Mobile. I guess Ralph’s a genus any way you take him, and as that appears to be rather bulky”—(he was alluding to the voluminous folds of paper in my hands)—“I calculate upon many a pleasant hour being passed away. D’ye see Henry Clay,” he added, “a man may have a pretty strong idea of his clearness upon other folks’ matters; but there’s a deal of difference in telling a story one’s self, and in having it told for you.

Now, I've an idea that I could have given some close particulars myself; but this beginning takes all the shine out of me. I give it up—I do; and so, if you've no objection, have the kindness to proceed."

"It is likely to be very interesting," I remarked; "but as there's a difference between reading and drinking, seeing that one has the opportunity which the other has not, I will thank you to pass me that decanter," and Dewbank, with the same unruffled gravity, passed it to me.

"I have a very different idea with regard to the *fête* to-morrow," observed Dewbank, as I filled my glass with the generous liquor.

"Why?" and, as a sort of parenthesis, I drank it off.

"Why! umph! because—why, there you see, you have me now," was his answer. "How on 'arth is one to explain everything he seems to know?"

"Your question is still more puzzling," I answered; "and you don't know—"

"I *do* know, but can't tell," interrupted Ewart.

I laughed at his perplexity.

"Consarn it," muttered the hunter, biting his lips; "can't one happen to afford a conjecture for a moment without being grinned at like a wild cat? There, that'll do; go on with the reading, there's a good fellow; and if I can explain myself when I arrive at the end of this cigar, I will."

I did as he wished, and again began to read.

"I was descended," the MS. went on to say, "from an old God-fearing family, one of whom had fought at Naseby and Oxford, and who had with his family, at the Restoration, emigrated in disgust from the land of his birth, and sought among those whom he had formerly known, an asylum and a home in New England.

"The principles of civil and religious liberty for which he had fought and bled, and had expatriated himself, were sternly held by his descendants, till they appeared to be concentrated in the bosom of one individual, the last direct male branch of the family, who was none other than my father, who dwelt in a commodious and well-stocked farm in the very spot where, nearly two hundred years ago, the first of them had erected his tabernacle in the wilderness, in order that he might worship God beneath the shadow of his house, with none to make him afraid.

"Of my early years I have but little to relate, for as there was a disposition on my father's part to educate me for the bar, or the pulpit, whichever I might choose, my studies, however unimportant then, had a tendency to that direction, and at the age of sixteen I was sent to Columbia College, bearing letters of introduction to some of the inhabitants of the city, with one of whom I was to take up my abode; and it was there the fair phantom which has haunted my existence since, with its alternate forms of beauty and of terror, first dawned upon my path. She was one of the most beautiful creatures that ever gladdened the heart and eyes of man. She was a governess at the house of a gentleman whose name was Munro."

When I pronounced this name, Dewbank gave a start that made me dread another interruption. "What now?" said I, quietly.

"Why, that I have seen her, that I knew her, that it's all true as the bible," he began.

"Why, so I imagine," I replied; "and it is the commencement, and the middle, not the concluding catastrophe of the history of which I am ignorant."

"Why don't you read then?" he exclaimed with incredible assurance. So great was his absence of mind, that he did not appear to be aware of his hindrance. "Why do you stop?" he demanded.

"Stop!" I repeated. "Humph! Well I suppose to take breath;" and I resumed the narrative.

"When I carried my letter to Mr. Munro, on the second day after my arrival, I found that he was entertaining a large and brilliant party, and I would have retired, in order to call on the morrow, but that I had been announced to the worthy host, and soon found myself in the midst of an elegant assembly, with my hand warmly grasped in his own.

"My welcome was so cordial, that I was put at my ease at once. After being introduced to some few around me, I was led by Mr. Munro to his wife, a tall fine-looking woman, whose face and features would have charmed me at once, had it not been that her innate goodness was still greater than her outward attractions. She received me with the greatest kindness, ordered a 'help' to be sent for my luggage to the hotel I had put up at, and intimated that I should be domiciled with them from that very evening. I could not refuse (even had I felt the inclination) an offer so frankly made, and assented to all her wishes, which I observed gave her evident satisfaction.

"I was then introduced to her two eldest daughters—two very beautiful and accomplished girls—one sixteen and the other eighteen years of age. I found them charming, unaffected, highly educated girls, and we were soon upon the most agreeable terms. While I was engaged in conversation with them, and making my way as fast as I could into their good graces, I heard Mrs. Munro say, in a tone that was a little too condescending, 'Mr. Potter, let me introduce to you Mademoiselle Gabrielle.'

"I turned round the moment she spoke, and met the full, bold, dazzling, and superb eyes of Aline turned full upon me, with an expression so strange and indefinite as to give me a sense of annoyance, which was dissipated immediately after by her overpowering loveliness.

"It was a superb, haughty, splendid face, the remembrance of which haunts me to this hour. The complexion was of a dark brilliancy, and the rich crimson blood could be traced beneath the brunette skin, flowing with a richness and a purity I have never known excelled. Her lips were of a pure vermillion hue, small and exquisitely formed, and a perfume seemed to exhale over their moist coral, as they parted and displayed the beautifully formed teeth within; but the eyes! oh! they were endowed with wondrous power. The face was oval, faultlessly beautiful, and hair, dark as the raven's plumage, was tastefully gathered and held in a sort of gauze net-work.

“There was—how well I can remember it now—there was in the glance which first met mine, something so cold, haughty, and supercilious, that I was struck by its repellant, its chilling influence. It would seem that the effect this produced upon me was discovered by her, for, with an irradiation spread over her majestic countenance, she dismissed all traces of the repulsive sentiment, and stood there with a smile of such irresistible fascination on those lips, that I beheld, for the instant, no other person. She absorbed every attention, and there I stood gazing in speechless admiration upon this magnificent woman.

“She then advanced, and putting out a fair white hand of the most exquisite proportions, spoke a few words to me, which sounded in my ears like the murmured music of a dream. I mechanically took her hand, and conquering my timidity by an effort, returned her salutation, and again found myself at my ease conversing with a group of the most elegant women in the room.

“Mademoiselle Aline Gabrielle was the daughter of a French emigrant, who had died some years ago, leaving her with a beautiful person, great natural talents, an intellect cultivated and adorned to the highest degree. These were the resources upon which she had been thrown. Descended by birth from the old aristocracy of France, she had a pride of blood and ancestry commensurate with the dignities she had lost. Having adopted the profession of a governess, though the opera had at first held out temptations to her, which she then refused, she was now residing in that capacity in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Munro, which she found to be a home.

“My acquaintance with the world was chiefly through the medium of books; but as my reading had been extensive in every department, I found myself able to converse with one who had moved amid the gaieties and grandeurs of the French capital. It was a position to a raw inexperienced lad, as novel as intoxicating; but I have no reason to believe that I was particularly deficient in anything that I advanced, and have often afterwards wondered at my own temerity. It appeared that she was on the best terms with her employers and her pupils, for whatever might have been the prejudices or conventions existing in the highest circles of society in New York, the frigidity of distance was, in her case, annihilated.

“‘Ah!’ she said, ‘you would love Paris, if you were once to see it. Paris! beautiful Paris! which I shall never behold more,’ and she sighed.

“‘Do not say so,’ I rejoined; ‘but, on the contrary, hope strongly in the probabilities of the future. I have not seen Paris yet; but I am in hopes I shall do so, and what I have heard you say in favour of that golden city has increased my curiosity very greatly, I assure you.’

“‘You are come to New York in order to go to college, Mr. Potter, I understand,’ she said.

“‘Yes,’ was my reply.

“‘There is something of the pedantry of the bookworm, something of the enthusiasm



Good . Night .



Alma

of the student about you,' she began with a slight—the very slightest—touch of that cold and haughty disdain that I had observed darkening her brow first.

"‘Have you mingled so much in the world,’ I asked, with a feeling of desperation, ‘that you can despise those who possess less of the worldly than the courtiers of the Bourbons are said to have been so full of? It is hard upon the toil of the scholar, if his hair whitening in his solitude must become mockery to the beautiful and the lovely.’

"‘Meaning me, sir,’ she said quickly; ‘*ma foi!* you throw the gauntlet down early. Little as you know of the world, you are in danger of becoming a flatterer.’

"‘I trust not,’ was my rejoinder; and we were walking down the room, when I heard a buzz of admiration rising from all sides of me, as the men caught sight of this queenly Cleopatra, and my veins tingled with a sort of feverish defiant pride, as I heard them envying me my good fortune in being so soon favoured with her notice; for it was said that to others she was cold and distant, treating them with that haughty humility, that, in the hands of those who know how to use it, is so effectual a weapon.

"She spoke English perfectly; but there was an indescribable accent in it which betrayed her origin, and gave, I knew not what, wonderful charm to it. I was intoxicated, enraptured, bewildered. I exerted myself to please, and by the pleasure beaming in Aline’s magical eyes, I did not doubt but I had succeeded.

"Such was my first interview with Aline!

"The next day I went out with Mr. Munro, who took me about to show me all that was worthy of notice in the city and its environs (for that was my first visit to it); but I passed the time in almost a total absence of mind, for the maddening beauty of Aline distracted me. I could not rid myself of her image. It haunted me like that indefinite fear, which we cling to and yet dread, and I returned with my kind host home, in order that I should again meet her in the household circle ere all retired for the night, and there I still drank draughts of that Mænad beauty which was to bring forth such fruit hereafter.

"Simple, young, and untutored, I yet had a sufficient portion of shrewdness and common sense, which in a manner checked my enthusiasm, and prevented me from acting on one or two occasions like a fool; and I thought it strange, that a woman endowed with such qualities as Aline possessed, in addition to the attraction of her charms, should not have become to the fashionable loungers of New York, something, the pursuing of which must have possessed them with a delirious insanity; but then that insanity must have been a magnificent sensation—an absorption of all things beneath heaven that the poet would have rhymed of, and the painter would have created a face of never dying loveliness, the sculptor, like another Pygmalion, would have adored the creation of his own works, and grown mad with love even as I did.

"Yes! I loved her, but as yet I had not sought hers. The important matter that brought me—a boy—to that city where she was the incarnation of all I hoped to have and possess, and where a few days made me a man in passion, in sentiment, in—oh! how can

words be found to describe that delirium of our youth when we first love, and the more especially when that love is so terribly intense—so much in earnest!

“Days passed away like so many shadows, and I will weary you, my reader, with no more of detail than is absolutely necessary, unless, indeed, there happen to pass certain moments when it is utterly impossible to be silent. I was going to enter upon my college career with a sanguine heart, with my limited share of talents, I may say, really well capacitated to receive whatsoever of instruction I was to go through.

“You, reader—you, alas! will see that I had gone through my first *curriculum* already.

“I could now see my friend’s house but at intervals; my heart was ever there. What of that? when I came to the majestic images of the beautiful, that the great classic poets poured out before me, then it was, that—like a gorgeous investment of my own inward abstraction—like the incarnation of the sonorous words I gave utterance to—Aline Gabrielle was before me.

“How I cherished her image—her form—her face! How her tones sang with a cadence more delicious to the ear, that it was borne past my casement in the murmur of the evening breeze, which carried with it also the odour of those delicious flowers which, in the favourable season of the year, is even generous to the most gorgeous tropical blooms in the evening.

“I saw *her* at times. Like an impassive creature, devoid of sentiment and impulse, her marble constraint would change with the passionate glance of reciprocity, as if she too had caught the fires of the tropics; and with the same impassibility she would, in one instant, be the same stately, cold, magnificent woman as before.

“All this, as you may believe, my reader, was incomprehensible enough. What of that? To a man of seventy woman has been an enigma. What was she then to a lad who had not seen as yet his first four *lustres* of life over.

“There is yet something that I must relate.

“I feel, I know not what, of difficulty in so doing. I have a repugnance against it which I feel to be utterly useless. I *must* do it.

“It relates to the evening on which I parted from her to go to college, knowing well that weeks would elapse ere I saw her again.

“This was not necessarily so, because being in the same city, it was natural enough that I could with ease avail myself of many opportunities of visiting Mr. Munro’s house; but that I was determined to attach myself heart and soul to my studies, and so make myself, mentally, great enough to cope with any one who might attempt to be my rival, for that I had one or more, I felt assured.

“No, I was even free from that mean jealousy which creates fears and doubts; but besides that, I was obeying the wishes of a noble father, and the prayers of a benign and beloved mother. I also had that instinct for acquirement which would not be denied me, but which also I must in some degree labour to possess.

“In addition, the few parting words which she uttered had to me a profound meaning.

There was an indestructible sympathy between us—that is to say, on *my* part; whether she had the same lambent and imponderable magnetism pervading her, I do not yet say.

“The house in which Mr. Munro lived was a very fine one. It was large, lofty, and commodious in every respect, for he had an almost princely fortune, and he used his wealth in an almost princely manner.

“It was situated near to the extremity of ——— Street, at a place where East Broadway intersects it, and within a few minutes’ walk of Corlears’ Hook. The house was remarkably lofty, I must add, and from the upper windows, where very elegant and commodious verandahs had been built, we had a view of the harbour of Jersey on the mainland, of Bocking Island, of Nutten, of Brooklyn, of Williamsburgh, while far beyond, Long Island loomed largely in the fogs of an Atlantic evening, and the great main was mingled with the sky. Within a mile was the college, and for the first several days I did not hasten towards the house by a single step without the walls—but I am now speaking of *our*—I say *our*, because—because I have written it down, and do not mean to scratch out with my pen, as yet, aught it has written. But to *our* parting.

“It was a delicious afternoon, deepening into that soft purple twilight which, when the wind blows over the sea, is always so calm and serene. I ~~had~~ been out driving from place to place with my host, and as by this time I had become known to a few, and as my father’s name was a celebrity (the names of our American founders are the ancestry of the New World, though we look upon them with ideas different from those descended from the Conqueror of England), I was the least in the world of a ‘lion, and a party was gathered within those hospitable walls.

“Mrs. Munro was particularly kind on this evening. The kind, sisterly girls, fair and lovely as they were—but they are now happy and honoured wives—they too pressed me by the very weight of their frank kindness. I passed from one to another. I chatted with them for a time, danced for a time, evermore casting glances towards the door for Aline, but she came not. I supped with them, and drank wine with the guests, an unusual practice with me; but it seems now, that, had I been the finest diplomatist in the world, I could not have better disguised my thoughts, though my heart was on a rack of anxiety and pain.

“She came not; and I was quelling the great yearning of my soul by still drinking wine and replying to questions, as much as by unconsciously asking others, when suddenly I heard a man mention Mademoiselle Gabrielle’s name, and instantly, I felt a revulsion, so singularly strange and overpowering, that I was wholly silent, listening yet for those lips to open.

“He was silent; but I turned to look upon him.

“At the risk of wearying my reader, I must once more recur. Forgive my transilience, O friend! If thou art not twenty, thou wilt do so easily. If past that time by ten or twenty years, think *back* a little. I feel then assured of my forgiveness.

“Besides, have I not repeated it again and again, she was *so* beautiful!

"I have mentioned the haughty, contemptuous frown that I imagined, yea, was sure of, I saw gathering on her brows. The remembrance of this came over me like the seething of a lavaic stream, like the rush of fire which issues from the metal when you change iron into steel by placing it all incandescence into water. It was at the time so evanescent that a heavenly smile dissipated the whole—for the time afterwards it came again, and I felt the indignant blood rush to my forehead.

"At the flashing supper-table, where vessels of rich workmanship graced the board, where wine sparkled in the calyx of the cup, where men, young and old, handsome, attractive, and otherwise, were met, where gaiety, in my honour too, reigned supreme, I heard Aline's name mentioned.

"But how? There was the bitterness of wrath struggling with contempt in the tone. I turned to look upon the speaker, and if a glance could have struck him dead, there had been a gap at the board then.

"I do not even now ask God to forgive me for that wrathful tide—that rage which made my blood boil and bubble within my veins.

"The man I looked upon was a swarthy but strikingly elegant man, and as elegantly dressed. His face was as beautiful as that of an Apollo; and after the face of Aline, I have never in my life looked upon one whose beauty, feminine or masculine, was more divine.

"He was named De Souhé—was a planter of enormous wealth. His father was a Creole—a singularity—and his mother was one of those lovely Georgian women, who are like the type of the Venus Anadyomene.

"Not twenty-five years of age, he had the strength of a giant, was skilled in all athletic exercises, was of a debauched character, a gambler, a wretch, a demon in the human form; but that form was matchless!

"How these singular discrepancies of creatures came to pass, I do not presume to guess; certain it is that they are so. I knew him when I looked upon him, and popular rumour had already made me acquainted with his character.

"In the earlier part of the evening I had held his hand in mine. Now, I could have gripped him by the throat; but his voice, insolent and proud, had that strangely attractive modulation in it, that I listened even when the bitterest fires were lighting up in my heart.

"He had mentioned Aline's name, and now with his ruddy cup held in his hand, he mockingly proposed the health of Mademoiselle Aline.

"I started to my feet. In a single instant, the absurdity, the danger of my anger, flashed across my soul. I knew nothing. I should be laughed at. I said, in reply to their questions, that I was seized with a sudden spasm, and that I would go into a balcony and breathe a mouthful of fresh air.

"The apartment where I had slept was at the top of the house; on a lower flight was a large nursery, from that you emerged on the noble balcony affording the prospects I have

mentioned. As I was crawling, rather than walking up, the door being open, I caught the flutter of light garments, and, seized with a sudden impulse, I crossed the chamber, emerged at the window, and, holding out my hand, said, 'Aline!'

"The delicious softness and silence of the evening, the broad seaward prospect before me, the light clouds beginning to fall and thicken upon the horizon where the sun had set, formed a picture of such dreamy beauty, that Coleridge alone could have described it in fitting words. Poussin might, perhaps, have painted it, and given to it that indescribably mystic beauty which I despair to define.

"Aline started when she heard my footstep, and turned round. Could that most fair woman at a single glance read my soul? Such was the question I asked myself; but I scarcely know what I had intended to say.

"'Aline! Mademoiselle Gabrielle!' I began, and was then silent.

"'How do you do?' she returned calmly, as she placed her fingers in my open hand. 'You look pale; I trust you are not unwell.'

"I could have cast myself at her feet, and placed her hands upon my eyes, to weep a sea of tears. The great torrent that was then welling upwards from my very heart, I repressed by a moment of great agony. The cold calmness with which she spoke seemed intended to disarm me of all power to speak.

"'I—I have—escaped away for a moment,' I stammered out, 'in order to breathe a little of the fresh air of the sea. How beautiful!' and I glanced upon the prospect before me.

"'What is beautiful?'

"I looked into her face, and the mocking smile was lurking on her lips.

"'The evening,' I replied, as calmly as herself; and I thought she was struck by my changed tone. 'I am happy,' I continued, with a sort of constrained politeness, 'to see you at this moment.'

"'Why? why?'

"I could not for my life comprehend the impatient manner in which she demanded this. In any one else I should have imagined it a rudeness,—but a rudeness at which I could have laughed. A revulsion of feeling was for the moment created. My indignation at the insolent *hauteur* of De Souché had not in the least degree abated. But bitterness mingled with this indignation against her. 'She is conscious of her beauty,' I thought. 'She is proud of her power. She is ambitious; but has her ambition a tendency to good? Will she walk beneath the homage of men to a position which no woman may win, and retain her good name? She despises the boy bred up in the primitive simplicity of his fathers,—who is rude as the wild woods he comes from, who is unpolished, ignorant of the world—and—' I know not how far my thoughts would have gone, till she repeated the words,

"'Why?—glad!'

"'I am grateful,' I replied, but my voice, I know, was low and tremulous, 'to all who

have at any time shown me the least kindness; I have to thank you for some hours happily passed in your society. Accomplished and well-informed as you are, you cannot know how I appreciated——'

"'But, Mr. Potter,' said Aline, interrupting me, 'this is like a parting speech—a laborious valediction——'

"'It is, if you will call it so, a parting speech. It is a *valediction*, though I cannot say it is laboured, for it gives no trouble to tell people that I thank them for a smile, or a word of kindness——'

"'What can you mean?' and there was still in her musical voice that which completely left me in the dark as to her thoughts. 'You speak of parting, and you have, as I understand, but just come from the country to make a considerable stay in New York.'

"'That is true, Mademoiselle,' I rejoined, becoming still calmer, as her apparent indifference was certainly working its way—taking full effect upon me. 'That is true,' I said; 'but, as I am destined for study, my college-chambers will be those of a recluse when I am once in them: I have vowed not to leave them speedily.'

"'Like Charles the Fifth, when he turned monk,' said Aline, with a laugh; but it was a jarring and discordant one, and grated most harshly upon my nerves.

"I therefore said, 'I was glad of the opportunity of bidding you good-bye——'

"'But—but—you are not—you cannot be in earnest,' said Aline, with an expression of anxiety that made me tremble from head to foot.

"I dreaded her now—I dreaded her power over me, for I knew nothing of her heart, and how was I to be assured that my love, my pretensions, might not be *laughed* at? As that idea flashed upon me, I felt my temples throb, and a fiery glow steal through my blood, till it mantled in my cheeks, and made my eyes glisten.

"She was gazing upon, and had very possibly observed my emotion, but could not well attribute it to anything in particular, and I was determined to be cold as a statue—if I could.

"Her question, however, and the slight tremor in her voice, had nearly unhinged me.

"'I beg to assure you,' said I at last, 'that, in the midst of my homeliness, I have no idea of saying what I do not mean. I am going like a monk into his cell, and shall ramble no farther than the cloisters; I shall then be enabled to think of—of——' I hesitated.

"'Of Mr. Munro,—of his fair daughters,' hazarded Aline.

"'And of yourself,' was my answer, though I fancied there was a slight bitterness in her voice.

"'You will pardon me,' I continued, 'for making one observation. As there is no impertinence in my motive, so will you, I trust, exonerate me from every intention of the kind. And when I assure you, that with a feeling of the profoundest respect, I would also add friendship——'

"Her lips parted, and they were paler than their usual wont. I heard a gentle murmur

pass them: 'Respect—friendship—all the same—mouth-honour——' I could almost have sworn there was a tear in her eye.

"'I beg of you to do me no such wrong as your words imply,' I said, hastening to undeceive her; but a proud curl of the lip repelled me once again.

"'Be pleased to proceed with what you were going to observe. I assure you, that with regard to what you have said, I place every reliance upon your word; and believe you would not willingly insult one who is a mere dependant upon another man's bounty.'

"She spoke almost with ferocity. I was astounded; however, I went on. 'While with the company below, as the wine was passing round, my attention was drawn to a young man whose beauty of feature, I am told, is in utter contrast with his blackness of heart.'

"'Who told you so, sir?'

"The insolent pride of this question did not deter me. 'It is not the question *who*,' I replied, 'when a thing is common rumour. I take it for granted that there are some good grounds for supposing rumour to be true.'

"'You will one day find, Mr. Potter, that this theory is wrong and ruinous.' This she said with an air so sad, so serious, and with so melancholy a tone, that I fancied for a moment another had spoken.

"'I cannot tell,' was my reply; 'I will hope so, if it be for the better. But this stranger——'

"'What was his name, did you hear?'

"She turned dreadfully pale as I spoke, and methought a darker shadow was falling upon us both.

"'Well, sir!' at last she moaned out; 'what of all this? From your preface I apprehend the matter.'

"'He mentioned *your* name,' I said, in a tone intended to convey to her what I, in delicacy, would not amplify upon.

"It was with a shriek almost that she echoed my word. 'Mine!' and then hurriedly added, 'Does he then know—has he tracked me hither? Is it possible that I am doomed? Who can have told him?' and thus panting, staring wildly upon me, like one who had for the time utterly forgotten herself and all around her—

"'What can you mean? why these exclamations? what have you to fear?' Such were my rapid queries.

"'Fear! from him! Have you not said that his beauty was divine?' Such was the reply made to me.

"'My instincts cannot be wrong,' I continued; 'his beauty is like that of Satan, to be dreaded and avoided.'

"'It is the fascination of that beauty which is so terrible;' and with trembling hands clasped together, with pale lips, and eyes bent on the ground, she thus succumbed passively to this influence.

"It filled me with rage, did this unworthy weakness on her part. Mentally I ran over

a comparison of the physical appearance of De Souhé and myself. I certainly lost by it; but not to a very great extent. My love was great and pure, and there was nothing in her womanhood, with every splendid virtue that can give lustre and dignity to personal charms—so I thought—that should make me so far unworthy as to give place to a vicious libertine like this De Souhé, who would pluck the flower, and then insolently trample it down into the dirt with his heel, without even taking the trouble to conceal his affronting contempt.

“‘De Souhé,’ said I, bitterly, ‘may have reason to congratulate himself—he barely appears but he conquers.’

“‘What mean you, sir?’ Her eyes flashed ardently; there was, in truth, a wicked fire in them, that showed how intense her passions were when carried to any extreme. ‘What mean you? how dare you connect my name with this man’s, or insinuate that he—he of all human beings—should—but I am rambling;’ and she suddenly became collected. ‘Once more, sir; what does this mean?’

“‘Mademoiselle,’ I replied, ‘I heard this man name you with the indifferent, easy, insolent tone of one who—who— By heaven, madam, I cannot clearly express myself without offence. I know this, that my impulse was to take him by the throat.’

“‘Thanks for your chivalrous feeling.’ I was almost afraid even then that she was mocking me. ‘Thanks, sir; but remember’—here she became grave—‘if you interfere in every case where you hear man mention a woman’s name, you may quarrel from the sunrise to the setting.’

“I bowed. I could have answered her too—and this, I think, she felt; for with that lofty species of pride, which permits itself to be insulted by those whose good we seek, I was silent.

“‘I say, sir, that I thank you;’ and Aline stood as if she expected me to proceed.

“‘It is quite unnecessary,’ I answered; ‘I thought he offered you an insult. It appears that I thought wrongly. You will forgive me this, because I am young, and a little hasty and impetuous. This foolish youth, mademoiselle, is a thing that will daily mend itself. I shall grow older and wiser—I trust so; but permit me to add,’—and my soul must have infused itself in the earnest words I spoke—‘I would rather have seen you a corpse—I would rather behold you precipitate yourself from this balcony—I, who esteem you, and seek—and seek’—but here I checked myself—‘while this wretch despises you’—the colour here rose to her cheeks—‘I would have preferred seeing you dead, and assisting to place you in the earth, rather than have heard the words he uttered—rather than have heard him speak in the fashion he did!’

“‘Mereiful God!’ she clutched me by the arm; ‘what—were they so evil then?’

“‘I cannot say another word. Permit me to bid you now farewell!’ and I held out my hand.

“The great swimming orbs of Aline were full of such unspeakable tenderness—thanks, gratitude, and something undefined, gave them a magic most irresistible.

“‘Farewell!’ she said; ‘you have then felt some interest in the poor orphan! You’ would have protected me.’

“‘You are speaking mockingly,’ I interrupted her with dignity; ‘at least you are laying an unnecessary emphasis upon the word *protected*. I would protect the meanest creature that exists; but I will not press myself, my attention—my—protection, upon any against their will. In your sarcasm you possess a weapon,’ I added, ‘which is keen and cutting—beware that it does not injure yourself. With one like myself, whose very candour and simplicity will be sufficient to disarm the most skilful, such a gift is utterly thrown away. You have certainly made *me* feel it this night, and bitterly too. Listen to the reason. No man, I imagine, can be pleased at the idea of a beautiful woman laughing at him—laughing sardonically, that is to say. You cannot make me feel such another pang; but’—this I added in a low voice—‘you can for ever seal up my lips.’ I wrung her hands, as if I were her senior by twenty years. I had completely reversed our relative positions.

“‘I do not lose a friend, I trust,’ she murmured, as I was moving away.

“I bent down my head to kiss her hand, and tear after tear fell upon it, for I was now disarmed, utterly beaten; but come what would, I was determined that my lips should not betray me. I pressed her hand to my lips fervidly, and I felt that she started, as if she had been stung.

“‘Pardon my freedom,’ I said, dropping her hand.

“‘Let us have no further misunderstanding on this point,’ said she quickly; but in a voice whose music was most adorable, and she placed her hand in mine. I was astounded. ‘Do not mistake me, do not judge of me yet, and not over-harshly at any time. I ought not to lose one friend who is sincere, who is disinterested. Yet,’ she added, half smiling, ‘how do I know that you are disinterested?’

“‘Because,’ I answered, ‘I have asked for naught, and do not mean to do so.’

“‘You are a strange youth,’ said she with an effort; for what I had said appeared to have blanched her cheek; ‘and shall we not meet again soon?’

“‘I know not,’ was my mournful answer. ‘It might have been for my peace had we never met. It may be for the happiness of both if we never meet.’

“‘Do not say so,’ and she clutched me by the arm; ‘do not say so. I have faith in omens, and I shuddered then.’

“‘Something evil is near,’ I observed, for I too shuddered; and Aline drew closer to me. ‘Believe in what I say,’ I added, in a half whisper, ‘for I doubt that man.’

“‘Whom, sir, do you presume to doubt?’

“I turned my eyes to the spot from whence this strange voice proceeded. To my dismay—perhaps to my momentary confusion—there stood De Souché himself!

“Certainly, any contrast made at the moment would have been fatal to my pretensions, for I doubt if within the States a more superb specimen of manhood could have been found. He had no hat on, and his fine hair was tossed upon a forehead of that broad and massive form, which is the characteristic of the Greek sculptures. The rich hues of his

olive cheek were heightened by the generous wine he had been quaffing. His large flashing eyes moving with nervous rapidity beneath splendidly-pencilled eye-brows, and the fine firm lips, just parted, showing the strong beautifully-formed teeth, were as exquisite in their shape as any ideal could be.

"Matchless, wonderful, and fascinating as the man's beauty was, it had, to the very close observer, that which counteracted the whole. The noble formation of the jaw might have belonged to all that was expressive both of candour and firmness, but the slight curve at the angle of the lips might be attributable to Judas. The eye which never avoided you, had a peculiarity such as men have observed in the exaggerated eye of the black adder. Such was the man who now asked me the question I have just mentioned, and the reader may easily imagine that my position was not precisely the most enviable in the world, and this for more reasons than one.

"I stood at the instant in the condition of one who has been vilifying an absent person, and it bore a mean, cowardly aspect upon its very appearance. My instincts told me I was right, and the haughty air of defiance, superiority, and boundless contempt, set my blood once more boiling in my veins.

"'Whom sir, do *you* presume to doubt, I repeat?'

"'Do not answer!—do not reply! I implore you do not!' It was Aline who spoke, and there was pain and agony in her tone and manner.

"'Hey day! is it possible that lips so charming should speak in favour of one whom no one knows? and'—but here De Souché's face darkened,—interrupting himself, he added, 'I asked you a question; answer it.'

"'That I do not answer you, as I am most strongly moved to do, and as is my usual wont when replying to such demands—thank the presence of this lady,' was my answer.

"Aline shrank back in dismay and terror; wherefore I did not know, save that perhaps her woman's nature was touched with a pity for me—that I despised: for this noted duellist—this unerring swordsman—De Souché, could hold my life at his mercy any moment, and she feared the result—so I thought. He started back a step too, and the dark black blood of the most stormy and ferocious passions gave his splendid visage such a hideous glory, that I bethought me at the moment of Milton's description of the baffled Satan brooding in Pandemonium over his fall.

"'You are mad—utterly mad,' said Aline to me. But I was like marble, glaring sullenly upon the man who had so outraged my feelings.

"'Yes, the poor imbecile is mad enough,' he observed with a laugh, which made my hands draw together with the tension of a giant; 'but, nevertheless, with leave of Mademoiselle, I would wish a reply made. For the third time, against whom did you warn this lady?' This he addressed to me.

"'Against you, unquestionably.'

"In fact I was astonished at my own daring; for the danger I incurred may be

easily imagined, when I state that rumour did not hesitate to ascribe recourse to assassination, either by his hands or those of his minions.

“‘De Souché! De Souché! hear him not; spare him—be merciful, for *my* sake,’ and she laid great stress upon the word—‘for *my* sake let this unhappy chance be forgotten.’

“‘Certainly,’ said De Souché, kissing his hand with graceful, but with the most atrocious audacity; ‘but the puppy must certainly ask my pardon.’

“I was worked up to the ‘striking’ pitch, I can assure you, my readers, and that does not speak much perhaps for my philosophy or my policy. I laughed a low scornful laugh.

“‘I have no time to lose over a brawl,’ said he, with slow and very marked emphasis; ‘the more particularly with an unfledged boy like you’—he had his basilisk eye fixed upon me the whole time,—‘but it is necessary for my sake and your own safety, that you ask my pardon—do so quickly,’ he added, ‘for,’ with refined impertinence, ‘I would speak a few words to this lady, when, like a good boy, you are gone.’

“My chest heaved like that of an Atlas under his load. My eyes flashed fire, for scintillations of it were dancing before me, and a strength was infused into my frame, under which, I felt assured, everything must succumb.

“‘I am your height within the breadth of a hair,’ I slowly replied. ‘My limbs are cast in a mould, perhaps, a little coarser, and I give you to know that I am acquainted with all the marvellous legends of your skill, and your bravo-practice. Now I have one answer to make. It is about the same height into the street for either of us to be thrown,’—and I glanced with a sentiment of trepidation, totally overcome by my rage, into the great depth below. My reply to you will be a blow.’ He started with a kind of yell, and a frightful blasphemy crossed his lips. Aline was shuddering with horror, but utterly unstrung and paralysed. She could neither speak nor move. Her face, while the eyes were bent imploringly upon me, for I cast a glance upon her, was like the face of the dead.

“For the creole, his beauty had become a horror. His veins were swollen like whipcord upon his brows, the lips were parted, and a hideous snarl distorted them, exhibiting the white and beautiful teeth. His eyes blazed like coals of fire, and if I was given to fear, I should have feared at that moment.

“‘Ah! I have a cane—it is well.’ He did not mutter the words, but with a hiss, like the breath of a crushed adder, the strong condensed hatred expressed itself, as he advanced with uplifted hand towards me.

“‘Take care!’ I said; and doubling my fist, with a single bound I dashed it in his face; and the strength, skill, and certainty with which the blow was given, did not merely knock him down, it lifted him fairly up from his feet, while bleeding and senseless he lay on the ground a collapsed mass.

“I waited a moment or two to see if he would recover his feet, for I was unconscious of the extent to which I had carried my punishment. Aline’s shrieks ran thrilling through the house. Mr. Munro and his guests flocked in. The scene was terror and confusion. I was unnaturally calm—I neither raved nor protested. I saw that one or two of the

guests looked upon me with a sort of dismay, for which I could not account at the time. They were, I afterwards learned, full of fear on my account, for nothing short of my death, by duel or assassination, or some outrage still more atrocious, was expected at the hands of a man who made it his boast that he never forgave.

“‘In God’s name, Ralph!’ said Mr. Munro to me, as others were applying restoratives to the creole; ‘what have you done? how came all this about?’

“‘He insulted me,’ I replied, with a tranquillity that astonished him. ‘He lifted up his cane to strike me. I struck him—that’s all.’

“‘It can’t be *all*—though I do not doubt you,’ was his observation; ‘but still it can’t be all. I saw Aline here, I thought,’ and he glanced around. She was nowhere to be seen. ‘I am certain I heard her voice.’

“‘It is true,’ I answered; ‘you did. She was here in the balcony. I came up to bid her adieu. De Souché came—his insolence was unbounded, and I chastised it.’

“‘I do not altogether blame you,’ returned Mr. Munro, in a low hurried voice; ‘for if this chastisement does him good, you will deserve the thanks of the community; but’—and he shook his head—‘it is a most unhappy chance. Take my advice, Ralph; when you get within the walls of your college, remain there for a time at least.’

“‘I mean to do so for a time at least,’ said I; ‘and now I will but go and bid Mrs. Munro and your kind daughters, “good-bye,” and depart.’

“As I was leaving the room, De Souché faintly opened his eyes. A mouthful of brandy partially recovered him. Glaring wrathfully around the room, his eyes met mine. I thought that I never beheld so infernal a gleam as lighted them up.

“‘Come hither, young friend,’ said he, sitting half up, and speaking in an ironical and mocking bitterness; ‘come hither, and let me look at you a moment.’

“As tranquilly, to all outward seeming, as before, I advanced; but I knew ‘that my seated heart knocked at my ribs,’ though not from any fear. For the first time that horrible instinct, that depraved desire to destroy human life, came like a resistless tide into my heart. I met his glance with a *hauteur* beyond his own, and I think he quailed beneath it.

“‘You strike well,’ said he slowly, but so bitterly. ‘You strike well; but—’, and his lips became blue; ‘they strike well—who—*strike last!*’

“I smiled, returning his look of hate with one of contempt and defiance. He turned to Mr. Munro, and said, with a loudness of tone which I felt was intended for my hearing, ‘My worthy host, I must trouble you for a night’s hospitality, and—Aline shall be my nurse.’

“I walked up to the side of the couch where he reclined, and said, very simply, ‘No, she shall not!’

“Every one looked in silent astonishment upon me. It seemed such a breach of all etiquette, such a rudeness, that Mr. Munro, with a face slightly flushed, said—

“‘Ralph—Mr. Potter, this must not be. In my own house I must regulate matters according to my pleasure.’

"To this very hour I cannot conceive how I must have spoken or looked as I made my reply. There were at least a dozen men in the chamber. Strong bold men, who may be said to have possessed more than an average share of manly courage. They quailed, they turned pale, they fell back!

"'If you do not pledge me your word of honour, that Aline shall *not* attend to this man neither to-night, nor to-morrow, nor while he is beneath your roof, I pledge you my honour that I will fling him like a putrescent carcase into the street!'

"There must have been something so decisive and appalling about me at the instant, as to have wrought the desired effect. In a low faint voice, quite distinct from his other tone, De Souché hurriedly said, 'Yes, yes, promise him; I will dispense with her attendance. I—I did but jest.'

"'I promise,' said Mr. Munro; and then with a bow, cold and courteous, I left the room, having risen in the estimation of the guests at least a *million* per cent.

"For my part, the whole was so rapid, so soon over, that it seemed like a dream. As I was descending the stairs, on the upper landing, Aline darted forth. She caught my hand, pressed it to her lips. 'Thanks, thanks,' she exclaimed; 'you have acted bravely, nobly—thanks. Adieu! adieu! adieu!' and then she vanished.

"I was smiling and radiant—joyous, without being a braggart. I took a kind, a hasty leave of Mrs. Munro and her daughters, and an hour after beheld me within the college walls.

"Such was the result of my first meeting with Aline."

I placed the manuscript on the table, after having completed the first chapter, and without looking at Dewbank, drank off a couple or three glasses of wine, picked up a cigar, lit it, stretched my legs across a chair, and having made myself snug, opened the conversation with—

"Well!"

"Well!"

"What d'ye think of that, Ewart?"

"I'm all of a heap, and now stretching out again like a constrictor. I'm riled and darned, knotted and twisted, and feel forty thousand earthquakes about me," was his exaggerated reply.

"In that case you had better go to bed," said I, "and I will presently follow your example."

"I shall dream about this cursed creole all night, I know," said Ewart, pettishly; "consarn him, I should like to try a hug with him. I thought Ralph was a half-cast crocodile, with a touch of the snapping turtle in his composition. Good night," and away he went.

The next morning, after having prepared ourselves in flowing gingham and broad sombreros, to guard against a *coup de soleil*, and made up our minds for a hot, dusty,

glorious summer-day's excursion, we met at breakfast, and having made a few hasty comments upon the commencing portions of Ralph's narrative, whereat he blushed excessively, and turned a shade paler and sadder, we made good stowage of a mighty breakfast, which was concluded just as the conveyance that was to take us to Wimille (a sort of landeau drawn by two horses) came up to the door.

Our worthy host met us to pay his morning respects, politely saluted us, spoke to the gay and merry postilion, giving him a few grave charges regarding his own conduct and attention to the horses, wished us much pleasure, and off we went with blithe and cheerful hearts, fully determined to enjoy ourselves to the utmost.

Leaving to the right hand a pleasant road leading to St. Omer, from the heights, as we rapidly passed on, appeared across the bright sea, like a long white line, serrated here and there, the English coast. The phantasmagoria of this scene is perfect. First is the undulating country, gay with verdure and villages—then the sea, all azure, as if rising up like a wondrous wall; this, in the distance, is broken by the white cliffs which tower up alone; and, finally, the sky itself of a paler, sweeter blue, lost in infinity above our heads. By and by, a rather picturesque defile of something like half a league leads to the Wimereux, which we crossed, and at the bottom of the valley stands Wimille, the place of our destination.

It is a pretty place, with its quaint church, its irregular-looking houses threatening the long street, with its chestnut-trees, its copses, its distant fields, and its mountains contiguous, which, in any time but summer, would give it a gloomy aspect, save that in summer everything wears a smile, everything contributes to the beauty of the whole; and the embossed glades rising behind the church were to-day to be pressed by the prettiest peasant feet in the district.

A rural *fete* in France is indigenous. It is as distinct a characteristic of the *morale* of the labourer as the English wake, or the coarser jovialities delineated by Teniers, by Jan Steen, by Ostade, or those still more ferocious excesses of low passions drawn by Heemskirk, when blood is up and knives are drawn. In these rural *fetes*, the peasants never get drunk. I never, at all events, beheld such a thing. The spectator, fresh from the rude clownishness of the lower classes, English or American country labourers, will be surprised at the politeness, the grace, the frank *bonhomie*, with which these pastoral joys are carried on. Some are not destitute of what you may term "loutishness;" but this is the result of shyness, a dread of women's ridicule or laughter, a sort of awkwardness or embarrassment when a pair of fine eyes are mischievously following them about, robbing them of their presence of mind, playing the deuce with the heart, making them the slaves of rosy lips, rosy cheeks, pearly teeth, and a whole armament of little coquetties, that however time wears off, and to embarrassments succeeds boldness enough, for which the fair tyrant has to undergo the penalty of a kiss, a caress, or a dance, and so on—this embarrassment I have seen, but never any rudeness. Passion and rage I have witnessed, also jealousies and hatreds; but in the country they were, in some degree, dignified by a native refinement of disposition I have not witnessed elsewhere.



French Market Girl.



The (The) House

Generally speaking, it is afternoon when the bustle of the *fete* begins, because so many come from a distance to it; in the same way that I have gone across the snow, on the plains north of Old Salem, with my dancing pumps in my pocket, heedless of the cold, and daring all the wolves in creation, in order to sport my person at a ball, where a smile from the belle of the party was reward enough for anything. They also avoid the extreme heat of the sun; and towards the soft evening, when the oblique rays only tint the sward with shadows, then grown longer, the mirth begins in earnest.

We dismounted before entering the village, and leaving the postilion to put up the horses and the carriage, walked leisurely on, enjoying the cool shades which the trees threw down, admiring the boldness of the mountain scenery in the distance,—the labours of the husbandman, on the one hand, and, on the other, struck by the calcareous nature of the soil in many parts. We were now at Wimille.

"There—there's 'my favourite,'" I suddenly exclaimed, as I cast a glance across a little garden thick with roses, where ivy and honeysuckle clung to the pillars of an old stone porch, belonging to what had once been a handsome country mansion of some pretension, standing isolated—one of the first habitations of the village.

The figure on which my eyes rested for a moment was a most attractive one. It was that of a young, fair, and exquisitely beautiful girl, clad in the coif, the *sacque*, or something like it, of an older time; the petticoat was richly woven, the apron was snowy. In fact, it was a dress such as our grandmothers used to wear at "home," in days when we were children, noting little of fashions, and heeding them still less. A flower was in her hand, and a bunch of keys hung by her side.

A countenance more sweet and animated I have rarely witnessed. I was no less struck by her fair lovely face than by her *fete* dress, plainly a coquettish adaptation from the wardrobe of her great-aunt, or grand-mother, for she was evidently of English origin, and I determined to improve acquaintance with my favourite, if we should happen to meet when the dancing began.

"Well," said Dewbank, "for a man like yourself, who finds a favourite in every pretty face, I must say, Crockett, that your taste is by no means bad."

"Bad!" I echoed with a laugh, "that can hardly be possible. Henry Clay Crockett has an eye for—"

"A pretty foot and ankle, by all the Savannahs of the south," cried Dewbank, catching my words, and thus hastily concluding the sentence for me; but as I glanced again upon the faultless form, there was no denying it. It was so.

Ralph Potter was a little behind us, gazing with a fixed and tender expression upon the girl, who, half in a reverie, was leaning her arm upon the broken balustrade of stone stretching from the porch. She heard my laugh, looked up, met Ralph's earnest look, and, like a timid and startled fawn, hastily entered the door.

"There," said I, in a tone of vexation, "you have done it now; and if we do not see her again for the next five hours, thank your own rudeness."

"Zounds, you're as quarrelsome as ever a rowdy boy at Astor's," returned Dewbank petulantly. "It was not I who frightened her away. I reckon I've a more musical laugh than you have; and if she mistook it for the bray of a hyena, I can't help it."

I laughed, and onwards we went, in great hopes that when the *fête* was begun we should meet her again. As we advanced to the spot where a tent or two for the guests to take refreshment, beside its rude orchestra, had been erected, I began to be greatly amused at the motley and interesting groups already assembled.

One or two huge vehicles, called the *tipissière*, had already arrived, bearing their happy holiday cargo. There were young and old folk, gaily attired in rude dresses, which borrowed a charm from their happy faces, and the lucid air resounded with shouts of laughter, as they descended and began to gambol on the sward—the young ones, I mean; for the older people, with as much joy, but far more gravity, either promenaded about and saluted their old friends and acquaintances, or took their seats among the patriarchs of the place, and criticised the dancing on the green.

It does one's heart good to observe the varied moral phase which the peasant and *bourgeoisie* parties exhibit. There is always a rustic rivalry for the hand of the prettiest among the pretty girls; but this rivalry is also destitute of quarrelling or blackguardism. There may, if there happen to be one or two of those talking chatterers, who have wit enough to give the least vitality to their volubility, a conflict of words, which at short intervals is carried on for the whole of the dinner. This seems to vary the amusement of the *fête*, though some of these are carried on with a solemnity of polite pleasure, where such frivolous badinage is soon absorbed in the stately gaiety of the whole merry-making.

I confess that I have never been more delightfully moved by any human picture of happiness so great as that afforded by a *fête* in the open air. How charming it is in the open balmy air to watch the lovers pacing up and down the swarded alleys, beneath the cool shadows of the flowering chestnut-trees, or watch the still younger ones chasing each other round the vast trunks of gnarled and towering elms! And such was the scene we had here. There were joyous brunette features, whose mantling red in the cheeks outdid the ribbons in the cap, and whose silken eye-lashes were like finest silken threads pencilled on white brows, and whose eyes, beaming with mirth and good humour, received even an increased charm from the intonation of the voice "so gentle and low."

Some one or two who allowed the luxuriant tresses to flow profusely revelling down, reminded one with the handsome gipsy bonnets and rustic hats of George Morland's pictures; while others again, who were more fashionable in their ideas, had tortured their heads "à la turque," "à la titus," and reminded one of the Pompadours and Montespan of the old *régime*. There was a singular beauty about these one or two innovations of taste, which, after a moment's reflection, I did not put my veto against. It must be indeed a frightful style of head-dress that can make a face, which God has already blessed with beauty, hideous or even ugly. There is originality even in the copy; for those who had



"The Lover"

W. H. B. 1854

refined upon art gave to their quaint dresses, their free transcriptions, a certain air of comical gravity which was infinitely amusing.

On a little platform, as I have said, was erected the orchestra, and the three instruments began, after having been once tuned, to pour forth with great taste, and no despicable skill, some of the delicious airs of Strauss, mingled with the masquerading harmonies of Musard.

In the meantime, from the huge vans were sundry baskets taken down, filled with triumphant specimens of culinary art; and down on the grass, which had been some previous days carefully swept and rolled and watered, till it was now like a bank of velvet, sat down several of those little *coteries*, which were like so many family parties, and presently you heard the gurgling sound of the wine rushing forth, and the clinking of the glasses one against the other; the musical laughter of the girls, and the noisier mirth of the males, testified the unbounded satisfaction that all felt.

We in the meantime were idly strolling about, observant of all; and as mirth is catching, no doubt our countenances expressed a considerable degree of the pleasure we felt. Some of the older and the bolder ones, noticing us as strangers, and one or two recognizing countenances as being transatlantic, addressed us politely, and in less than half an hour we found ourselves in the midst of one large aggregate—the smaller parties having joined us. We were on the best terms, filling and emptying the wine, *trinquering* with one and another, so that we felt as if we had known them for the last ten years.

“Now, *messieurs, mesdames*,” shouted out a hale and hardy-looking farmer, “one more glass of Maçon, and let us see your heels tripping on the grass; our worthy Orpheus here will think we are despising his art.” And so we all rose up, and selecting our partners, who without prudery, but rather with irresistible and graceful good nature, accepted us among the rest, and the dance began.

I almost despair of describing the delicious sensation which the cool breeze, whispering through the green tracery above, and fanning our brows, gave to us; how with hearts like the hearts of joyous children—care being not simply driven limping away, but absolutely annihilated—we bounded along; and how we inhaled the splendid summer air, laden with fragrance, fresh and vivifying, as some fabled balm purified the lungs, and made us feel a happy intoxication. Ralph Potter was sedately joyous, but his very melancholy was absolutely charming to the village maidens, who hazarded a hundred sly conjectures about him; and, certainly, as the exercise had driven the paleness from his cheek, and replaced it with a rich and ruddy glow, with his brown curls, and white forehead, I think he must have struck them as being a singularly handsome young fellow.

As for myself—hem! Well, I flirted about, and very agreeable, I have no doubt, I made myself. Dewbank was in his glory; and the loud laughter which he elicited at times inclined me to believe that he was giving them very amusing ideas with regard to his countrymen. In short, it was a “real” *fete*; and as I actually ceased to be an observer, having become, with all my heart and soul, a participator in all that went on, I can give but a very unintelligible description of it after all.

To crown the whole, "my favourite" at last made her appearance, leaning on the arm of a fine good-looking young man, to whom, I was told, she was betrothed; we all danced with her in turn, and ere we parted were on the best of terms with her and her *fiancé*.

Then came the hour of parting. It must come in every case to every one of us—in the happiest of parties. I felt inexpressibly chagrined at this; the reader may believe me, because with me it was a parting for ever from a society to which I had been closely knit for a few hours;—with them it was only an "adieu" till another day: they would meet again; but by that time I should be with my friends, perhaps thousands of miles away. I was sad and melancholy because these fancies came to me, and I must and will record it, that at kissing the hands of several of our fair partners, there were sorrowful glances, and something like a tear bedewed the eyes of one or two, for they felt that we were strangers who had enjoyed their gladness, *and they were grateful to us*.

Volatile and warm-hearted people, how much do I love and admire you! I have wandered over land and sea, and have looked upon many nations and people, and I can always recur to this little *fête* at Wimille, where a few children of the soil met to dance with a feeling of serene pleasure which baffles me to describe.

We took, then, our farewells beneath the flowering chestnut-trees; we bade them our adieus, and of "my favourite" the last,—and mounting our carriage, drove back to Boulogne, as the shadows of evening were falling.



Abbeville Cathedral.



The French Mail Coach

CHAPTER II.

Paris.

PARIS, without doubt, is worthy not only of a chapter, but volumes in itself; but, in the meantime, I am not so ungrateful to nature and to man, for the many beauties I see in my way, to pass from place to place with a transience which leaves every intervening space without some trifling memorial.

The following morning, therefore, having settled our moderate bills at the hotel, and taken our places in the *coupé*, which, with a little extra gratuity, we secured for ourselves, and surrendering our luggage to the *conducteur*, we mounted in good spirits, and were soon on the road. Ralph Potter began to prepare his book and pencils, while, in the meantime, Dewbank amused me with the cosmopolite knowledge he had picked up at Boulogne, talked unceasingly of the pretty girls of Wimille, commented on the wines and the charges, and praised himself for the excellent manner in which hitherto all his arrangements had been carried out.

I was disappointed at losing the huge boots of the postilions, the reins made of knotted cords, and the almost traditionary slowness of the ark-like vehicle, which was pretty full; but as they were mostly an uninteresting group, I have nothing to relate of them. We went along at a tolerably smart pace, and the country began to broaden out gloriously before us. After a journey of about two-and-twenty miles, the traveller arrives at Montreuil, where we stopped to dine; and remounting once more, passed through several little villages, and entered Abbeville, where we took advantage of the diligence stopping, in order to take a cursory peep at a place of some antiquity, now having an appearance of quietly crumbling to decay. The colossal statues adorning the church, dedicated to a Breton saint (St. Winifred), attracted our attention, as well as the Gothic towers, which had an air of sombre magnificence as they loomed largely in the haze of the sultry sky. Old houses of quaint shape, built principally of wood, have a very picturesque appearance; and here and there modern brick buildings give, by contrast, an aspect of stiff formality to the streets.

We took a walk on the ramparts, which are well shaded with trees, and though the prospect was not particularly striking, there was a certain unique simplicity about the old town, not disturbed by very modern, at least not daring, innovations, which was exceedingly pleasing.

At Abbeville we deviated from the route a little, as we were desirous of passing through Amiens, and, if need be, of spending a day there. And therefore, taking the same places in another *diligence*, we began to cross several small hills, from which we could observe that the general aspect of the country was improving; and without wearying the reader with details, suffice it to say that we arrived in due time at the ancient capital of Picardy.

If I have passed over with seeming indifference so many places in the locality of the route we had taken—for instance, the plains of Azincourt and Crécy,—it is because, being in the diligence, I could not visit them; and, to confess the truth, they lacked an attraction for me at the time. There are few places in this part of France which have not some historic recollection attached to them; but, as I am anything but a historian, it is only of the places on which I planted my foot that I will speak—and they, in many instances, are too “numerous to mention.”

We stopped at the Hotel de la Poste, where there was ample accommodation, and not particularly costly; and after a short consultation, made up our minds to stay there for the night. In the morning, after a *recherche* breakfast, during which I gravely taxed our financier, Dewbank, with the extravagant amount I should expect our bills to mount up to by the time we got to Paris, and to which remonstrance he merely made a wry face, we sallied forth.

Being situated upon the Somme, this town has evidently availed itself, so to speak, of its commercial advantages. As a royal court, and a bishop's see, it has some pretensions; but the peace of Amiens, concluded in 1802, has given it a little bit of a niche in the annals of history. Formerly it was doubtless of more consequence, for people do not build such magnificent cathedrals for nothing. Its antiquity is marked by the ruins of an old church, said to have been erected in the seventh century by a worthy creature canonized as St. Bathilde.

As a capital, and as a trading town, it has become of consequence. As the chief city of Picardy, it must have seen many vicissitudes; and as also, in the course of twelve centuries at least, even ashlar churches cannot stand the wear and tear of time; so, also, is there a rejuvenescence observable, for, as old houses and streets decay, and gradually go with edifying calm into the dust, are new streets, broader, clearer, more commodious, erected; and Amiens has its velvet manufactories, its handsome shops, its spacious squares, its fashionable promenades, and is a martyr, to a considerable extent, to the innovations of the present day. As for *us*, who express this said innovation by a pithy and comprehensive sentence, “Go a-head!” we had nothing to object to in the matter. Still it presented a singular contrast. There stood the grand, grim, and Gothic pile, flinging a shadow, as if half angrily, upon the youthful flauntings of new streets and domiciles, here and there rearing their heads. It was a gigantic old age beginning to get paralyzed, yet with its Briareus hands threatening to strangle the new babe—engendered out of enterprise, capital, steam, and railways—at its birth,—which, as yet, however, is not done.

From the town we crossed the river, after strolling about for some time, and walking up



French Diligence.



Amiens Cathedral

a little distance had a fine view of the church, the old picturesque houses, with here and there, in their court-yards and gardens, clumps of trees, workshops, and barges on the river, and the river itself as a foreground.

The church is a piece of grand, ornate, and imposing architecture, rarely surpassed in its detail by anything I saw on the Continent. There is, in this class of architecture, a singular correctness of similarity about the whole style. One end has its vast and massive buttresses, and the other has its huge and frowning towers. A thin, airy, insignificant spire, springing out of the centre of the great roof, is in frivolous contrast with the solid proportions of the whole, and is evidently either the addition or an alteration of some artist of a remoter time than its origin, which goes back as far as 1220, a purely Gothic time. The western front of the cathedral is not to be surpassed for its florid arabesques, if such a Moorish word may be used with regard to that miraculous and secret art of architecture, which, in an age of unbounded ignorance, must be one of the abstract wonders of the world.

The eye most unaccustomed to examine architectural proportions, may, perhaps, be the most critical and detective, after all; and when we recollect that this, with others, was built in an age when ignorance—literal, unquestioned ignorance—was the order of the day,—when men were barbarous and scarcely semi-savage,—when whatever art there existed was in an almost contemptibly incipient state,—we say, thus gazing on such surpassing monuments of art, the perfection, the geometrical accuracy of their proportions, their grand and majestic attitude, their colossal vastness, must strike one with wonder,—and the gazer asks by whom and how were these built?

We can only conjecture that, in the secret societies of the freemasons, the art was handed down to its members as a sacred tradition; and though no connection can be traced between the Gothic style, and the style in which we may imagine Solomon's temple to have been erected, yet the laws of proportion, of harmony, and of strength, are the same, save only, that that in the anterior style, squareness and solidity, with many internal pillars, has, in the latter case, given place to the groined arch and the gigantic dome—the arch, however, above all. I am not going to tell you, my reader, about the eighty-two pillars, and the forty-four that are detached, superb as they are, nor of the marvellous resonance of some of them when merely touched. We are merely passing to Paris by the diligence, and have called at Amiens on our way. So we give the guide a gratuity, which redoubles his politeness, and go forth. We had turned back from the river-side, and wandered around the basement and interior of this venerable relic of the middle ages, and we now began to stroll about the town; and going a little distance out of it, came once more to the meadows by the river, admiring the canals which the river forms. We went to the Porte d'Abbeville, and then journeyed to where the Autoy, a grand promenade, is islanded by waters of the river Cete. Colbert, it is stated, employed thirty thousand workmen at the manufactures which the Cete and the Somme give motion to, though now the trade is fallen off.

A very pretty picture, which Ralph sketched down, was formed by the broad-beamed boat, carrying a market-woman and her ass across the river to a nearer path, leading, most probably, to some comfortable farm. The pollard willows shadowed in the stream, the town in the distance, the towers, the lofty spire, and the lucid sky for a background, gave a picture of repose, heightened by the murmuring plash of the river, which was dreamy in the extreme, and I was falling into some reverie, when Ewart tapped me on the shoulder, with his everlasting, 'What on 'arth are you thinking of now?'

As it was approaching the time when we must resume our seats in the diligence, we hastened back, and, as it was market day, we had the opportunity of admiring the quaint and striking Picard costume. In a few instances the men had their heads powdered, and the women wore blue petticoats of remarkable fashion. I cannot say, however, but that I was pleased with both, though it rather jarred upon me to see how pertinaciously people in the old world will stick to old world modes, manners, and fashions; but it struck me that, as at the particular time I had nothing better in the way of fashion to offer them, it would be preferable to let them remain as they were.

We passed through Clermont, a very handsome town, as I thought, where we saw the towers of a fine old castle, once belonging to the Condé; the prospect from the terrace of which is stated to be beautifully diversified, but which I do not avow for, and came to Creil, an old town, situated upon the river Oise, where, on looking at the castle, you think of Charles the Sixth, who was shut up there in order that cards might be invented for him, and Hoyle write books on whist; and, in addition, that some thousands of suicides should darken the annals of humanity yearly, arising from the passion of gaming. It may be said, that men would play with pebbles, or, like Teniers' boors, play at push-penny. That may be so, if cards were never invented; but I will be sworn that I should not blow out my brains at push-penny, whereas cards are more refined agents of ruin.

From Creil, which we soon left behind us, we anticipated the beauties of Chantilly, which has become famous for its races. On our way we passed a large market-waggon, which Ralph, who exceedingly admired the horses, sketched in his book; and at the moment, I thought it a group which Wouvermans, that prince of horse-painters, could not have disdained to halt and look once more behind him.

The animals were of the true Flanders breed, four in number, and looked, with their sleek coats, and massive though calm heads, with their strong handsome harness, as genuine portions of the landscape, and as absolutely belonging to it. The large lumbering waggon, with its capacious covering, and its as capacious emptiness, appeared as if it had been disgorging the fruits of the earth, garden and field stuff, for man's use at the neighbouring town. In the front sat a woman, listlessly gazing forth on the landscape, or rather half-dozing, or counting, probably, the profits of the journey. In the road was the bluff driver, arranging some portion of the horses' head-gear. We had but barely time to notice these things ere our diligence swept by, and soon after we entered Chantilly, after passing by the green umbrageous forest, beneath which we wished to wander.

Chantilly, that rose to prosperity under the house of Condé,—where you see the little theatre that reminds you of Racine, of Boileau, and Moliere; where you admire the palace in which resides the Montmorencés, and the princes of Bourbon, great historical names,—belongs to annals of blood and crime, and great catastrophes of every kind. All that remains of the vast and elegant pile, however, are a couple of chateaux, looking venerable in their great age—the chateau Bourbon, the chateau d'Enghien, and the stables, that are in themselves like a palace. As we intend to tell you about a day spent at Chantilly in another place, we shall reserve our description of the race-course and its imported fashions, as well as its imported rascalities and vice.

The country was now really beautiful, wearing that charming, indistinct, undulating aspect, bounded only by far blue hills and azure skies, while cottages, villages, and chateaux, with delicious groves, stately woods, and broad rivers, filled up the front of the picture.

Past the forest of Lys, ascending the mountain of La Morlaie, crossing the river Thève, and between the enchanting woods of Herivaux and Royaumont, we enter into Luzarches, where, in times more primitive, kings of the Carolingian race dwelt. We saw the ruins of the two old castles, which, at one period, would have dazzled the most fastidious eye by their barbaric splendour. Ruins—crumbling ruins—and silence, now only attest that such things were: but it is astonishing how suggestive these old places are; you do not even look upon them without thinking of Charles Martel and Charlemagne.

We were now rapidly advancing towards Paris, and our hearts beat high with expectation. The rumbling and the rattling of the conveyance precluded any interchange of thought in the shape of conversation; we contented ourselves by occasionally drawing each other's attention to some object of beauty or interest on the road, whether village, forest, or castle; and then we began to fall each one into his own reverie, Ralph being, however, the most industrious; for, as well as the shakings would allow him, he was scratching down the principal objects that attracted his attention. Splendid specimens of architecture, gardens, parks, and fountains, appeared in plenty.

Ecouen, a very charming town from the distance, attracted our notice by a handsome palacial mansion, standing on the summit of a shady hill. This also commemorates the names of the lordly Montmorencés,—and not long after we entered into St. Denis.

The country, with its quaint masses of building, embosomed in green wildernesses, where fountains leap and sparkle in the sun, wears a varied but ever agreeable aspect. I felt as if I could have gone on with my travelling knapsack on my shoulder, and staff in hand, lying like a Sybarite here and there beneath the vines, or musing like a poet over some sublime spot, where either nature arrested my attention, or a reminiscence of the past, with its traditionary lore, flitted across the mind. This I add, it appears, when I am entering into the city of the tombs of kings.

St. Denis is marked, like a huge milestone in the smiling landscape, by the lofty spire of the great abbey. It is here where the kings of France lie in solemn conclave from the

time of Dagobert the breechless, the first, we may add, of the "sans culottes;" that is to say, they *did*,—with their monuments and mural emblazonry, those wondrous silent statues that, in their stern sleep, seem ready to waken up at the first stirring blast of a trumpet,—though they do not now, for at the first revolution they were disinterred, and the bones of generations scattered like oblations to the winds of heaven. Of late the antiquary and the enthusiast have recreated this fine old pile, which threatened to go to decay; but as there is with us a sort of conservative principle—in this age I mean—it has been restored with much magnificence, and a chapter of superannuated bishops have made a chapel of ease of the whole. The abbey itself is in a sad state of desecration, for the soldiers swear, and smoke, and drink wine, within the old walls, and the discipline of a barraek has superseded the worship of God. What would you have?—for many ages the military power was all subservient to "bell, book, and candle;" thanks to a latitude of thinking—Voltaireism, and sans culottism; in short, to the Revolution—the position of things is changed.

We now journeyed along a road whose formal stiffness contrasted strongly with the champaign verdure we had already passed through. The road is an admirable one; broad, and lined with a double row of trees, which is more artistic than picturesque, and painfully impresses you with its rigidity of style. In the time of Louis Quatorze it was the style to put nature in stays, and place patches on her cheeks. She only looked like an elegant court harlot after all.

To the right rose Montmartre, the "primrose hill" of Paris, crowned with one of the prettiest villages in France. It was severely handled during the last days of Napoleon; but cannon which knocked down houses, spared the trees, and green copses are seen in all directions. We entered Chapelle, which gave name to a poet who is not much known, and entering the Porte St. Denis, after a little argument with the guard, were in the city of PARIS.

I have a story to tell relating to a grand old ruin which we passed on the road, and which, while Dewbank is arranging our out-of-doors affairs, and Ralph Potter is gone forth to walk on the neighbouring *boulevard*, I may as well dot down.

Some miles from Clermont, on the right bank of the Oise, I beheld the lofty ruins of a mansion, which, by its venerable and moss-grown turrets, its crumbling gables, rising above the lofty and waving woods, (the quaint architecture dating back for some centuries,) had a solemn and impressive beauty as seen from the distance, that particularly interested me in its past history. By inquiry and research, I obtained materials for the following dark chronicle, which was strikingly characteristic of an age of violence and crime,—expressive also of the strength of those depraved passions, avarice and hate, when all instinctive restraints are blinded by ignorance of moral obligations. It may be called (thinking of Rollo) the story of the "Bloody Brother;" we shall, however, term it

A Chronicle of the Oise.

In the days of King — (no matter whom, but very long ago, however), there dwelt in this

noble mansion two brothers, who were descended of a great and ancient family, whose wealth and traditionary influence, added to the favours they enjoyed under the reigning kings, were proverbial.

These stately lands and extensive treasures were held by the elder-born of the brothers, whom we shall call Landeric; while the younger, Bragellon, who had long since gone through his patrimony by gaming and excess, now lived with the elder, dependent upon a bounty that was princely. But his sullen and saturnine disposition liked not this; it galled his proud dark nature to be thus supported. He was courageous, but reckless; and this latter quality made him dream evil.

Landeric had a noble presence, and a kind, loyal disposition. Gay and volatile, he loved song, dance, and revel; and he was thoughtless to a fault, saying things without meaning them, that pained Bragellon to hear.

Thus, though both differing in almost everything, yet both young, both gay—the one from disposition, the other from custom, and a desire to drown thoughts in the dissipation of the wine, or in gaming, or in any mad frolic; they would sally forth at times from the old castle, and with a number of other companions of their own age and rank, they would rouse up the streets of the ancient town, till the quaint walls and old hostels echoed again.

On this particular afternoon, they were, with a number of other gallants, assembled in a tavern, that was held in great repute for the good wine and cheer of the portly host. This worthy was in much deserved estimation; and a table of carved oak with sturdy legs groaned beneath the full jars so plentifully furnished them.

Landeric and Bragellon were seated at one end, and before them lay dice and cards of very curious form and device, which they had evidently been using.

"What! Bragellon!" cried the elder, "mournest thou the loss of a few gold coins? Pshaw! double the stakes—take a cup and throw again; I tell thee, like a good brother as I am, thou shalt be no loser—not a jot."

"I drink to thee, Landeric," replied Bragellon, whose dark though fine face exhibited great moroseness; "and though I thank thy liberal promises for the future, which I know thou wilt keep, being no promise-breaker; yet the loss of a few golden crowns hath completely emptied my pockets."

"Emptied thy pockets! Well, *pardieu*, it is no wonder if thou growest sad when thy purse is so sickly. Come, I will forgive thee thy moody fit; there's my purse, pick it up, man, and be gay, as gay as I am," exclaimed Landeric, as, tossing it over to his brother, it fell at his feet with a clang, that called the attention of all present to the affair.

"That Landeric has the heart of a prince," cried one.

"And possesses the treasures of a Croesus," added another.

"Faith! I cannot but grieve with Bragellon," cried a dissipated young noble; "for there's but a step, as 'twere, between *him* and the wealth; and this devil of a Landeric to be the first-born of his own mother—eh!"

"I could not well belong to two," cried Landeric, laughing heartily. "And I will wed right soon."

"The daughter of the rich Castellan," shouted one.

"With his money he might marry Jove's wife," cried another.

"Ay—with the youngest daughter of De Herivault—with Bathilde," was the cold remark of Bragellon. His voice startled them. When the gold fell at his feet, this act of charity, that was so unconsciously ostentatious, made the black blood of Bragellon seald his soul, as if he were in enduring torments; and while he stooped to pick it up, the gibe, the scorn, and the strange jarring of tone, in which the dissipated noble lamented the elder brother's success,—then Bragellon felt truly that his brother *was* the only step between him and the golden dream he coveted for a reality.

"But methinks," said one, "that Bragellon here was her very lover. Ran it not so?" And he cast an inquiring glance around him.

Bragellon, with the same cold voice, replied, "I have lost a stake. A wealthier man can cry loudly, 'Room for me!' Behold him!" and he smiled on Landeric, who, quaffing his wine, was still gay as a lark.

"My brother," replied he gently, "it was not my wealth that found me favour; the field was open for all, and I had not a *denier* when I troth-plighted the fair lady."

"I tell thee," insisted Bragellon, "that money doth make a difference, and that thou and I will find out ere long. Come, you see, friends, that my good brother's bounty has furnished me anew. Dice! ho there! fresh dice!"

"But," replied Landeric, with real emotion, laying his arm on Bragellon's hand, "do not say my 'bounty,'—I meant it not so. Thou art brother to me: kinship like that may not be disregarded."

"Is it," whispered Bragellon, with a grim smile,—“is it brotherly-like to step before me in the good favour of Bathilde?"

"Have we not discussed it before this?" asked Landeric with impatience, as he rose; "why talk farther, to raise ill-will between us?"

"Well, be it so: come hither and try another game;" and they both sat to play again, while the rest looked on.

In two or three throws, Bragellon had lost the purse which he had but a short while back received.

"By the bones of Charlemagne," muttered Bragellon, as he drained a bowl, "but you must have the fiend's luck. My war-horse against a thousand crowns!" "Agreed," replied Landeric, carelessly. They played again, and the younger brother again lost.

"Your horse goes fast, my Bragellon," exclaimed the young noble who had made so luckless a remark regarding Landeric.

"My armour and fighting sword! Some wine there, ho! Come, do not hesitate; take all, or give me a chance;—and, mark me! you must not *return* them;" this he added in a deep-meaning whisper to his brother.

"I will not," replied the indifferent Landerie. The dice rattled—the fates were still against Bragellon, and the armour and sword went after the rest.

"I have only my dagger left, and that I must keep to—" his eyes changed their expression, as did the termination of his sentence,—“to eat my broken victuals with, when I come to your battery-batch, my brother.”

Landeric only smiled at his pettishness, and thought, “To-morrow I will make him smile again. I will load his horse with costly trappings, and change his battered breast-plate for the golden mail of Lombardy, and send them to him: he shall know that I love him.”

A trumpet-blast roused the revellers, and the young gamesters also arose.

“We are summoned to the tilt-yard,” exclaimed Landeric joyously; “’tis better than dice: come, come!”

“I cannot tilt against you to-day,” said Bragellon, in a dry, mocking voice; “but I have something very curious to show you in the evening.”

“Something curious!” echoed Landeric; “well, in the evening be it; and now, brothers, one cup more. To Bathilde, the beautiful!”

The toast was noisily drunk, and Landeric hurled the crystal vase against the wall. “’Tis the last health I shall drink from that,” exclaimed he.

Bragellon smiled—nay, he had even become gay, and laughed as some of them condoled with him upon his losses. “Has he really drank his *last* health?” he muttered; and the smile was very singular, while the eyes were lurid.

The duties of the young soldier nobles were over in the earlier part of the afternoon, which was sunny and joyous; and the fragrant air beat freshly against the heated brows of Landeric, as crossing the great tilt-yard of the Castellan’s palace, he passed beneath a great archway, where there were suites of apartments belonging to De Herivault’s young daughter, Bathilde. Deep silence and strict order reigned in those walls, which was in great contrast with the noise and tumult of the guard-room he had not long left.

In the meantime there followed him, unnoticed, a tall figure muffled up in a large battle-elook. He was unchallenged of the sentinels, for they, on the contrary, presented their pikes in salutation while he went by. It was Bragellon, who, with a frowning brow and a darkened look, kept his brother in his jealous eye; and as he beheld him pass into the apartment occupied by Bathilde, a scowl of hatred, and of the bitterest malice, passed over his countenance, which gave it a perfectly demoniac expression.

For, while Bragellon watched his brother enter the gorgeous apartment, his broad chest and tall form shook with the violence of his rage, and his hand unconsciously gripped his heavy dagger, all that he was now possessed of; while a diabolic gleam swept over his otherwise fine features, which utterly marred their grace, and told how implacable he had become.

Passing the tapestries, he gained entrance into the same apartment, and his eyes were almost blinded as he beheld, through the opening folds, the beautiful Bathilde leaning upon the breast of the young soldier.

Tall, fair, and of extraordinary loveliness, she was a woman to fill a man's heart with undying love; and as she turned up her tender eyes to meet the ardent gaze of Landerie, Bragellon could have stabbed them both where they stood.

"Bathilde for a bride, and her enormous wealth as dowry, are two things worth playing the darkest—deadliest game for," he muttered through his set teeth. "But I must go and prepare the curious sight which I have promised my generous, good, elder brother;" and while he beheld Landerie pressing his lips to her fair brow, he ground his teeth with a savage gesture, and silently quitted the room.

Bragellon was on the battlements of the royal castle, for there was war in the land, and the nobles were round their king. Being the officer of the night, he had several arrangements to make and orders to give. There were many soldiers and inferior officers about him, and as he despatched them to their various posts on their several duties, his impatience grew beyond all bounds. "Landeric will come soon—soon!" he muttered.

The eve had come on, and the sky, so cloudless and bright all day, now began to darken and lour; and the shifting vapours that hung on the skirt of the moon took fantastic shapes, wreathing themselves into forms which had their type in the dark stormy soul of Bragellon.

The younger brother, as he walked to and fro on the towering battlements, drew his cloak around him; and as he gave vent to the projects which the "attempt, and not the deed," as yet, so vividly portrayed, an exultation and delirious joy took possession of him, so that, while he tossed his arms, and held them out towards the sombre heavens, the moving of the blast filled the folds of his cloak, and bore it streaming far behind, making him appear, as he stood on the very edge of the giddy height, like an unholy being invoking presences of evil.

"Poison or steel," he muttered, "which? Both—both leave evidences, and the coward or the fool is often a witness against himself—they are unsafe. There is the livid and swollen corpse on the *first*; and the bloody stabs leave gules too glaring on the keenest weapon. I'll none of that—no!" he added, as he bent his tall figure, and looked into the chasm below, where lay bridge, and moat, and stone pavement. "No! more than two hundred feet below, death waits there in the darkness! There is no witness, and there is also that fine abstraction—*accident*, so common in this world, to account for it. Stand, ho!" he cried suddenly, "who goes there?" He paused, and looked keenly around him, but beheld nothing. "I'll swear I heard a footstep," he added. "Ho!" but as he called to the sentinels, and gazed along the level platform he saw not a soul, and his own shouts appeared to be drowned by a keen, roaring blast, that sang around the great tower. And yet he could not but imagine, that *behind* him stalked and turned a phantom, with a hideous face and terrible eyes, though he could not see it. "Well," he muttered, gathering his energies, "men who dare do these things, must be prepared to meet the consequences; and while mine are as yet but shadows, I will dream of fear no further."

Still he could swear that he heard a step. It was measured, martial, firm,—certainly it was; for coming up the steps at the far end of the platform, the partial moon shone on

a gleaming helmet, and presently there stalked towards him the young nobleman, ere this spoken of.

"What! Bragellon, you keep late watch here to-night?" he said, advancing towards him.

"Not so," replied the other; "the moon is not long since up."

"This part of the battlement, I note, wants looking to," said the noble by way of comment. "The chains in the stonework, to sling the arbalasts by, or fasten cradles over for missiles, are in very ill condition. It will be well for you to see to it; some one may fall over else. Give you good night, if I see you not anon in the great hall.

"Good night—good night!" replied Bragellon hastily, as the noble passed away from him, and disappeared by the staircase of a round turret at the extremity of the battlements.

"Is he the devil, after all," muttered the brother, as he still gazed on the empty space, "that he has divined my purpose? if so, I will not disappoint him. I promised to *show Landerie something*,—but it will be a face other than that of Bathilde's,—ghastlier, deadlier!"

He then took his dagger, and, by sheer strength, pulling away from the embrasure a great engine used to cast arrows and javelins, dug out some of the stonework where chains were fastened; and, in a few minutes, looked complacently on the completed work—and waited.

The moon gleamed palely from on high, but, beneath her, black funereal clouds sailed along.

Landerie was come, and stalking to and fro, was leaning on Bragellon's arm, laughing, chatting—merry as the morning lark. "And so you've been busied with this clumsy machinery have you?" he inquired. "Truly, I have spent my time far more pleasantly, than looking over these grim engines of slaughter."

"Doubtless," smiled Bragellon; "but, good brother, while you *are* here, give me your aid a moment, and you shall see what I promised you."

"What must I do?" asked the willing Landerie.

"Take that chain, and aid me to draw this carriage back to the embrasure. Beware your foot on the edge,—nay, 'tis a perilous depth. Have you hold?"

"I have," replied Landerie, straining to his task; one foot being on the very verge of the abyss, but his other foot firmly planted forward, and a good grasp of the chain assured him he was safe.

"Now, heave!" cried Bragellon.

In an instant, the dagger which, unperceived, had fastened the false chain gave way, and the form of Landerie was seen rushing downward,—his glance of mingled terror and reproach being fixed on the terrible face of Bragellon, who stood on the coping and gazed below.

A slight plash came upward from the moat—Bragellon listened; down below was silence.

"It is done," said Bragellon, with a horrid laugh, "and now shall I be a rich man, and

wed with Bathilde;" but as he spoke, the wind filled his ample eloak with a hurricane blast, and swept him over the preeipice, where at the bottom he lay a shapeless mass, soddened in his own blood and shattered bones!

If I should happen for awhile to say nothing of my two friends; if I do not even speak of myself, which will be very astonishing, it will be because the name Paris! Paris! Paris! recurs to me perpetually; because it makes me an enthusiast; because it is the type of the past, and the future; because, with its wondrously protean, its kaleidoscopie features, it is for ever offering to you its present in every form and shape—in majesty and abjectness, in greatness and in humility, in wealth, and in the extreme of misery.

Paris! what crimes, what benevolence, what virtues, and what gigantic vices are embodied in that name! It is suggestive of all things in the extremest degree. The city of palaces and penury—the city of lofty deeds, and of the vilest brigandage—the city of honour and of degradation. In fact, while telling my reader all this, he will say to himself, "But this is the epitome of all great cities."

I grant it to be so, and yet, because these names have become traditional from Clovis, Charlemagne, Saint Louis, and Napoleon, there are others upon record, which are the synonyme of crime.

In effect, it is the city of monarchies and of republics, of thrones and barriades, and presents, in the most unique manner, a hundred thousand men who divide, with pointed pikes, against each other, and who, by a single word, will cast their weapons down, and rush into each other's arms. No impulse is more intense with the true Parisian than affection. I mean that humanity which, with its under-currents, rolls softly onward, and only requires to be disturbed for a moment to be acknowledged.

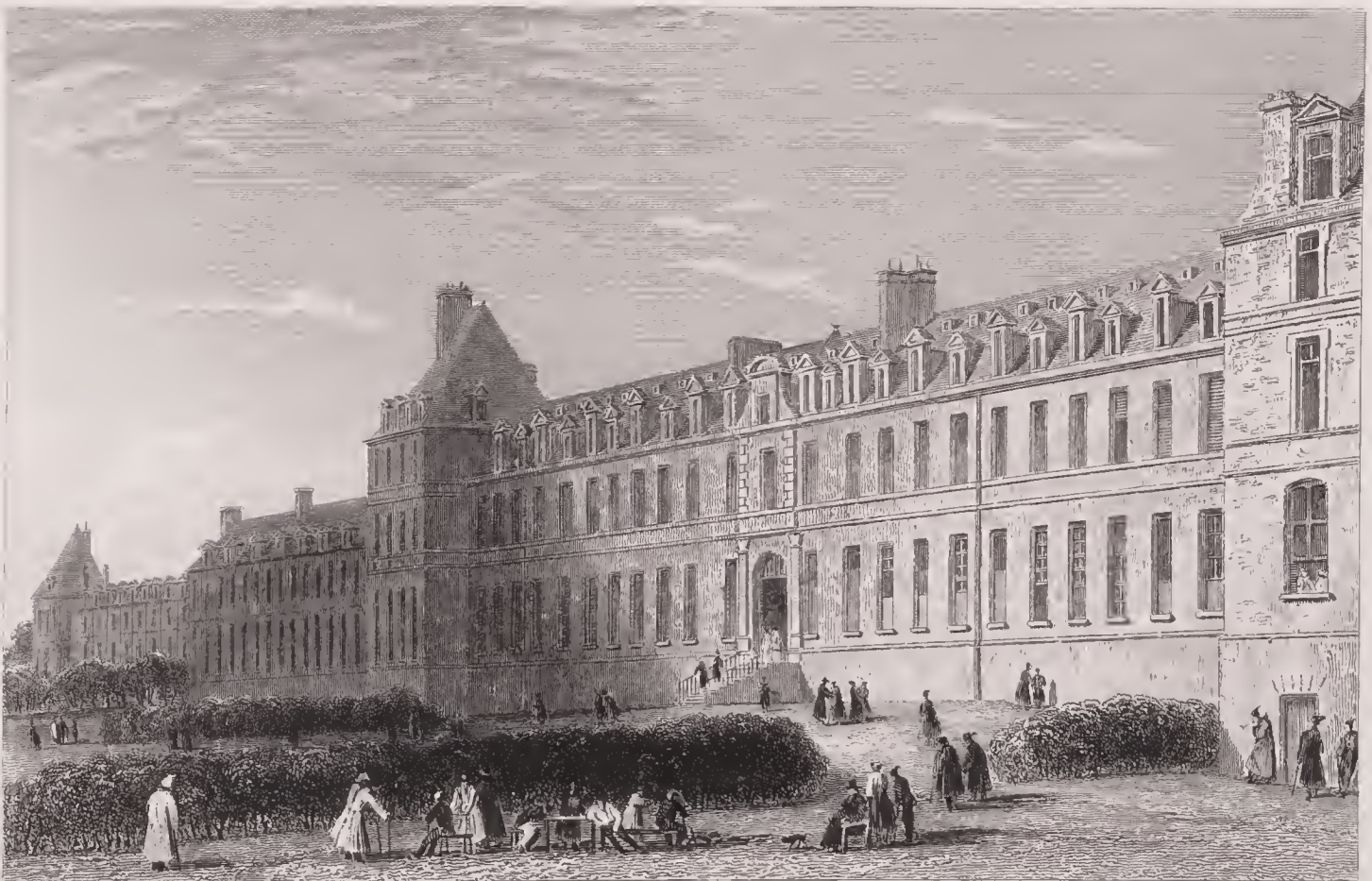
In reading a detail of the reign of terror, you would say that ferocity was the leading characteristic. Read farther into the revelations of the despotism of these reigns of riot, debauchery, and demoralization; those horrible houses of infamy which kings built, in order to destroy the daughters of the people—those orgies of the regency—those aristocratic scoundrelisms—and you will say, "they, the people, are paying off a debt; what wonder if they give a little extra interest while paying off the principal."

Do you wonder why the best of the Bourbons was beheaded? Was it not from of old an institution that the sin-offering, the expiation, must be the best, the purest of the kind? Was not Louis the Sixteenth the grandson of Louis the Fifteenth? and had not Louis the Fifteenth inherited from his grandfather, the Quatorze, all the vices which Juvenal parades in such a terrible manner. Did not the fifteenth Louis have such a place as the *Parc-aux-cerfs*, where Madame de Maintenon played a part which makes the blood curdle with rage and hatred? and is there not the name of a horrible *demirep*, that of Du Barry, mixed up in the infamous business?

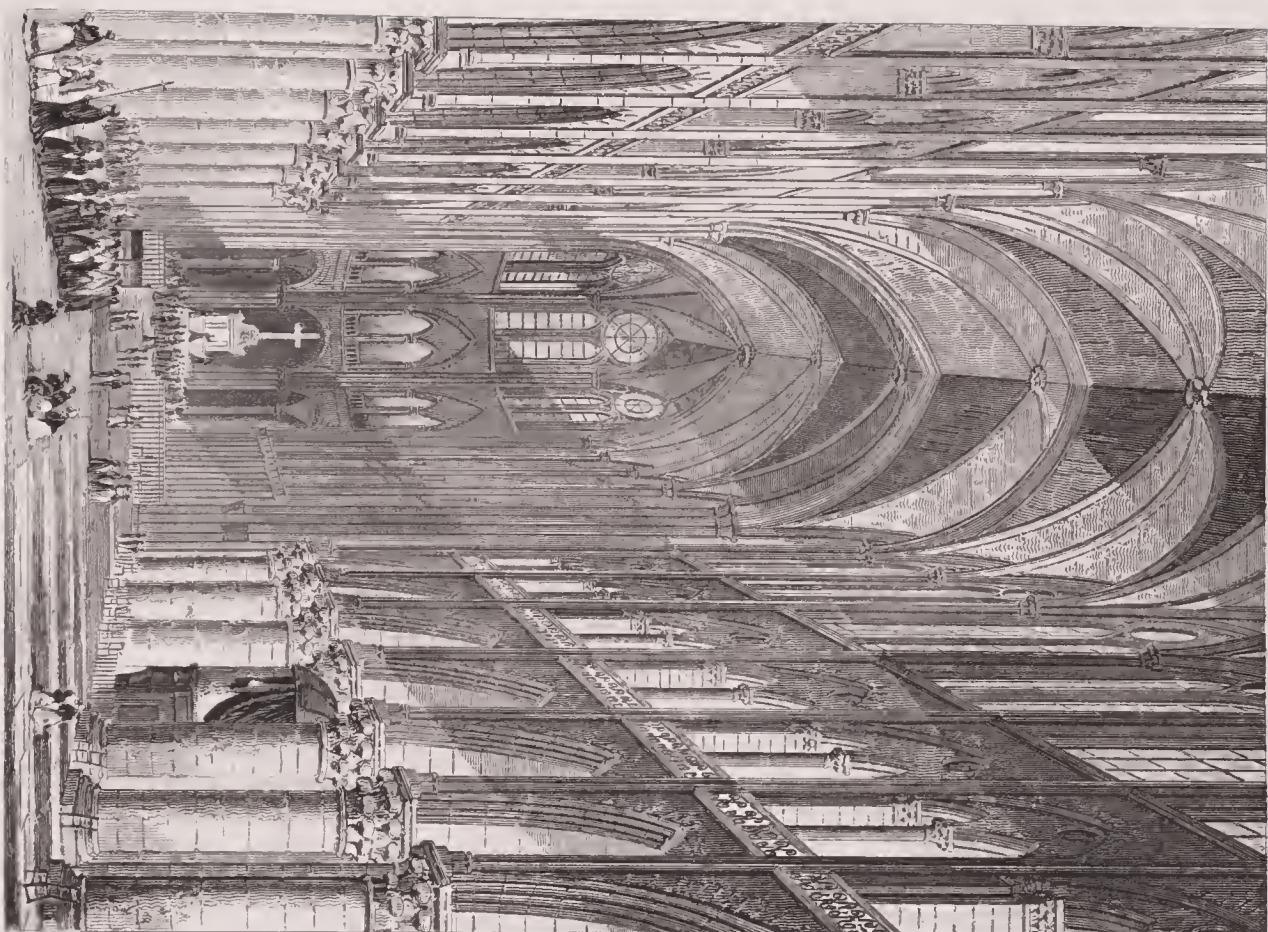
For our part the mystery is, why the people waited so long. Louis the Sixteenth, a kind, humane, wrong-headed man; but *not* a man who is accused of robbing a mother of



LA CHAMBRE DES DÉPUTÉS

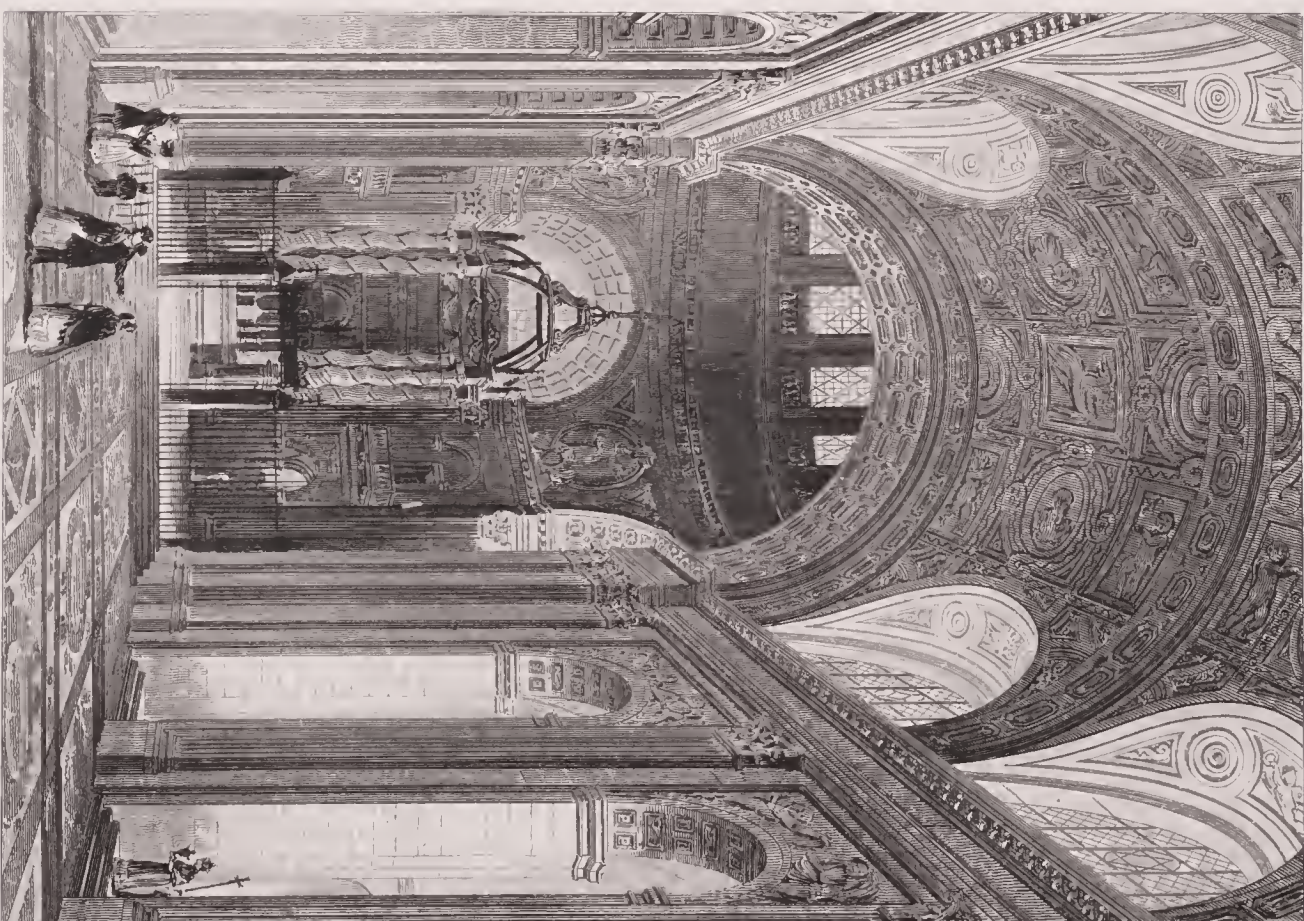


HOSPICE DE BICÊTRE



INTÉRIEUR DE LA CATHÉDRALE D'AMIENS

41



INTÉRIEUR DE LA CATHÉDRALE D'AMIENS

42



ISLE OF LA CITÉ, PARIS
 PARIS



THE PONT NEUF, PARIS
 PARIS

her daughter, and making her infamous, and of sending the father, whose nature grows into fire with his sublime wrath, to moan in the infernal Bastile by a *lettre de cachet*. In him, however, in his blood, in that of the Expiation, was the huge mass of wrongs accumulated for centuries, removed, purged, cleansed.

The great characteristic of Paris is, on one day lightness and beauty, on another, gloom and dirt; and the very scale of grandeur on which the edifices are built, deepen the gloom of the basement, and make one recur to places nearer "home."

In walking cursorily through this city of barriers, of squares, and of mighty piles of stone and marble, solid ashlar towering upwards with an imposing grandeur and vastness, which is inexpressibly effective upon the imagination, there are several points of view from which one may obtain some idea of its extent and beauty.

Take your stand for a few short moments by the Pont de la Concorde, and perhaps the striking beauty of the panorama is nowhere so strikingly attractive; the more particularly if you add to this all the mystic attraction of a fine moonlight night, which heightens the illusion, and hides that which may be dark and deformed.

Right before you is the noble square itself, with its columns, pillars, and façades, standing like white blocks carved out of moonshine. Sparkling and flashing with a pleasant murmur, lipping over the edges, are the fountains, and between them shoots up with a peculiar light and shafted air the Obelisk, which once honoured Cleopatra, and now reminds the reader of Kleber, and the flight of Napoleon.

Carrying the eye up the open street, the Rue Royale, which leads from the bridge to the church of the Madeleine, the shafted pillars broadening with an almost indescribable majesty, seem fitly to bound the prospect. The palace of the Tuilleries, the umbrageous trees in the gardens, the quay with its splendid mansions, and the river, which forms a road of undulating silver, and glides softly beneath the stars, showing you no more of its mud and filth.

Far away, along the quays, across the beautiful bridges, where a dense mass of building to the right, to the left, back and front, obstruct the view, and puzzle one, by their labyrinthine confusion, to analyse them, and say, this is so and so, yonder is such and such. But above all, with an effect that is heightened by so many things, in broad contrast rise the huge towers of Notre Dame, silent, frowning, and vast; the more imposing, that there is an air of solitary grandeur surrounding them, a sense of stupendous repose, a stern and voiceless aspect of warning and of menace, which is comprehended with far more ease than I can describe it, when the spectator proves its effect by actual observation.

By turning yourself round, and following the view which is thus presented, down the fine frontage of the Quai d'Orsay, the Chamber of Deputies, followed by the ponderous structure of the Invalides, together with its ample esplanade, and the sudden winding of the river a little before arriving at the Champs de Mars, adds powerfully to the attraction of the panorama.

Then the eye rests with a sentiment of delicious gratification upon the beauties of the

Champs Elysees, behind which again are the gardens attached to that palace of charming stories and piquant adventure, the Elysee Bourbon. Standing nearly in the centre of the Place de la Concorde, with the back to the gardens of the stately Tuilleries; while once more the Madeline is on the right, the Chamber of Deputies to the left, straight before you is the avenue of Neuilly, at the extremity of which the colossal arch erected by Napoleon towers up in the extreme distance.

The whole, in effect, forms a picture such as few cities in the world can offer in the aggregate. Accident rather than design have placed the finest structures of Paris so near to each other, and so central as regards the whole, that the effect is doubly fascinating, by the very fact, that beauties multiply their qualities in the same proportion as the objects themselves are increased in number.

From the summit of Notre Dame again, what a magnificent bird's eye view is offered. Temple and tower, palaces, mansions, hospitals, the bridges spanning the river, the distant *boulevards*, the lofty columns, the millions of things and places that are impossible to name, or describe, all conspire to form one of the noblest spectacles in the world.

One remarkable thing strikes the wanderer about Paris, and that is, how, in one way or other, so many local places constitute the historical landmarks of the various stormy scenes Paris has seen. When the axe of the headsman was filling the great square with blood, the place received the name of the Place de la Revolution. Since then it commemorates another treaty of peace, and the Place de la Concorde indicates the sentiment and the event, the Pont de Louis the Sixteenth receiving also the latter name. The Place de Grève, the Place de la Bastille, and a hundred others, are in a moment suggestive of those frightful episodes which at that day appalled the world, and made the blood of the boldest turn cold.

Ancient Paris has its remains yet in the midst of modern Paris. London, on the contrary, has very few of its antique edifices yet remaining. The Tower, an ancient gate called St. John's at Clerkenwell, and one or two things of minor importance constitute the whole.

Not so, however, in Paris. Such names as these are quite sufficient to stamp a place with the character of antiquity, as the ferocity and feudalism of the middle ages are at once apparent to the reader. They are prisons, citadels, and fortresses, and the rack, the dungeon, and the guillotine, loom menacingly out of the shadow.

There were the two Chatelets, the Tournelle, the Tour de Nesle, with its hideous tragedies of lust and blood. There was the Tour des Bois, the Sorbonne, with its traditions of Abelard, and its hair-splitting logic; there was the Pré-aux-Clerés, with its ill reputation for duels and assassination; and at some of the barriers now you perceive the remains of the old fortalice gate, with its ditch, and soldiery, and clanking chains, drawbridge, and so on.

Nothing in the world can give a more striking and graphic picture of ancient Paris, than is to be found in the *Esmeralda* of Victor Hugo, the great rookery of the day being

known as the *Coeur des Miracles*, that pandemonium, which flourished and battered under the august protection of Notre Dame, for the same reason that the sanctity of Westminster Abbey protected, in lazy enjoyment, the old rookeries around the proud pile, where the moral sewerage of humanity seemed to pour out its filthy, but also its living tide.

In the winter Paris is so dark, so gloomy, so dirty, and so forbidding, that it would be utterly uninhabitable, if it were not for the everlasting succession of in-door amusement that is being continually invented for its volatile people, by dramatists, musicians, composers, actors, dancers, and a million other agents who make life so agreeable, by perpetually creating fresh food for an appetite always insatiate, with a fecundity, and a fertility, as surprising as it is original.

In the summer it is quite as unbearable, for the sun scorches your brains, and blinds you with its rays, and the dust gets into your eyes, your mouth, your throat; and therefore the fresh boulevards, the squares, where the flashing fountains cool the air, the green woods, the country round Paris, invites you to go forth.

But in the glaring day, within the city, there are numberless resources. There are the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, with their sculptures, their gardens, their terraces, their moist and mossy fountains, and their unique styles of gardening, which, in spite of innovation, yet retain their courtly stiffness; but, above all these, in the spacious halls, gilded, pillared, magnificent, and striking, there is the exposition of all that Paris can boast of in art; in those mighty paintings which line the walls, you trace the advancement of the people.

There is the garden of the Arsenal to walk about in; there are the Botanic Gardens—the garden of the Apothecaries, where the most lovely flowers grow; there is the park of Mousseux, the garden of the Luxemburg, the Jardin des Plantes, the Champs Elysées, the Allée des Veuves, opening so brightly upon the Seine, opposite to another purely Parisian resort, the Champs de Mars; and, finally, there are the gardens of the Palace Royale.

If, as I have hinted, you are tired without, go within. Enter those majestic piles, and sit down and gaze, or saunter about, if you prefer it better, and still gaze around you. Devour, if you can, the glory and the grandeur of these paintings, which remind you of the golden ages of intellect that are sprinkled here and there in the ages of the world's misrule, just like a few golden hairs peeping amid those that are growing grey. In the Luxembourg it is Rubens who rules everywhere. The whole of those great paintings are so many apotheosis of the life of Mary of Medici.

In the Tuilleries we see ceilings by Loir and Flémacq, not to speak of friezes, that are so many chronologies and sculptures, which is the military history of a past epoch. In fact, I am utterly bewildered when I want to tell you, my reader, with something like consecutiveness, what I have seen and admired.

As they have theatres in London, I do not so much care about them. They are very brilliant, it is true; but for real brilliancy, oh! the theatres of Paris bear the bell. Of all
Q

scenes, none are so striking to a stranger as one of the fashionable "houses" of Paris, more particularly if it's a "favourite" night.

Dazzling chandeliers, which multiply the intensity of the burners, fling a vivid glare upon a fashionably-dressed audience, upon lovely women, who are one blaze of diamonds; while silken dresses rustle, and sweet voices, in one low murmur of sound, sometimes break out into a sweet winning laugh, that peals like magical music in the enraptured ear. Eyes brighten and flash beneath white brows, pencilled with dark silken lines; and vermeil lips open and disclose teeth of pearl, as well, by my faith, as teeth made by Talma the dentist. Then the music of the overture, brilliant, light, bounding, commences. A torrent of sweet sounds arise, and fills the theatre. It may be that they are giving vitality to the beauties of Beethoven, of Mendelssohn, of Mozart, or of Rossini; or perhaps it is one of the graceful things with which Gretry or Lully were wont to amuse the grand monarch. Whatever it is, or by whomsoever written, there is a delirious gladness in the *abandon* with which you give yourself up to its fascinations.

To vary this, there is the Circus, a huge, heavy tent of velvets, chandeliers, and comfortable boxes, and its two thousand people beneath one circular roof. This circus is the great encampment of the Champs Elysées, which must needs be called *the* "Olympie," because, as you, my young classic readers know, that horses formed a part of the competitors in the ancient games, it is, at the least, a name as appropriate as any other.

I mentioned, as a promenade, a place where your true Parisian Rambler has always a penchant for. The Allee de Veuves—"the Widows' Walk"—leads from the Champs Elysées to the Seine, and from thence you can go on to the Pont du Champs de Mars. If you happen to be alone—for when you have become accustomed to Paris there is a great charm in being alone—I say, if you have been to this gigantic hippodrome by yourself, and have at last satiated yourself with music and horsemanship, and the fragrance of oranges and sawdust, those inseparable concomitants of a genuine circus, and feel that the heat is more oppressive than agreeable, you go forth and feel the boundless blessing of a cool breeze in the soft and silent evening playing on your forehead.

The moon is up, the lovely moon of the opening summer, and unconsciously you go along towards the end of the street, which exhibits at once the deformities and the beauties of Paris,—the deformities undeniable when the Seine is low and the waters muddy,—the beauties, *par excellence*, when the waters are high, when it flows with a fresh, broad current, and forms a noble relief, or basement, if you like, to the structures erected on either side.

There, on the very site of a house that once called Madame Tallien, the beautiful and the good, the queen of a republic, that rivalled the queen of a monarchy, where Napoleon drew draughts of love from the superb eyes of Josephine ere they were wedded, and before he had made those eyes fill with tears of sad and mournful regrets, when the Emperor repudiated the good and the gentle wife to take an Austrian to his heart—there, if you please, you may dance at a ball held every night on the spot.

If you refuse to go, having, as I have said, listened sufficiently, and being sufficiently

heated, you walk on in the pale starlight, in the white moonshine, and the calm river, divested of all but its beauty, rolls placidly along.

In the solemn air the lofty steeples sleep; calmly do the broad-fronted palaces on the Quais stand slumbering as the waters sing beside their piled foundations.

Then appears to you—as you go up the Quai de la Conference—then appears to you a thousand feeble lights along the sides of the Seine, but on such a night they are valueless. You behold the dome of the Invalids, the Chamber of Deputies; presently you are under the shadows of the Tuilleries; again Notre Dame looms through the radiant mist, its turrets no longer dark and gloomy, but white, majestic, and vast.

The whole will bear to be repeated; you may describe it, and look upon it over and over again; but because every night is not moonlight and starlight at Paris, so every night is not a carnival of Nature, in which she wears everything that is brightest, gayest, most gladsome; and therefore I refer only to those nights when all I have described is to be seen as I have told it.

There is something in the atmosphere of a summer's night, when the distant melodies float on the air, and every one you meet is even happier than the last passer by; when pretty women trip by you murmuring the music of the last opera, darting from beneath their brows glances that are perfectly irresistible, there is a fascination which is much more easily admitted than described, and the man who is proof against those magical influences has a heart much less penetrable than the American. How many little romances, delicious in their episodes, calm and tranquil in their termination, have I woven within my own mind as I have traversed those crowded solitudes alone in the evening—solitudes, though thousands surrounded me, all smiling, all happy, to none of whom I spoke one word, but only went on with my dreaming. I often thought that I had exchanged temperaments with Ralph Potter, because there was so much poetry in these day, or rather evening, dreams, and because they were all pure, and my conscience never once reproached me.

Having thus commenced to ramble about the city alone, while my two friends went round on their way—that is, after the first two or three days' rush hither and thither in company was over—I will continue for a little while longer in detailing to the reader, as they struck me, the most remarkable things in Paris, and I warn him that they will not be over half a dozen.

Because, in the first place, I leave hotels, and shops, and *advices*, and a hundred other things, to the route-book, to the guide-book, to the whatever you please. I have all Europe to put down in *my* book, but I cannot therefore fritter away space and time upon secondary things.

And to begin with the Palais Royale, because to this place there is a history within a history. One end of it fronts the Rue St. Honore, and its façade was built by Moreau in 1763. Its erection was begun by Cardinal Richelieu in 1629, and it has been augmented, altered, metamorphosed, cleansed, polluted, and cleansed out again since. It has seen the representation of every phase of politics since the great statesman's time. The ancient

hotels of De Brion de Mercoeur, and Rambouillet, supplied a site for the building. Following the example of Wolsey, the Cardinal bequeathed it to Louis XIV., who resided here during the wars of the Fronde, and thus gave it a name.

Next it became the property of a man notorious for infamy, the Duke of Orleans, and continued in his branch of the family. In 1763 it was enlarged and beautified. In 1786 the galleries surrounding the garden were erected, and it reached the climax of its renown, pure and impure, revolutionary and democratic, during the time it was possessed by the late Duke of Orleans, father to Louis Phillippe.

Then indeed did a transformation take place.

The late Duke of Orleans, of whom so many admirable things were said, when, as Phillip Egalité, "republics," "freedom," and "happiness," were grand words with vast meanings, echoed from shore to shore, and his name sounded foremost among those who laid their hands stoutly upon thrones in order to drag them into the dust:—

Phillip Egalité, who owned this fine property, with its traditions so *petite*, so *triste*, so agreeable, and yet mingling so much of tragedy with comedy, that you shudder more than you laugh, was like all the Dukes of Orleans of the past generation. He was profligate, extravagant, and vicious, and had exhausted his princely revenues. Before he became so prominent in the revolution, he was compelled to mortgage this property largely, and when the revolution *did* come he found himself enabled to make use of it as a point of centralization. Its notoriety was something to alarm one.

It is, we must repeat, centrally situated, distractingly, delightfully placed within a short distance of the Opera, of the Theatre Italian, of the Theatre Français, and of the Vaudeville. In fact, to complete the whole, there is, for religious purposes, the Church of St. Roch at hand; for business, there is the *Hall au ble*; and for matters more equivocal, there is the Rue Richelieu. It would be hard to say what there is not, in the extremes of vice and virtue, within a short distance of the Palais Royale. But to continue.

The Duke of Orleans, being seized with sudden poverty, and a thirst for speculation, thought that neither in nor out of Paris could so much money be made out of one localized spot, and he was right.

He made of this splendid place, where vice sells at a price higher than at Rome, at Naples, at Vienna, or at London—I except New York, as we there sell the *best* article; failing that, the buyer, my snakes! we may be 'cute now and then, surely:—

I say he made of this place a splendid bazaar—shops, dining-rooms, gambling-rooms, rooms for merchants of every description. The ball-rooms, the cafés, and the saloons, have originated all that we now meet with in other cities; and here flocked the wealth of all the civilized capitals of Europe.

Debauchery, which was excluded at first with rigid morality, that was perfectly edifying, was afterwards taken in, and made lovely, attractive, fascinating, enchanting to insanity. It was then called the *Palais Egalité*.

When that titled democrat went "to home," the revolutionary tribunal held its sittings



MONUMENTS IN PERE LA CHAISE



THE FLOWER & SHRUB MARKET, PARIS

there ; and the great meetings—those *decisive* ones—they were held there also ; and on one wild, stormy, grand evening, in 1789, the tri-coloured cockade was adopted with as much avidity as in London they afterwards seized upon new polkas.

I think it is Louis Blanc, who, in his history of ‘Ten Years,’ gives some terrible revelations of what the Palais Royale *could do* after the entrance of the allied army into Paris, when the star of Napoleon was set. As I have not the work to quote from, nor indeed any available, I speak from what I have seen and heard.

In the day-time all classes resort to this enchanting spot. It offers everything to tempt the eye ; it offers everything in the shape of essences, incense—flattery even to tempt the ear ; it parades out of its numerous windows and doors everything that can tempt the taste. Everything that is rare, costly, beautiful, or useful, is to be met with there.

But at night—in the soft summer night—its attractions are enhanced tenfold. It appears like a city of miniature palaces ; music pours out like streams upon the odorous air. It is a brilliant phantasmagoria. Illuminated by the glare of a thousand lamps, aided by mirrors, by men, by laughter, bustle, and gaiety, everything is magnified, multiplied. Its enchantments are infinite. If you have money, go through the Palais Royale at night : you may do that if you have none. I am not assuming the tone of a man who spends a few *francs* in purchasing a pleasure ; be it of music, of painting, or of the ornamental arts. To look where there is everything that the wildest imagination can picture or invent, is merely to use the eyes ; no one charges for sight-seeing where there are no walls to make seeing a matter of profit.

But to go within, as far as the “penetralia,” to behold all that is hidden from the view of all, it is requisite that you have money—very little, praise be to the general economy and liberality of Parisian places of resort, it does not require much.

At night, when the dancing-rooms are full, when the cafés are crowded, when one eternal hum of men and women arises from this brilliant Babel, I promise you that the Palais Royale is a sight. Warm, yet breezy summer evenings enhance the pleasures of the scene ; but there are places within the Palais Royale against which we warn you from entering. Presently, as we enter a little into its modern history, you will find that there is more than the temptation of luxury to be defiant against. The whole spas of Germany could never compete with the gambling carried on within this spot. Princes, marshals, generals, down to the hosier and the clerk, were always welcome ; and the tables licensed by the government for exchequer purposes were sometimes covered with wealth that would have paid the ransom of a king twice over, even in the times when they were *dearest* !

Walk under those arcades, and glance across the gardens ; observe the groups as they pass by you, before you, or across you, and you begin instantly to form a hundred different destinies for each one.

You see a young pair with heads bent closely together. You like the earnest, handsome face of the man ; you love the downcast, tender eyes of the woman, whose little laughing

mouth has suddenly assumed so serious, so grave an expression. Their voices are tender and low; but, in truth, it is he who speaks, who urges, who implores; and it is she who listens with a trembling of delight to what he says, for at the moment he is telling her of his love, he is pressing her to name the day—he is pointing out to her the happiness that waits them in the future, when the calm days come on, and wrap them and their children in peace, till they part for the silent shores of Heaven!

Yes! within a few yards of debauchery, gambling, wild license, and even of assassination, there is some such sacred converse as this going on. Often and often have I to myself, with an instinct that I can assert to be unerring, arranged these little episodes, each one of which is an absolute oasis in the dreary waste of life, and should never fall unregarded—its very indication should be welcome.

Next, probably, comes the man of pleasure, the loungeur at the opera, the applauder of some favourite actress at the *comédie*. He does not walk side by side of another beating heart. He is *blazé*. He is the man whose perfection, whose knowledge, whose experience is painfully complete, and he walks on when alone with a wearied, jaded air, that he at first assumed because it was *distingué*, and now uses it out of habit.

He deserves his fate. Barren of heart, and cold of soul, he has no mighty emotions to rouse up. But hold!

How I am wandering and philandering in the Palais Royale, and doing that too when I have promised my reader something succinct, and as clear as I can make it. It has as brilliant and as equivocal a reputation as any place in Europe; and yet, strange to say, no woman hesitates to walk there at day or at night. This is owing to a trait in Frenchmen, that let their intemperance be great, their debauch rarely degenerates into an orgia, the general rule is, they never insult a woman. It is the extreme of the exception to do so; and as I never saw a Parisian drunkard yet, I can only repeat what I have said.

The Palais Royale therefore, since the regency, became the grand centre, round which every glittering vice revolved. There were tables loaded with gold,—there were women, whose charms proved to be irresistible,—and there were, above all, music, dancing, masked balls, and carnivals—in a word, intrigue was never so fascinating. It is not, in one sense, much better at this day, I opine.

To this earthly paradise then, alloyed as it was with sensuality, but which after all constituted the secret of its brilliant success, came the princes, the potentates, the peers of the earth; and in the laps of the scarlet-mantled women, who sold smiles, and laughter, and sweet words, they poured countless treasures. These were again absorbed by hideous and withered anatomies, who, male and female, lay far in dens out of the glitter and the gold, and who drew the strings which made the puppets act, and grew bloated amid the *aural* obesity which afflicted them, and made their natures inhuman and devilish.

The most extraordinary thing of the whole is, that this place, where men trod on cloth of gold, belonged, in the abstract, to the banditti of Paris, who, with bare and hirsute bosoms, played at cards in filthy cellars, whose impure odours were destroyed by the perfumes of

the fair chambers—belonged to these ruffians, who made emperors, and marshals, and the noble of all lands, pay them tribute for loaning out their mistresses.

This is then, in some measure, the solution of the mystery which shrouds the history of the Palais Royale. One may easily marvel how it was that goodness and innocence could walk amid those pleasant gardens, and still remain pure and uncontaminated. This, however, is no mystery. Vice is very powerful, and comprehends in its strategy a huge circle of seducing artillery. Virtue dares to walk through crowds of smiling vice and treacherous villany, without a feather of its downy plumes being smirched.

One would have said that the rites of Astarte, of the antique Syrian groves, had been revived—that some one or other had discovered the books of a nameless worship, and that fires had been lighted on the altars of Cytherea once more, in the Palais Royale.

At this day all is much more prosy, but also more virtuous;—at this day it is not so brilliant, but there is much less vice stalking abroad. An order of banishment was made out, and the *lorette* removed to other quarters—the gaming-table was condemned. What of that!—At Baden-Baden, at the watering places on the Rhine, where they are protected by *mediated* princes for a fee, the *croupier* still wears an order at his button-hole—the *red* and the *black* consign men to perdition as fast as ever, and the vice concentrated in one spot has been sown abroad like the dragon's teeth, and is now in *extenso*;—it is brought home to the doors of those who say, "Enter!"

The Palais Royale, with its delirious attractions, lived and fattened on the vices which had found within its walls an "Alma mater," if such words are not desecrated in their present use.

I hope I shall not be accused of amplifying too much upon this one particular locality, but I have done so for several reasons;—firstly, because the so-called glories of the Palais Royale are fast decaying; a collection of smart shops, an attempt at a *fete*, and the *prestige* of its old days being all left to it; and secondly, because the history of Parisian morality, or immorality, whichever you will, is indissolubly connected with it. These latter are of more consequence than the monuments of a victory, or a defeat. The progress of any portion of the human race *into* or *out of* the paths of error are considerations of vast moment.

It prospered in the midst of its shame, did the Palais Royale. It became Babylonian in its glittering gaiety. It had but one condition of existence, and that was the prostitution of everything—the virtue of women above all. It was like that tree, which is said to bear bright and blushing apples on the shores of the Dead Sea; but the wanderer, parched and hungered, who siezes the fruit with avidity, finds on biting it that his mouth is filled with ashes.

Everything that was inimical to France was good for the prosperity of this spot. When in Paris an ignoble peace was made—when it opened its fifty-odd gates, and the foreigner at the head of his glittering staff entered—when the Prussian, and the Austrian, and the Englishman, and the Turk, and the Cossack, approached, like a lovely woman with a wanton smile, the Palais Royale beckoned with its hand, and said, "Come!"

Then the revel began. Wine, red and white, began to flow, as if the fountains had been charged from the bubbling vats, and the sound of mirth and dulcimer, and of dancing feet mingled together, while the odorous air bore the dulcet tones, which died like delicious breezes in the ear. The festivities soon changed into wild orgies, frantic, bacchanal, infernal!

The good Parisians, who dreaded its reputation even while they cherished it, said that it was good for them to have a spot so notorious within their city,—they said so for several reasons,—because it was a place against which they could inveigh with all the eloquence of outraged and indignant virtue; because they could bid their sons and their daughters beware of (but while stealing out themselves, they sometimes saw the one drinking *chambertin*, and playing hazard, and met the other leaning on the arm of a whiskered gallant); but above all, because it brought so much gold from the east and west, from north and south; and the prosperity of a city, they will tell you on the Bourse, depends on the money circulation a nation possesses. In effect, all was charming, and *colour-de-rose*, all except the consequences.

The “pigeon,” it was found, became a “rook,” the demoiselle, a *lorette*; and when mothers saw that if there was a gulf, it was of no use to warn their children against it, one day an edict said to the Palais Royale—“Be not!—exist no longer!”—and it ceased to be.

It became a mere shell without a kernel—a body without a soul—a bladder grown collapsed—its vital air was departed. It then remained for Paris to behold what it gained, when it had committed this ostracism on what was once so fondly cherished.

Vice, *en masse*, centralized in one spot, is an object terrible enough in its strength—in its insinuating arms—in its multiplied polypi grasp. When the idol is broken up and scattered, the aspect frightens no longer; the pigmy pieces are supposed to have lost their former potentiality. Is it then forgotten that the grain of corn lodged for a thousand years with an embalmed mummy, was sown, and bore fruit?—so also, when the fractions of this decaying splendour was flung out of the Palais, they spread over Paris—they spread over France—they lined the villages and watering-places of the Rhine—and the gambler of the Palais Royale might have been found in a Swiss chalet, under the Rhone Alps, carrying his gods and his devotion into the peaceful valleys of the Voralberg and the Tyrol. Expatriated women carried their vices also with them.

Was this not, after all, the opening of Pandora’s box, in which there was not even hope left? Wander around the dark purlicus of the Palais at this day, and behold the change.

A cloud for a century had hung over this garden of enchantments. To those who moved beneath this cloud, it was only by day a heaven filled with sunshine and music, and by night with a moon, stars, music, and incense. *They*, beneath, beheld nothing but the reflection which gold, flashing by the light of a thousand parti-coloured lamps, created.

At a distance, however, those who looked on it and knew it, beheld a sombre, wrathful shadow, whose dubious splendour was tinted with the lurid fires of a bottomless abyss.



CHAPELLE DES INVALIDES

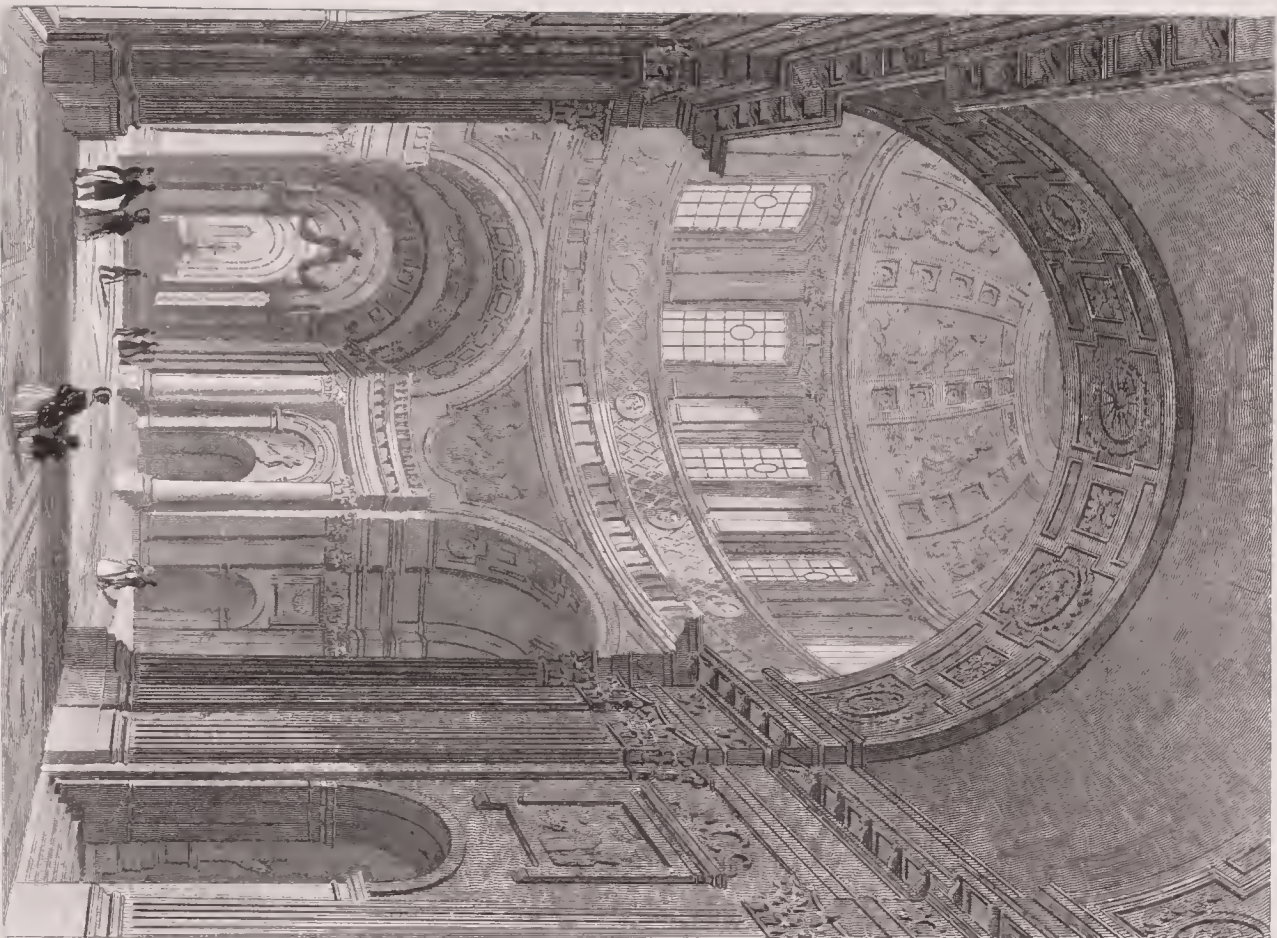
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PARIS

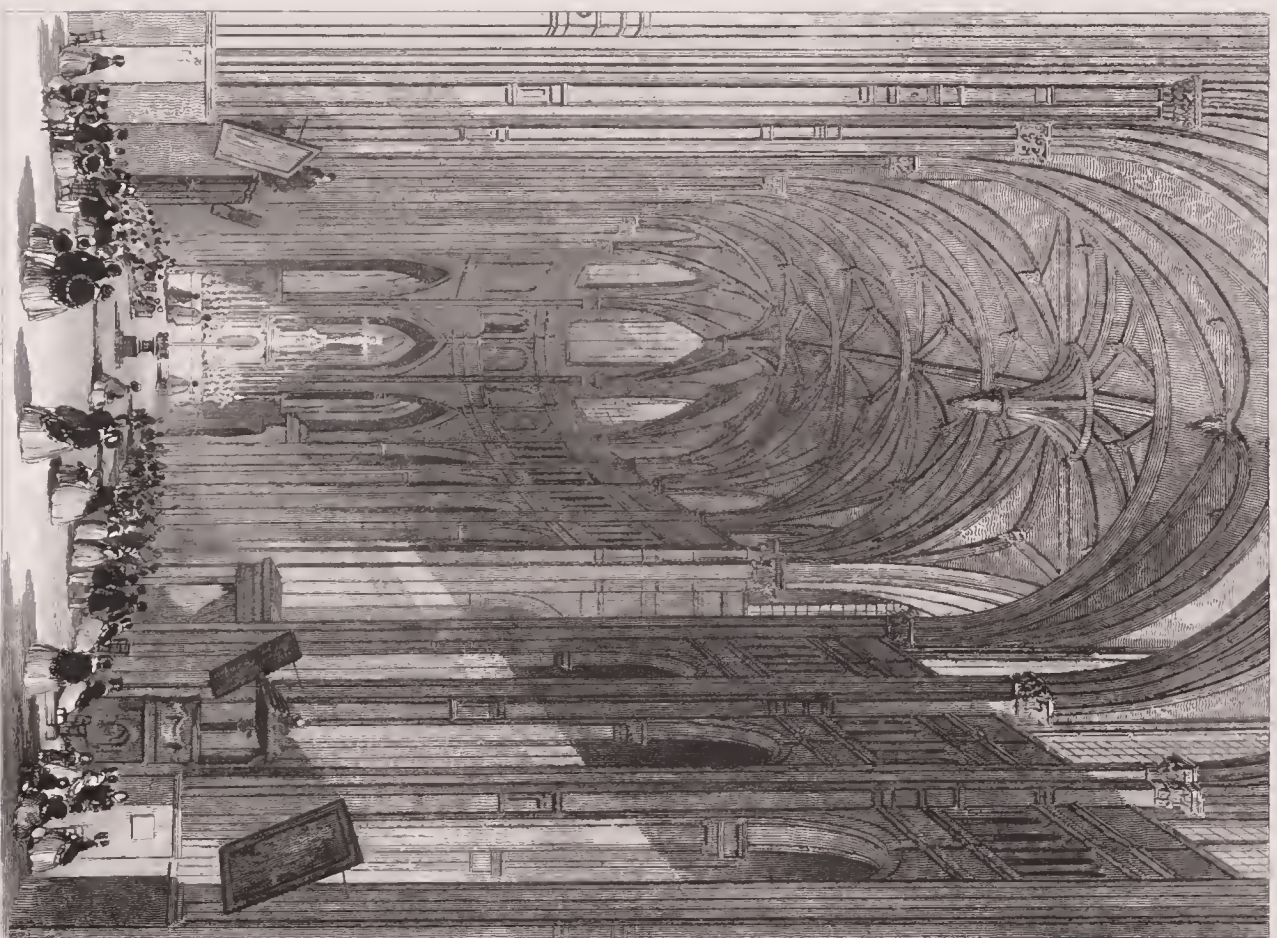


THE PANTHEON

PARIS



DOME DES INVALIDES.



EGLISE DE ST EUSTACHE.



MONUMENT DU PRÉFET ALFOY
FÈRE LA CHAISE



FÈRE LA CHAISE



THE EXCHANGE

PARIS



THEATRE DE L'OPERA COMIQUE

PARIS



The French Market Girl

Now grim, haggard spectres of this temple of Chances and Aphrodite, each like a shattered marble-god endowed with motion, crawl about. The gambling banker went with his table and his gold, but he left his victims behind. The first few travelling carriages, bearing young collegians, fashionable tourists, and parvenus, descended at the spas, beheld Fortune wooing them, and stayed to play.

Therefore, in annihilating the Palais Royale, they did not annihilate its vices, for a very sufficient reason—they were not able to do so—and messieurs the police only laugh at the idea.

At the present time the Palais Royale is as innocuous as it is possible for the place to be, and its inhabitants are honest tradesmen. What can I say more?

Concluding my notice on the Palais Royale, I will give a story, the main incidents of which are perfectly true—that is to say, I have received them for truth, and I offer them as such. I call it

An Episode of the Palais Royale.

The play was high one night at Fraseati's, and the brilliant lights, reflected from gilded mirrors, fell on curtains, carved pillars, and costly frames—on splendid furniture and rich buffets, where the rosier wines were flashing—on women young and fair, wearing costly robes and jewels—on men elegantly dressed, wearing the badges of St. Louis, and the legion of honour, and some one or two with stars on the breast. Music was sounding dimly without, because it was a gala, and the gay crowds were dancing and promenading in the moonshine, while within all was devoted to the worship of the infernal demon of gambling.

These lights, we say, fell on fine men and young women, but their faces were thin, nervous, haggard, moved by the most appalling passions—in fact, they were awful to look upon.

The table was crowded with spectators and with players, for, in fact, by an extraordinary chance, the game had turned in favour of a certain man, about two and thirty years of age, whose distinguished air, dress, and handsome figure, had before attracted notice; but, now that all seemed to favour him, he was the observed of all observers. What was most remarkable, too, was the perfect coolness with which he bore this influx of fortune.

He had become known to the frequenters of the gaming-table as a bold, but hitherto unsuccessful, gamester—that is to say, his losses had been balanced by his winnings; but his winnings had never been aught of consequence till this evening.

Now the demoniac energy of gaming had seized him. His eyes blazed up with the fire of an all-grasping avarice. He heard naught but the sound of the ball and the dice, and those frightful words which indicate the game, and which cause curses and gnashings of teeth. His lips were pale, and so were his cheeks, and the bold, decisive, handsome outline of his features, shaded as they were by dark hair, gave him an appearance of such

blighted, withered beauty, as for the moment could waken no other sentiment in the mind of the spectator than the profoundest pity.

There were bold, beautiful women pressing up towards the haggard winner, who, with all his pallor, preserved a *sang-froid* almost frightful. Some brought him wine in tall glasses, which gave a fascination to the foaming champagne, and others brought him smiles; but he heeded neither, he played on. He drank, it is true, but he did not lift up his eyes from the table.

Two young, elegantly-dressed men were whispering together, and standing half shrouded by a pillar. They were looking on with the eyes of kites, or vultures, as though, had his heart been gold, they would have torn it out, dripping with blood though it were.

"By all the devils!" muttered one, with a fair face, pale silky moustache, and pink eyes—"By all the devils! what a *coup*! He has won again, this Count Fabian!" The speaker meant the man who was playing.

"You are right," responded the other, a man of faultless form, which possessed the strength of a Milo. "On my faith, Monsieur Lazioli, I should uncommonly like to share it with him!"

"Would you?" and the other as he laughed, lightly muttered, "Do you think, Monsieur le Marquis that this young galliard would be likely to meet with any who might discommode him as he returned homeward?"

"To-night?" asked he who was called the Marquis.

"Faith, yes, to-night."

"Why, I do not know. May I ask—— By *Mercury*!" he suddenly exclaimed, "the man must be in league with the common enemy of man! Have you noticed the amount?"

"Yes," replied Lazioli; "he has won about seventy thousand francs!"

The other, called the Marquis de Luzan, fell back, and seemed struck by the magnitude of the sum. In the meantime the player still went on, and still continued to win.

"You have counted correctly," said the Marquis; "upon my faith, it would be a great pity if he should be unable to take his treasure safely home."

"And see," added Monsieur Lazioli, "how he drinks! He is delirious, and his cheeks are no longer pale. It would be an act of kindness, Monsieur le Marquis, to see him safely home, and he must cross the notorious *Rue des bon Enfants*——"

"True," responded the Marquis; "and luckily I am possessed of a weapon of defence," and he indicated by a glance the pocket of his dress coat, in which he carried a life-preserver.

"What a sequence of good fortune!" cried Lazioli, "for I too happen to carry a very excellently tempered dagger, taken up by I know not what accident."

We will not pursue this farther, than by saying that the designs of these confederates, spoken in a purring murderous whisper as they were, partially reached the ears of an individual who was still behind them, and who passed them up to the table, and planted himself with a gentle violence by the gambler's side.

“Fabian!”

The man stamped impatiently. He did not look up, and the new comer proceeded by less ceremonious means to make his friend attend to him. The two complotters, who kept a careful eye upon Fabian, beheld this, and execrated a chance which should, on this particular night, have produced a guardian who was not by any means wanted.

The new comer—a man handsomely dressed in black, had a striking presence, was forty years of age, strong of limb, swarthy of face, and, by the form of his mouth, firm and cool of purpose—finding that his younger friend was so fascinated with the play that he refused to hear him, took him by the arm.

The other, lifting up his eyelid, cast a supercilious glance upon him, shrugged his shoulders, and roughly taking off his arm, said tersely, “Allez au diable, Monsieur le Compte!—Le noir!—le noir!” he cried, as he doubled the stakes, and black won again.

The heap of gold before him was changed into notes. He possessed a fortune; and such fiery glances were darted at him, that the last comer would not have been surprised had he seen the elegant bandits precipitate themselves upon Fabian, knife in hand, and divide the spoil, while his blood dabbled the ground.

A beautiful girl was approaching Fabian with a goblet of champaign in her hand. The handsome though pallid young man took it, and was conveying it to his lips, when the Count with his cane adroitly struck the glass, and the wine, with the shattered fragments, fell to the ground.

This destroyed the spell.

He we have named Fabian drew back with a muttered execration, and his darkening face indicated to the bystanders that the tempestuous wrath flashing in his eye was to be dreaded. His eye fell, however, upon the tranquil and composed face of the Count. The lofty *hauteur*, the scorn for the base occupation of the hour, the imperious self-possession of the man, disarmed the other of all his aroused fury, and the bitter words he meditated were stifled in their utterance.

“Come, Fabian, come!” said the Count.

“Monsieur!” This word, expressing astonishment and anger, and addressed to the Count, was spoken by Fabian, by the keepers of the gaming-table, by the beautiful girl who had proffered the glass—for a purpose doubtless—and by our two friends already introduced, who said to each other, *sotto voce*—

“If we can only separate them——”

“If we can quarrel——”

“Ah, ça! behold! a chancee!”

“Let us embrace it then!”

By these, we say, the stranger who had committed so rude an impertinence, was sternly addressed as “Monsieur!” There was in this something very threatening.

He turned, looked them frankly, fully in the face, and smiled. On the beautiful girl his glance fell last, and softened.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "you will pardon me the necessity I was under of arousing my friend's attention. He was so wrapped up in the game, that I was compelled to be guilty of a breach of etiquette, which, because it has offended a charming young woman like you, I am sorry for."

He was apologising to her as if she had been a lady or duchess, and she was neither. Had she been his sister, he could not have been more profoundly respectful to her. She was an unfortunate.

But with the men it was different. They looked savagely upon him, and he returned the glance with such a daring, desperate, and truculent air, that many of them drew back.

"Well, Messieurs!" he calmly said, addressing the company generally. Then, turning to the banker of the table and his assistants, he added, "I wish my friend to leave this just now. He has played enough—won enough—and I do not choose that he shall lose to-night."

"But——"

"But, Messieurs," he interrupted them with a smile, "if I say that he shall not play, I pledge you my honour that I will keep my word. Fabian, come with me."

"I do not feel disposed at present, M. le Compte," replied Fabian languidly, and the young woman went smiling nearer to him; but the man, who had now saturated himself in his horrible cupidity, did not even deign to glance at her.

"Take my advice," said the Count, "for one or two gentlemen present have been expressing themselves willing to take charge of your winnings, and," added he with an emphasis which all heard, and none could mistake, "to be your *body-guard*!"

The two men who had been behind the pillar canvassing the chances in their favour, startled at discovering that they had been overheard, thought their best plan was to be silent. They slunk among the crowd, the black blood bubbling at their hearts, but their oath of vengeance was uttered.

It was just possible for the gay, bold stranger to have comprehended this; for, with his bitter smile on his lips, he fastened his eyes upon them as they retreated, with a pertinacity that was equivalent to pointing a finger at them as the persons he meant. Not observing this, the two took no notice.

There was a determination, an obduracy about the Count, which struck the desperate and revengeful men; for the misery of the matter was, that Fabian was carrying away a sum of money which left the bank with scarcely a stake in it.

"Monsieur le Compte, we have a right to our revenge," said the croupier.

"Take it," replied the Count, in a tone of insolent scorn, as he flung his card on the table, and touched the hilt of his sword. "My friend has rather too much gold about him not to have his safety endangered, and I, Messieurs, have a particular objection to his remaining any longer to-night."

"Upon my honour!" exclaimed Fabian, laughing in spite of himself, and reeling slightly between the mingled excitement of play and wine—"Upon my honour, M. le

Compte, unless you have a mind to be my mentor entirely, it would be worth your while to leave me alone."

"Not at all," said the Count, smiling; "you are too rich."

"And you will not lose me?" asked the other quietly.

"Upon my word, no!" replied the Count.

They both quitted the unholy chamber together, and proceeded through the dark suburbs towards the Chassée d'Antin.

Monsieur Lazioli, and the Marquis de Luzan, who had been waiting without to watch their exit, beheld them come forth, and, arm in arm, proceeded to follow them.

"One of them must live where they go to," said Monsieur Lazioli sententiously, as if no other possible conclusion could be drawn.

"I agree with you," said the Marquis; "shall we follow them?"

"It will be as well," was the response; "because, if they should be attacked, we can——"

"Bah!" interrupted the other; "we will find out where they both live, for if this Monsieur Fabian is a failure, we shall have something due to this confounded Count, and I, for one, will not rest until I have repaid him."

"See there now," said Monsieur Lazioli, "how strangely you meet my views. *Tron de l'air!*" he muttered; "but I suspect my friend the Count will have no objection to sit down to hazard with the winner."

"And——" said the Marquis.

"Why," continued Lazioli, "as luck is sure to change, it is he that will be the winner; so that, after all, matters will not be as bad as they seem."

"You are right; let us go on."

They therefore followed the two friends till they arrived in front of a splendid house in the Chassée d'Antin, when the Count would have bade his companion good night.

"You are at your hotel now, my friend," said he, "and you have your money safe. Enter—and Adieu!"

"Not yet," said Fabian; "you must come up and have a cigar with me. We will have coffee, or champagne, whichever you please."

The Count would have resisted this invitation, had not Fabian declared that he would return to the gaming-table if his friend quitted him.

"I feel need of a little excitement," said he. "Pardon me if I am pertinacious, but I wish you to go in with me, and complete what you have begun."

They accordingly entered, the Count not caring about resisting longer; and the two anxious friends, who had followed them, took up their stand outside, in order to wait patiently until one or other should again appear.

We are now in a large chamber, well furnished, elegantly adorned, and brilliantly lighted. The two friends sat down by a table, on which Fabian's servant had placed coffee, wine, ice, cigars, and fruits. The Count took coffee, and Fabian took wine. It was evi-

dent from the flush upon his cheek, and the fire in his eye, that the young man's excitement was very great,—he had momentarily lost his *sang-froid*.

Starting from his seat, he began to make his pockets disgorge their almost enormous wealth. Piles of notes, gold, and silver, were strewn upon the table.

"It is enough to make a man insane," he said, with an hysterical laugh. "Here am I, who, this morning, was on the verge of ruin, almost a millionaire by a freak of fortune. Come!" he added gaily, "it is yet early, light your cigar, and let us play for a small stake; perhaps that will quiet me, for at present I feel an electric fire coursing through my heart."

The Count seeing that Fabian was really much more agitated than when in the earlier part of the evening, he was compelled to act as if he had nerves of steel, and was impassive to losing as to winning, acceded to his wish, and they began to play.

The Count also, we must add, was much distressed at beholding the development of this frightful passion in a man whom he respected in no ordinary degree—a man in the prime of life, handsome, witty, well born, a writer, but fortuneless; and he thought he might, by agreeing to all he wished, thus tranquillize him, for, with the next morning, a revulsion of this frightful feeling might be expected.

They played, therefore, for small stakes, and played without much heed or care, till suddenly the Count was startled by observing that his heap of money was increasing—that he never lost, and always won—and a fear, as well as a new feeling, awoke within him.

Fabian all the while appeared to be growing more and more composed; and as, after all, the loss of a few hundred pieces were just as efficacious to him as blood-letting, and as he seemed to enjoy his cigar and his wine, so also did the Count determine not to take further note of what seemed to him—a thing he could not avoid, and the play went on.

The two *scelerats* outside were still on the watch. They beheld the light at the windows steadily burning through the curtains, and as those within did not manifest the slightest disposition to move, they consequently came to the conclusion that they were playing.

"Listen, my dear Marquis," said Lazioli. "It is plain, that after playing all this time—for of that I feel assured—if M. Fabian was a winner, the other, having no other particular reason to stay, must be amusing himself at his expense."

"That is what you infer?" asked the Marquis.

"Decidedly!" answered the other. "What the devil! must there not be a reason for everything?"

"So M. de Cartes said," replied the Marquis coldly, "though that may be unnecessary. Well then," he added, "you think that our man, who will be doubly valuable to us, will come forth well lined some hour towards the morning."

"That is my opinion without hesitation," said M. Lazioli. "It is getting cold,—but what of that? Virtue is not always warm; and, in the meantime, I advise a hiding in this passage, for I hear the patrol coming round." They accordingly vanished for a time, until the police passed by.

In the meantime, one would have said, that after the saloons at Frascati's had disgorged

their unhappy crew, the demon of gaming stalks grimly forth, in order that he might, if possible, gripe another victim by the throat. He passes on towards Fabian's home,—he beholds the light in the window,—his ears hear the gamblers mutter the charmed words,—and a horrible smile breaks upon his still more horrible lips,—he enters the room, and breathes forth his dire spells. The demon of gaming ruled both the players.

The Count, who would have defended his friend's property with his life, now coveted the whole with ardour. As by the fatal turn of fortune's wheel, he seemed destined to enjoy her horrible favours, he also grew excited, and, putting aside the coffee, applied himself to the champagne; and thus, by that moral agency which is an incomprehensible condition of our existence, he found himself a slave to the detestable vice from which he had been so anxious to snatch his friend.

The stakes were now increased, but the Count still continued to win, and a sensible diminution was observable in the splendid pile that was yet on Fabian's side.

The Count, who had exhibited an apathy allied to contempt for either the smiles or the frowns of fortune when in the gaming-chamber, appeared to have undergone a total change. He clutched at the gold with a ravenous avidity; and the horrible paleness of Fabian's face indicated what he felt.

Both stopped for a moment when the throw of the dice transferred to the former an immense sum. Fabian emptied another glass of champagne, but finding that to be insufficient, he seized a bottle, struck the neck off, poured its contents into a huge goblet, and, regardless of the danger which might arise from fragments of broken glass, drained it dry. His eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets. His skin was dry and feverish.

"Come," said he, in a changed tone, and with a forced laugh, "this is getting, after all, very serious. You are lucky, Count."

"Yes, yes!" hurriedly exclaimed the other; "jest often changes into earnest. You have given me a taste for this species of torment, and I am insatiate. Let us double the stakes."

"Let us double the stakes," echoed Fabian, "and play as if each had staked his soul upon the cast."

"Agreed," said the Count.

Once more the fatal boxes rattled on the table, and an enormous pile of money which lay between them gave a sort of horrible fascination to the chances, which they both watched with the eyes of wolves. Once more the magic words were sounded, which told Fabian he had again lost. The dull, dead rattle of the cubes, were like the moanings of a spirit coming through coffin planks.

"Take it!" exclaimed Fabian fiercely, sweeping the money towards his friend, "take it! Now, double what you have won."

"Eh! with all my heart;" and his voice was tremulous with an unholy joy. Every principle of nobility, of innate honour, of self-respect, were swept away. The two gamblers, in all the stark ugliness of their moral depravity, alone were there. The two men of

courage, of talent—men capable of lofty and heroic acts of devotion—were absorbed in their viler nature, which was now so thoroughly roused, and the presiding demon might laugh malignantly as he beheld them retreating farther from heaven, and plunging recklessly into the depths of the bottomless pit.

In the course of less than half an hour the Count had won every *sous* that Fabian possessed. His own winnings had gone. His own money followed it. He had still available resources; and, had he stopped here, his individual loss in reality would not have been so great. But to behold a princely sum thus vanish from his grasp, made his blood boil wrathfully. As well all go as a part. As well be entirely ruined as be beggared thus. He was poor otherwise, but he had been contented. That night he had been rich, and above all fear for the future. He was now becoming a pauper. What matter? It was but a feverish fit. He would follow Fortune to the last;—stake all that he possessed; and then—suicide would terminate the whole. Such were his thoughts, as, with eyes full of blood, he assumed an atrocious *sang-froid*, and laughed as he watched the agitation of the Count, who was unfortunate enough to win.

"After all," said the Count, "this is, see you, a golden shower that makes me feel horribly afraid. I see *red* on each piece already."

"It is all one," replied Fabian carelessly; "your fortune binds you in chains of brass. I am not bankrupt yet; and you must win all, or allow me to recover, at least, what I have lost."

"Zounds, *mon ami*!" exclaimed the Count; "do you not think that we had better defer this till another evening? I am—"

"We will play on, Monsieur le Compté, if you please," interrupted Fabian coldly, but with an implacable determination in his tone. "I have a considerable sum at my banker's, for which I will write a check." He then named the sum, and the Count, with evident chagrin, counted down an equivalent sum from his own immense stock.

The boxes rattled again. The fatal cubes again brought about the same results to the unlucky Fabian. His countenance became demoniacal; but he was wonderfully cold. Another hour beheld him stripped of all his money, his watch and jewellery, his books, pictures—in effect, every literal thing that he possessed in the world were lost.

The young man, with an eye in which madness was absolutely glaring, sat in stupified silence, looking vacantly before him for a few moments; and the Count felt a strong shudder pervading his frame, as he beheld the utter ruin he had in a manner, but indirectly, caused.

"Fabian! Fabian!" he exclaimed, aroused at once to a sense of the ignoble position, the hideous passion for play had reduced them both to. Ardently loving his friend, so young, so noble, and so accomplished; seeing in the gigantic despair of that haggard and distorted face, otherwise so eminent for its beautiful expression, that the death of every earthly hope was legibly written, he was willing to undo what he had begun:—

"Fabian!" he said, "this is wrong, and degrading to us both. I know not what

infamous tyranny has placed me under so vile an impulse. We have both been mad. Take back your gold, Fabian,—take back even the half then. I insist upon it—take—”

“Monsieur le Compte,” said Fabian slowly, “men of honour do not act thus. The gamester who loses, must not dare to tempt the charity of the winner. Beware that you insult me then—”

“Fabian! my friend—”

“Do not repeat your offer, unless you would have me do immediate violence either upon you or myself. Such a thing was never known; and if I am a gambler, I am not to depend on the pity of another. No more of that, sir; I insist upon it.”

“Be it so,” replied the Count, who, however, had another idea, and who thought that it would be hardly judicious to oppose the young man’s will at such a moment, and under such irritating circumstances; he, therefore, merely contented himself with taking a turn or two about the floor, thus giving Fabian time to compose himself if he thought proper, and racking his thoughts to discover a plan by which he could repair the dreadful mischief to which he had been accessory in committing, and through which he had been borne by a delirious rapidity that almost appalled him.

Fabian sat like one spectre-stricken. His breath came and went between his shut teeth, and his hands were clasped in his hair. His lips were bloodless, and he seemed turned to stone.

In the meantime, the two anxious gentlemen who were waiting without, having allowed the guard to pass by them, again emerged from their obscurity, and bent their eager glances at the lighted windows.

“*Peste!*” muttered Monsieur Lazioli; “one of them is a devil of a time in ruining the other. I care not who it is; but, of a verity, I am not disposed to waste all my time here, and meet with an ungrateful return.”

“You are right, Monsieur,” returned the Marquis, sententiously; “not to add, that we should be a pair of considerably great fools, to miss seeing our friends again.”

“Exactly my opinion,” observed Lazioli; “now, in the course of things, a man cannot remain in one place for ever.”

“It is against the law of nature, not to speak of many minor laws, which forbid an absurdity so glaring.”

“Then, Monsieur le Marquis, if we have patience, and wait here till the day break in fact, we shall see one of them.”

“I do not doubt it,” responded his companion; “and, what is more, Monsieur Lazioli, we shall see one of them within this hour; for, *pardieu*, if they do not see the necessity of moving, it is we who must show them a necessity for doing so.”

“Eh!” cried Lazioli, “what is that you mean?”

“*Mille tonnerre!*” cried the other suddenly, “is the devil in the place? Behold!” and in truth, there was reason for this exclamation.

Between the lofty windows and the light, the outline of a human form was vividly

distinct. The windows were long, reaching from the ground to a height of seven or eight feet; and over these were merely the blinds fallen, without the curtains being drawn.

This form wore, at the moment, an attitude as significant as terrifying. Gigantic, severe, and violent in the action it assumed for a moment, it was the ideal of Satan, in a mood of triumphant wickedness, of baffled malice, or of malignant hatred—caused by an anticipation of a design nipped in the very instant of its germination. In fact, it was utterly impossible to assign to it any distinct character.

The form belonged to Fabian, who had suddenly started from his chair, and with the gesture of a maniac—shaking his clenched hand above his head, and with the other striking his brow—at the same moment, exclaimed:—

“I have it—another stake, Monsieur le Comte—another stake, and against which you shall put down every franc you have won; for I swear to you, that it is worth it—that I—were I to lose my stake, and had on the morrow the means of recovering it, it would double—treble—aye, quadruple, the amount you now count on your side of the table.”

The Count, startled by the wild vehemence of his friend, had suddenly turned to listen and to look.

“I challenge you,” shouted Fabian; “I challenge, you accept—as a matter of course—for though it is not gold, it is a trinket, I tell you—that—that —,” here he appeared to be almost choking. The impetuous torrent of his words were possibly the cause.

“Yes!” he added, with a slow and measured solemnity, “it is worth the stake—you accept?”

“I accept!—yes,—willingly,” replied the Count, and sat down.

Fabian had let his hands fall and clasp each other convulsively. His forehead was bent down as if he felt himself degraded. His look was full of anguish, and his whole aspect was expressive of ruin—ruin, mental and physical. The Count was distressed beyond measure. This phase of Fabian’s temper perplexed him, and he knew not what to do. He thought, however, that the best thing was to give in to the mood of his friend, and he did so.

Drawing his breath with a shiver, such as a man would involuntarily give who had suddenly been submerged in water, and drawn out of it, Fabian hurriedly left the chamber at a door opening into one beyond. He appeared again in a few moments, holding in his hand a bronze urn of antique workmanship, and of curious and striking form.

When he crossed the doorway, he seemed staggering beneath its weight. The moment, however, that he met the Count’s eye, he became changed. His lips wore a smile—his step was light—his movement rapid—but all was distorted, feverish, and enraged.

“There’s my stake, Count,” he said, placing it down, and speaking as though he were swallowing that *heart-swelling* which sometimes rises in the throat, and threatens to choke one; “there it is.” His gaiety grew fierce. “You think it a rare piece of antiquity, with its dark crest, and its antique chasing; but it is worth the stake, Monsieur,—worth the stake, and I will set it, yes, I will set it, though I have treasured it—and—and——.”

And thus, with fiery tears bursting forth, and a loud sob, which was changed into a dissembling laugh, he unloosed his grasp of it, and applied himself to the wine.

Aye, to the wine! To that potent magician which adds fuel to fire; and which, fierce as a raging whirlwind, useth a power which men laugh at, and yet succumb to; which mocks them in the moment of their security, and hurls them down the declivity, from which they can never hope to return.

Medicine and poison,—bane and antidote. In its own gracious nature it can add to the blessings of life; but abused by the man whose passions are beyond the restraints of his reason, it becomes to him a stumbling-block, tripping up his heels perpetually, and drunken with which, he blasphemously lisps out his own destruction.

They sat to play. It was a terrible moment,—for the young man was silent, and trembling from head to foot. The Count threw carelessly. He would have given his life to have lost. But the dice were true. Fortune still showered her hideous gifts upon him. The last cast was made, and he was a winner!

With a face like that of a dead man, the unfortunate Fabian said, in tones of such wondrous calmness that they froze the listener's blood, "Again, the wine! My friend, take your prize, and leave me. In the morning," he hurriedly added, "you shall see me—no words, no objection, no reason or entreaties,—it is yours, take it, and—leave me. I am sick and weary, and would sleep."

"Fabian!"

"Monsieur le Comte, I have nothing more to stake," interrupted Fabian sternly, and almost sadly,—take it, and say no more. Go, my friend—call upon me in the morning. I may ask you to do me a service."

"Which I will willingly do, my friend," returned the Count; and then taking up his gold, and his prize, the strange urn, which was somewhat heavy, he bade Fabian, "Adieu!" and departed, not without some internal instinct that the mischief was not yet complete. But he had no other course left him to pursue. The unbending obstinacy of Fabian's disposition—the false sense of honour now strung to a tension, by the fierce mood of bitterness with which he looked upon his recent losses; the wide—the "casing" ruin which enshrined him, warped his better judgment, and he was left alone.

"Attention!" said the Marquis, compressing his lips till they were bloodless, and placing his hand upon the weapon he concealed in his dress, bent his glittering eye upon the window, and then upon the porch, from which he every moment expected some one to emerge.

Monsieur Lazioli was ready also, but he said, "How, after all, are we to be certain? It will be useless, you will reflect, to *bestow our attentions* upon the man who has nothing to take care of. Eh!"

"What would you have, my friend?" quietly asked the Marquis. "Convictions are instinctive, and after all, should we guess wrongly, there is no reason why, after having looked to the one, we should not extend the same favour to the other; assure yourself, that I have no wish to waste time."

"Hush! he comes, and by Styx he is loaded too."

As he spoke, the Count at the moment came forth with the urn in his hand, and the door was closed after him by the sleepy porter. Placing his burden down a moment, in order to button up his great-coat, as the night air was chill, with stealthy, cat-like steps the two *chevaliers d'Industrie* came nearer and nearer, but with the view only of keeping as close to him as was consistent, without arousing suspicion too quickly, until, in some more dark and lone neighbourhood, they could pounce upon their victim, and commit the assassination without fear of interruption.

The Count glanced round him, and taking up the urn walked rapidly on. He passed beneath the flickering lights, and was just entering into a dark and narrow street, when the sound of feet, moving with a kind of caution, struck his ear. A few faint rays of moonlight gave him some little glimpses of the lone spot, and passing the urn from his right to his left hand, he grasped his strong and heavy cane, and hurried forward.

But a few steps only. He could hear the panting breath of one in rapid pursuit, and darting a glance over his shoulder, was just enabled to stoop, as the form of a man, with light and agile bounds, darted upon him from behind, with a blue and glittering knife in his hand. His sudden stooping, and the rapid rush of his enemy, caused the latter not only to miss his aim, but also to precipitate himself head first over his shoulder with such violence, that his forehead, sounding with a crash as his head saluted the pavement, convinced the Count that the *foulin* was decidedly *hors de combat*.

A rapid and tremendous sweep of his good cane felled the Marquis, who followed with the same imprudent haste, and he fell to the ground stunned. A black pool, slowly gathering round the head of the first robber, intimated that he was dangerously hurt. A moment's thought convinced the Count that his best plan was quickly to retrace his steps, and reach his own hotel by a path somewhat more circuitous, but also far more secure. In half an hour he was lodged in his own chamber, and his curiosity was attracted by the urn, which he now began to look at with minute care.

Sitting down with it on the table before him, he began, by the light of the brilliant taper, to examine the rare chasing that was elaborated on its surface. It was one of those charming pastoral scenes of Pan piping in the wild glades of Arcady, with Silenus slumbering in the summer morn, and the fauns dancing around, such as the matchless pencil of Poussin could have limned only.

The lid was formed into a tongue of fire consuming a heart, so beautifully wrought that the anatomist could have traced it, vein, and nerve, and muscle, with the greatest ease. He essayed to take it off, and in doing so it fell to the ground. A cloud of dust rose in the air, while a dark mass of the same cineritious matter lay on the floor. The urn was emptied.

The suddenness of the accident startled him. The sound of the ringing metal had hardly died away, when the conviction struck him, that these were the sacred ashes of one

who had lived, loved, and died ; and then there broke across his mind a dim idea of an old tale of misfortune, in which Fabian had been the principal actor, some years ago.

He took it up, and began to examine it within. At the bottom was placed a shining plate of silver, on which was engraved the following words in a bold and legible manner:—

AMALIE. JUIN 17^{ME}.

PITY AND PARDON !

MISERERE !

That *miserere* was, undoubtedly, the text of a history as sad and full of bitterness as ever recorded the anguish of one human being ; and the Count, who had for the last two hours experienced a revulsion of feeling, which filled him with the most poignant sensation of pain for what had that evening occurred, could scarcely restrain his tears.

What was to be done ? The dark tale, already so full of tragedy, was likely to become still more so. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, he seized his hat, and rushing down stairs, flew, rather than ran, towards Fabian's lodgings.

He arrived at the door at the very moment that he heard a sound, which sent a thrill of horror throughout his frame.

Fabian had just blown his brains out !

The Count gave his spoils to the charities of Paris, and left the country.

Of the two chevaliers we have nothing further to relate.

CHAPTER III.

IF I do not say something about my long friend, Ewart Dewbank, who went prowling about the streets of Paris with the industry peculiar to him, seeking for curiosities greater than himself, my reader will begin to imagine that I have dropped him in a manner as uncere-
monious as it would be unnecessary; and as for Ralph Potter, who was cramming his portfolio daily with all manner of sketches, he has been put too conspicuously forward to be forgotten in this manner.

After the first night and day, during which we staid at an hotel out of the Rue St. Denis, and which we found to be more expensive than was necessary, we then sought for lodgings, which would be convenient, agreeable, and economical,—and which, above all things, are in Paris impossible to be obtained. There is so much dirt, unscrupulous curiosity, actual indecency in the false delicacy of the “porters” of such establishments, as would deter the boldest from such a proceeding.

Some of the “hotels,” or lodging-houses, to which I went, were of enormous magnitude, and contained within themselves a perfect city, one half of which knew scarcely anything of the other. One of the great miseries of these places is the hebdomadal waxing of the floors, during which, if you cannot leave your apartment, you listen to the most infernal thumping overhead it is possible to conceive. This business, which consists in pounding wax on a floor, and then rubbing it with a small hard brush till the whole takes a high polish, and is danced over to a dangerous pitch of slipperiness, is done by a *frotteur*.

In these huge caravansêries live ex-peers, priests, police, artists, money-lenders, and a host of others, professional or not, as the case may be. Each lodger has one, two, three, or more chambers, *en suite*, according to his dignity, his means, and the number he has to house; and the most amusing as well as annoying mistakes sometimes occur, in consequence of the ringing of the wrong bells, confounding messages, making a common occurrence of life as intricate, by means of a blunder, as a French drama. Having held council, and made several attempts to procure what we wanted, we thought it best, finally, to relinquish the idea we at first entertained, and calling in our worthy host, we entered into such an arrangement with him, as left us perfectly at ease, being well lodged, fed, and attended upon, and at a proportionately reasonable cost.

We were seated at breakfast one morning, enjoying ourselves over cold fowl, grilled bones, eggs, delicious white bread, and coffee,—that, in Paris, has an aroma and flavour which you cannot obtain elsewhere, owing to their superior mode of preparing it,—when

we began, as usual, to relate to each other what we had seen, said, done, or discovered. In fact, over breakfast, as we did not always dine together, we grew to be perfectly convivial.

"Well, Ralph, my boy," said Ewart, "what have you got new in your serap-book?"

This introductory question always led us into an examination of his amusing stock, among which were several very characteristic sketches of Parisian low life.

"I have endeavoured to describe these," said he, "in such a manner as shall throw the best light upon the habits and peculiarities of a class who are really remarkable in many respects. Hanging on the outskirts of society, the mendicant, the rag-picker, the inhabitant of the Fauxbourg, is the type of a very extensive class, who have privileges and immunities which are incomprehensible to the generality of people."

"Let us see, then, in what manner you have done this business," said I gravely, and with the air of one who was about to pass a solemn and elaborate criticism upon the matter—to censure or to praise, as in my wisdom I should see fit.

"Let it alone, Ralph," began Ewart, pursing up his lips. "Look at the conceited fellow, and be hanged to him," he added; "I calculate that he thinks the editor of the weekly 'bos' a fool to him, and no mistake, just because we've put the chalking down of the matter in his hand. I have been obliged to pass myself a vote of thanks," continued Ewart, with an unruffled face, addressing me, for the immense fatigue, anxiety, and judgment I have endured and exhibited, in regulating the out-door department of the exequer—cheapening dinners—seeing beds aired."

"Bah!" I interrupted him; "it's nothing but sheer jealousy on your part, and you know it. Why, how the deuce would you have put down in black and white this most interesting matter I have just been reading to you," I continued, with an assumed air of indignation, as I pointed to the MSS. lying on the table beside us, "evident proofs of my industry, as well of my consummate talent—"

"Consume you," muttered Dewbank, "your tongue runs like greased lightning. Ralph, get him the papers, or the critter will be getting into his flurry—"

"It is not yet perfect," replied Ralph modestly; "and for a few days you must excuse me if I seem dilatory. Some of these evenings I will read it you, and then you can, if you think fit, blend it into the whole mass."

"Very good," I rejoined. "It is not I who am in a hurry, but—"

"Oh! oh!" laughed Ewart, "as there is some one who is remarkably quick at overtaking others who do not walk so fast, and as you are not the man, I have no doubt but you have some one in your eye. Don't look slandenticular, darn you," he added, "but pour out some more coffee; and Ralph, another bone, my boy," and he held out his plate, for he was a real lion at breakfast, and would have alarmed a contractor.

"Now," said I at last, after we had with no small diligence applied ourselves lustily to the viands, "let us arrange how we are to spend the day. Where will you go, Dewbank?"

"I mean to go to the Champs Elysees," he replied, "and wander about that delightful

spot. There is to be a fête of flowers in the evening, accompanied by brilliant illuminations; and what's more, I mean to write down, too, all I see and hear—"

"What all?" I asked, with an innocent surprise.

"Jealous again!" shouted Dewbank. "Why, 'drat the man, does he think that none are as elerkly as himself? I'll tell you what, Henry Clay Crockett, 'Pride goeth before a fall!'"

"Very well said," I responded, and with due emphasis; "let us see then what you mean to do. And you, Ralph, have you any particular locality which you intend to visit?"

"No; I shall ramble about, sketch a little, and ramble again; and, perhaps, add a little to what I have already done respecting the lower orders: they amuse me very much."

"Very good," I replied; "in that case let us start forth. For my part, I am going to see what remains of the ancient Sorbonne, that remarkable institution that played so great a part in the state business of France; and, perchance, I may pick up a little worth notice." And after a few more words of this sort we parted, each to follow his object.

The Sorbonne had always interested me; because it has that peculiar *prestige* about it which belongs to the traditions of the middle ages, and because it suggests to me those polemical strifes which were productive of so many extraordinary results, during the transition which took place in the human mind from total and unquestioning belief, to scepticism and doubt, and finally to Voltairism, infidelity, and socialism.

It stands on the south of the Seine, surrounded by a number of churches, institutions, colleges, libraries, and so on. Turning out of the Rue St. Jaques, you observe the beautiful proportions of the chapel erected by Richelieu in 1659. It suffered in company with many other public edifices of Paris during the Revolution, and was only saved from total destruction by Napoleon himself.

The Sorbonne was the incarnation of the logic and the creed of the French nation. It was what Lambeth is to London, and the Vatican to Rome. It embodied the learning, the religion, the bigotry, and intolerance of every age. As a moral inquisition, where questions of logic, painfully refined, were subtilized upon, till it was not clear what formed the subject of dispute, it assumed the power to condemn to fire and the axe, as well as to afford a sanctuary for those who claimed its protection.

This ecclesiastical college, which blended monachism with jurisprudence, and the sciences with the worship of the Virgin, was illustrated, so to speak, with lofty names, and could boast of brave and talented men. Condé and Bossuet supported theological dogmas within its walls. The Reformation, which attacked everything, at last attacked the Sorbonne, and it fell, like Caesar, at the foot of the capital.

There is no question, however, but that the Sorbonne had fulfilled its mission in the civilization of France. It had protected Aristotle, and perpetuated his sophisms. It was now to adopt or to combat the theories of the Encyclopedists. The mind was no longer subjected to a blind belief in the infallibility of the Pope. Men spoke of liberty of conscience even when the haughtiest of the Bourbons could fling his grumbling subjects into

the Bastile. Why, if the Bastile, with its grey turrets and ashlar walls, came down so much faster than it was builded, why should the Sorbonne exist upon the errors of men?

The numerous schools and academies which, in the thirteenth century, became so powerful and effectual throughout Europe,—more particularly when abstruse theology became the bone of contention, so to speak, and where the Roman Catholic unfolded his gonfalon on this side the Alps,—with one accord acknowledged the Sorbonne as their superior and head.

Robert de Sorbonne, a man of wealth, piety, and learning, the friend and chaplain of the chivalric Saint Louis, founded this noble institution in the year 1250, and for centuries after, as is well known, its very name embodied the glories, the labours, and the controversies of each succeeding period.

The Sorbonne has turned out some of the finest orators, the most clear-sighted statesmen, the most profound philosophers, and men of genius, that France can boast of; but then, also, it can point out to Diderot, D'Alembert, Rosseau, and Voltaire, as men that it has successively attacked and defended.

At the present day it exists as a convention. It is a chapel, or a church, it is true, but it is merely the shrivelled carcase of the past. We do not even promise, in the lightly textured web of our illustrative sketch of its past day, to depict it truly; and not *it* so much, as to express by it how, in its protective capacity, it could dare public opinion, and coerce the moral convictions of men—not always successfully, it must be owned. We entitle our promised tale, then,

The Hammerman of St. Jaques.

In the days when the old Sorbonne frowned upon the quaint streets, and boasted of its sanctuary,—and at a time that the whole precincts swarmed with a mass of retainers, dependants, alms-receivers, bravoës, and men of questionable life,—there lived a young armourer in one of the dark and rambling localities in its neighbourhood, by familiar name Jean Gondi, otherwise the “Hammerer;” and from morn to night there rang, from out his smithy, the sounding blows struck with sturdy arm upon his flashing anvil. The *prestige* of the old sanctuary was then, as before and after, much used, and greatly abused. The population of that district held their habitation in peculiar tenure, chiefly for upholding the extended privileges of the institution by force of applause, and even blows. And at times, when the citizens grew rebellious against the priestly power at some outrage committed upon them, recourse was had by the superiors to those brawling ruffians who were the terror of the city. Indeed, any offender against the law obtained protection and shelter, if he but once placed himself beneath the wing of the venerable cloisters.

It was on a May afternoon, in the year of grace 15—, that a wild and motley group were seen assembling without the walls, with more of grimness in aspect, and in greater disorder, than besemed a congregation of Christian men, as was evident by the uncouth arms they carried, and their menacing manner. The Sorbonnists were gathered in the Great

Hall, in the centre of whom stood their superior, who betrayed his fear in the very uneasy looks he wore, as if he greatly doubted their apparent security, and dreaded the results of some outrageous insult offered against the peaceful people.

On the steps of the inner sanctuary stood a young gallant, whose elegant dress hung in tatters about him. His golden lace was all frayed and torn. Blood was on his brows, and his hands were dabbled with the same crimson hue. Grasping the broken sword with which he had turned to bay upon his assailants outside the walls, till his loud cries for "Sanctuary" opened for him the gate, he was dragged in wounded and fainting—just in time to prevent his being torn in pieces, and the huge door again swung to.

"'Tis but an idle freak, good father," he said, in a gasping voice, when questioned; "I did but snatch a kiss from a wench, when these boors—hark!" he cried, for the tumult without was growing more menacing and terrible. Suddenly they heard a deep voice without crying aloud, "Rescue! rescue! help, citizens!" and the heavy clanging of a hammer struck upon the ear, ringing on the huge bars of the great gate. "That is Jean Gondi the Hammerer," said a servitor, in a loud whisper, "and he is no child to be frightened away with words."

"Woe to him for that!" muttered the superior. Then going up to the young noble, he spoke, "My son, I trust that this is nothing serious, for we are like to get into ill feeling with the king. He swears by his head that we are stretching—nay, misusing our privileges, and that we must look to it closely. Is it no more than what you say?" he added anxiously.

"Why, to speak truth," began the young man, "it is not all gospel. I had taken a fancy to one of their women, and I carried her away this morning."

"St. Denis defend us!" muttered the perplexed superior; "you bring the worst spirits of the city and the district about us. Who is the damsel?"

"The handsome Margota, so please you, father," was the answer.

"The daughter of the king's bargemaster, and the betrothed wife of this bold armourer, who hath laughed us to our very face ere now; one of the most intractable souls in the whole multitude. Now, by the saints! this is most perilous, Messire!"

Outside, the blows were redoubling in sound and effect, and cries of "Fire the monks out!" "Pull the walls down!" "Beat in the doors!" arose above the din, and the hammer of the stout Jean still re-echoed through the vast arches.

"Father!" said the noble, grasping the doorside, "thou owest not a little to me and to my order; discharge part of thy debt then in protecting me, or I, and we, will leave you to fall; you cannot stand without us. And if we now and then call on you to lend aid in so trifling a matter, it is no more than the doing of a good turn."

"Call you it a trifle to run off with the armourer's young bride!" And a smile, as if in derision of the youth's petulance, and his knowledge of what kind of spirit the 'Hammerer' was, broke on the lips of the superior, while a wild shout from beyond the gate, mingling with sounds of the heterogeneous strife, raised his alarm to its utmost pitch, and evinced

that, whoever they were that thus demanded admission, they were too determined in their purpose to be driven back.

There remained to the superior one more chance ere the wild rabble should break in the doors; for, if they once did that—once defiled the sanctuary with their feet, or violated the holy air with unholy words—if one of them did but once lift his hand, or scoff the churchman in the face of his congregation, all was over; nothing could save them farther, for the man who led them, though he otherwise bore a character for peace, obedience, and respect, and had paid all the dues demanded of him without a murmur, still his daring and courage were acknowledged. The storm of fighting without grew thicker and louder; the human tide roared to and fro, as the superior looked from a narrow slit, and saw that the ready rascals who sometimes drew weapons on his side were flying in all directions. The stalwart form of Jean the smith—grim, and swart, and large—striking right and left, being conspicuous above all.

Making up his mind at once, the superior walked up to the great cathedral door, where the clangour was loudest, and opened it so suddenly, that those in the first rank, dazzled and awed by his portly presence, fell back in a kind of dismay.

“Room there, my friends! room for me!” shouted out a loud voice, rising above the press; “fall back there, ye rascal caitiffs! By hammer and anvil! ye are scarcely worth the striking down;” and as he spoke, Jean fought his way with ease through the rabble of swordsmen and retainers of the lordly ecclesiastical.

“Now, what means this unseemly brawling within these holy precincts?” demanded the superior, with a tone of severity and command.

“What means it!” exclaimed the young smith, standing with head still covered before him; his Herculean chest panting from exertion, and his passionate mood thoroughly roused; “what means it, eh! my holy father! why, that the roof of your house gives shelter to the lordly ruffians who tear our brides from their homes, and come for safety to the church, that from thence they may laugh at us!”

“That’s it. Cordieu! Jean! that’s it!” roared a gigantic fellow, holding an axe on his great shoulders, and crying out to his followers for torches.

“Ask the shaveling what he values the honour of our maidens at, that he gives absolution with such ease,” cried another, flinging a stout brother or two out of his way.

“Peace, then, all of you, and beware the ban of the Church. And thou, Jean Gondi, otherwise the ‘Hammerer,’”——

“Ay—ay, that’s his name, the brave lad!” shouted a chorus.

“Do thou depart, and be thankful that I let thee hence without heavier punishment. Thy penance shall be light,—only to disperse this crowd, and to forget the maiden.”

“I swear to thee, lord superior, by the head of Saint Jacques, that I will wrap this place in one sheet of sweltering fire, and fling you into the midst, if you stand there uttering those abhorrent words to me! Forget my young bride! Bah! I will not forget! On!” he shouted, as pushing the superior with irreverent hand from the door, he leaped with a

single bound across the chancel aisle. Bursting the small door beyond, he dragged the fugitive noble, trembling and dismayed, from his hiding-place, and with a strong arm would have killed him where he stood, but a voice cried out of the crowd, "Jean Gondi! my son, spare the poor knave. My daughter is returned to me safe and spotless." Whereupon, amid great uproar, the boon thus begged was granted, and the noble escaped the sacrifice, to the wrath of the people.

In the meantime the king had heard of the disturbance which took place at the Sorbonne; and as the young noble was one of his especial favourites, he had expressed great wrath, and swore by St. Denis that there should be an example made of the bold man, who had so daringly lifted up his hand against the venerable institution and its order.

Therefore the superior had brought forth a paper, with full attestation, how Jean Gondi, the "Hammerer," had broken into the sanctuary, and had led an armed mob against the sanctuary, and with violent hands taken the sheltered man from the shelter of the Sorbonne, to the imminent danger of his life, by which the authority of the superior was set to scorn, and the anger of the Church disdained.

In the sanctuary, therefore, on a set day, the king was seated, surrounded by knights and nobles, and the superior stood forth in the midst to accuse the reckless rioter. The "Hammerer" was then ordered to be led before him; but when the king beheld his fearless, open brow, and looked on the undaunted handsome face, and saw a native nobility shining through the rude garb which was indicative of his trade, and heard from his lips how that it was his love and devotion for the fair Margota, and how great also the wrong had been, the king relented in his purpose, albeit his mode of showing mercy was strange enough.

"Knave!" said the monarch, "in spite of all thou sayest, thou art guilty of insult to thine own lawful sovereign, to the holy Church of whose faith I am defender, and to the sanctity of this building, for all of which thou deservest to hang as high as Notre Dame!"

"So please you, sire," stoutly replied the "Hammerer," "you had better hang up these lazy Sorbonnists, and let honest men enjoy their own in peace, rather than hang one of the best subjects you have in the land," and the bold smith smiled confidently.

"Fête Dieu!" exclaimed the king; "say'st thou so! Dost thou not fear, then? Hast thou no dread for what thou hast done?"

"Not I, by Saint Jaques!" replied Jean Gondi, folding his arms daringly, while, for an instant, the brow of the king grew black and lowering.

"Mercy, sire, mercy!" cried suddenly, in a soft, gentle voice, some one beside him, and the daughter of his old bargemaster knelt before him: "Mercy, sire," she said, "it was for my sake he loved me so much."

The king smiled with delight upon her winning face, and laid his hand on her head, when the fierce "Hammerer" impetuously broke out with, "Never pray for me, my Margota, if such is to be the price of life; to die for the woman one loves, is better than living in a land where the king cannot prevent his people from insult and oppression."



A scene on the Champ des Morts.
(Paris)

These bold truthful words stung the king to the quick. "How, sirrah! dost thou speak in this manner to *us*? Art thou not repentant?"

"No, by hammer and anvil! and had that lord been in your majesty's chamber, I would have dragged him out, though your own royal hands had held him back."

"Curb thy speech and temper, good fellow," replied the king, repressing the frown on his lips. "Thou art bold, and mayest be right; and I remind me thou didst spare the youth's life. Thou art forgiven. Tear up that paper, therefore, lord superior, and bless their union. So bold a fellow deserves so pretty a wife. And believe this also, Jean Gondi," said the monarch, "that the king is not so unjust as he may be said to be, nor so powerless to protect as thou dost deem him."

Therefore, amid much rejoicing, the union took place, and the superior did as he was commanded.

The Champs Elysees.

The substance of Dewbank's observations on the Champs Elysees amounts to the following:—

This magnificent district of the city, fitly called the Elysian Fields of Paris, form a vast pleasure ground, beautifully laid out, whither, on the fine days of the summer, and particularly on the occasion of grand national *fetes*, the whole world of the city assembles to walk about, to admire, to be admired, to behold the brilliant illuminations, and the *chef-d'ouvres* of civic rejoicings. In Paris, these things are matters of real interest.

From the Place de la Concorde to the Barriere de l'Etoile, its length is about a mile. It is, at its eastern boundary, about four hundred, and at its western seven hundred yards wide. The Quai de Conference bounds it on the one side, and the Palace of the Elysée Bourbon on the other.

This fine space began to be of real value to the Parisians in the time of Louis XIV., when the enterprising Colbert first laid it out, and planted it with those trees which now give so grateful and cooling a shade. At its termination is the square, named successively Louis XV., Place de la Revolution, and Place de la Concorde—a place that, during the fury of the Revolution, offered successively, and every day, some of the ghastliest spectacles of that horrible time that the city could boast of. Here are observed two splendid statues of *Ecuyers*, or grooms, mastering their untractable horses, executed with admirable boldness and skill.

On fine days, usually, the citizen, with his wife and family, may be observed with a sedate gravity enjoying the air and appearance of this attractive spot. The Italian boy with his organ, the Savoyard with his monkey or his marmozet, the juggler, the tumbler, might occasionally have been seen, drawing together picturesque groups, in which the smaller generation of future republicans formed no small portion.

The dancing dolls too found an auditory, and the droll squeak of Punch always created a *charivari* even greater than his own. Each of these formed the nucleus of a noisy, laugh-

ing, happy crowd. From the noisy *gamin*, who is "up" to everything, to the more aristocratic promenader from the Fauxbourg St. Germain, you will find every shade and variety of the Parisian—the real *cockney* of the overgrown city.

Nothing can possibly be recommended as a more certain remedy against *ennui*, than to mingle of an afternoon, and just as the golden beams of the descending sun are purpled with the twilight, and creates for half an hour a glory in the unruffled heavens, almost passing description—nothing, we say, can be a better safeguard against the weight of melancholy thoughts, than to look at the smiling faces that throng you. A beneficent, a happy smile is infectious, and you assuredly become at last perfectly radiant.

Go by the splendid promenade of Longchamps—listen to the soft murmur of the wind among the leaves—listen to that low clear laugh, and look for the pretty face it introduces to you! Turn round to admire in the distance the splendid sculptures, the winged steeds on the pedestals: on one sits Fame with her ringing clarion, on the other Mercury the Victorious, if such a title may be assigned the Parisian cattle-stealer of the Homeric ballads.

A *fete* day to your true Parisian is like a sacred institution: he will not have one jot of the imposing ceremonies omitted; and, besides, no one in the world can improvise one like him. He does it with a tact, a taste, a genius perfectly his own, and he welcomes every one to partake of its enjoyment. How gallantly he receives the women! how politely he conciliates the men! and how pleased he is to see all buoyant, dancing, and carolling—happy, in fact, in the full sense of the word.

Those who have not witnessed the *fetes* given in honour of the "*three days*" of 1830, have little idea of the gigantic scale on which these things can be done. In America, we are too grave for them; in England, they are, as I think, too conceited and "snobbish." There is no frantic enthusiasm, no crowds uplifting their voices in the majestic concord of the Marseillaise, no acclamations, and, to conclude, perhaps there are no such illuminations in the world.

On these particular days, a place called the *Chateau de Fleurs* is embosomed in picturesque and scenic beauty of the most splendid kind. An elegant orchestra is built in a light and airy manner, and decorated with a taste which it is hopeless to imitate. Tall poles, whose stems are baskets filled with the rarest flowers, are fixed in the ground, and between them are suspended large chandeliers. Until the evening, or rather the night, these are left in repose, and the frequenters of the spot rather eschew this place during the daylight; like epicures, feeding upon the choice morsel in expectation only, and are seen admiring the rope-dancers, the jugglers, the buffoonery which clothes itself with the inimitable hues of Watteau; while, perhaps, on an extended stage, is seen a military sham-fight. By and by we shall return to the illumination of the *Chateau de Fleurs*.

Before the monarchy came to its decadence, there was a still more boundless prodigality shown towards the people. Like the Romans who cried "*Panem et Circensi*," the good Parisians shouted for "Bread and Games." Scaffoldings were erected, where provisions in plenty, and free of all cost, were to be had by any who chose to ask; and the fountains



The Chateau des Tuileries, Champs Elysees.

were no longer fountains of water, but of *wine*, around which the old *grogards* assembled, and stoutly stuek to their posts, until they sank under the influence of the ruddy tide, and were borne away by the guard or their laughing friends.

Dreadful catastrophes had, however, occurred through the rush of the eager crowd, and the insecurity of the scaffolding; for there are not wanting in a mob those rude and violent spirits, prone to mischief and violent in temper, upon whom remonstrance—that suavity which is so truly metropolitan—was utterly thrown away. Fired with copious libations at the fountains, they invaded the tables like a band of ferocious Huns. Presently a sharp crack gives warning of danger, but too late. In as great a hurry to escape as they were to attack, they become confused—the mass rocks and heaves to and fro—curses, yells, and shrieks rend the air, and with a dreadful crash the whole comes down. The appalling nature of the scene may be easily imagined.

A repetition of these terrors, which threw a damp over every gaiety, led to the total abolishment of the two latter; but, in the matter of amusement, the public were amply compensated. The lower orders, however—not the brothers of St. Lazarus—the *geaux*, in fact—but principally the hirsute artisans, were not losers of the more solid portion of the festivals either, for tickets were given to those of each arrondissement, according to the wants and numbers of their families, and when they have thus refreshed themselves—neither brawling nor drunken, but elate and cheerful—they join the other groups in the promenades, laugh at the stale jests they hear Punch utter, grow witty themselves in being critical, and then prepare themselves for the huge *bonne bouche*, for the climax of the whole day's diversion, for the lighted floral fête, for the concert in the open air—delicious, enthralling, and fascinating to a degree—they prepare for this and for the fireworks!

This scene is certainly ravishing.

The charming dresses of the women—of silk, of velvet, and of the finest woollen fabrics—no longer attract the attention of the observer. The ladies no longer criticise bonnets, eaps, mantles, and cashmeres. The soft and balmy sky has become of a deep and heavenly blue, the stars are sparkling radiantly, and the moon is sending forth cold and silvery beams of light behind a fringe of clouds that are falling over the horizon.

By this time thousands of lamps have been lighted, and the brilliancy of the floral palace is absolutely glorious! On the calm breeze the strains of Muzard or Strauss are floating, soft as the sounds of magic dulcimers beaten by fairy hands. Presently, when the impulsive mazurka—the less refined but bounding polka—or the admirable melody of the valse (the only admirable thing about it, by the way) is over, you hear human voices rising in fine harmony a noble chorus from the “Huguenots,” “Robert the Devil,” or some one or other of the grand operas of the day. It may be a simple song, a ballad; by chance it may be an old English ballad, half forgotten, which, for its beauty, has been imported, and which carries one back to a time, perhaps, when the old grandmother sang it to us as we stood beside her knee.

Throughout all that dense assemblage there rises not a sound. The thousands are still

as death. Row after row of brown-bearded faces, of every hue and shape, and variation of physiognomy, from the swarthy spahi of the Algerine cohorts, to the soft and boyish complexion of Picardy, may be distinctly seen. Row after row of blushing, beautiful faces, —from the brunette to the blonde, from the dark-haired Languedocian to the fair-haired Norman—also appear. It is in truth pleasant to look upon them. They are entranced; their brows court the cool air; their ears drink in the music; their hearts throb and beat! Suddenly the music ceases, and the signal is given for the commencement of the fireworks.

It is, however, a false alarm, or rather, it is only preparatory. It will be half an hour yet ere they begin, and we can stroll leisurely about. The crowds, just this moment so statuesque, also begin to move, to be animated. They murmur, they speak, and the sounds of human voices rise like the sound of a sea.

Between the graceful alleys, where branches arch overhead, and thick bushes wall them about, they walk in twos and threes. Mostly so, and few, myself (I suspect our friend Ewart was lugubrious at this moment) among the number, sauntered about alone, mere lookers-on—partakers, it is true, of the general joy, and full of admiration for the beauty, animate and inanimate, we beheld.

Another signal is given, and the groups mass together again. At length, on the sea of upturned faces, the lurid flash of a rocket bursts forth. Up it goes with a hissing sound; and when far up in air it explodes, and droppings of crimson, white, purple, and blue flames fall, till the whole is dark again, and a charred stick falls at a distance.

Then begins to break out billows of fire and volcanic eruptions, accompanied by sounds like those accompanying the bombardment of a city, in every variety of shape and form;—now like huge flying dragons, green and glittering;—now like withered trees;—anon like coruscating suns, followed by a million leaping tongues of flame that seem to drink the air dry.

Wheels—as if myriads were revolving every way, and flinging off graceful showers from their circumference and centre—roaring and gyrating. The huge mass seems nothing but fire,—fire in the most grotesque plutonic variety. Every colour that can be imagined lights the sky in turn, and with a grand outbreak—as if the heart of the earth lifted itself up in one last throe of agony—the telluric storm roars, and blazes, and burns, till all is darkness.

And in the midst of this chaos, each one begins to wend homeward beneath the heavenly morn.

The Palaces of Paris.

As conciseness in any of the descriptive portions of a narration is a thing to be as highly desired as a bishopric, I think it best to string together my ideas and impressions of those palaces which are most remarkable for beauty, historical association, or romantic episodes.

Perhaps it may surprise some of my readers, that I—a progressive, go-ahead creature—a calculating, bargain-driving Yankee—a ring-tailed roarer—an up-wester as well as down-

easter—in fact, a Yankee, with the usual quantity of streaked lightning, fighting alligator, and the prairie bull in my composition—should sit down, in a state of awful expectancy and great delight, to pen down a “romance” of a feudal fortress—of a palace that had its *oubliettes*, as well as its paphian chambers—turrets dedicated to terror, pain, and death, and tapestried nooks, where the minstrel sang of love, and where the amorous lady of the castle received her knight, after absence and heavy fighting.

The truth is, that by degrees associations begin to absorb the ideas; and creeds (traditional) belonging to the old world,—mingling in society where such respect is paid to the past—where it yet exercises an unbounded influence over men, be they republican, ultra-democratic, or yet adhering to royalty—the learning, the legendary lore, the arts, the sciences, the greatness, intellectual and physical, which a people proudly look up to as familiar examples of what they have been, and yet can boast of,—indirectly act upon the mind; and I find myself devouring, with avidity, the dark and intricate history which the grey ruins of some old locality so loudly tell me.

Besides, also, in our work-day world, where so much of imagination does not mingle, we laugh at the moon-struck monstrosities that present themselves through the medium of the small journalist, the poetaster, and the would-be enthusiast. The instant a man is left to himself under the frowning shadow of a huge dark pile, he finds instantly that imagination is a Pegasus beyond his control. He romances in spite of himself. He finds himself evoking the sombre images that waken up one after the other, and listening, as it were, to the weird and *awful* history the grim and shapeless turrets mutter.

The Louvre is not exactly fitted for this, and therefore I have no romantic illustration to offer regarding it. It bears the impress of the modern so strongly, that the chisel and the trowel which builded it seem laid down but yesterday, and the sounds of dying labour yet faintly echo to the mental ear.

This palace, then, connected with the Tuileries and its gardens, is, in part, of somewhat ancient origin. Dagobert the “breechless” held solemn hunting feasts there, when forests cast their brown shadows right down to the river side, and the bay of the hound could be heard from within the quaint city.

It had been a palace, a fortress, and became afterwards a state prison. In the time of the Huguenots, it formed the foreground of a bloody and brutal picture; when the assassin king stood at the windows, gun in hand, and shot at the shrinking people, crying, “*Mor-dieu! kill, kill the Huguenots!*” In the thirteenth century, the ancient Louvre stood without the walls; as the city extended, it was enclosed with many other places. It now became a royal library, a state-lodging house, where crown officers coming to Paris on business were housed.

Age after age, and reign after reign, beheld this place incomplete,—even while there was always something being done towards it in one department or other. Louis XIV. decided upon completing it, as being worthy the magnificent designs of his reign. Bernini, an Italian of great skill, being suddenly indisposed, and sent to his own country, it was

supposed that an insuperable obstacle now presented itself, when an architect, in the shape of a physician, Claude Perrault, was introduced by Colbert, and the work went on with great spirit, till Louis, on the spur of a whimsical impulse, diverted the money to the erection of Versailles. Politely ferocious, courtly, and yet cold-blooded, this man, standing on the very summit of a most artificial civilization, combined the brutality and the vices of the old Roman Emperors in his single form.

It was, however, not completed even during the reigns of his successors, till Napoleon arose and put the finishing stroke to it, as he did to all that he touched. This "finishing stroke" is correct in more senses than one; but it was, at all events, finally roofed in, which it had not been before.

With a keen eye to that renown which connects his name with the arts in every possible department, so that the painter, the sculptor, and the philosopher, when named, should also suggest his own, the Emperor laid out there a series of galleries, museums, halls, libraries, &c., which have no equal in the world. No royal city, for extent, splendour, completeness, and true magnificence, could ever exhibit such another collection—offer such another sight.

On the 22nd of August, 1572, Coligni, on leaving Charles IX., was shot at, and the Protestant part of the citizens were seized with alarm. That infernal woman, Catherine de Medici, who had the blood of Vanozza (some say) in her veins, had already written, in letters of blood and fire, the whole of the systematic murder that was to be done. The king went to visit the wounded noble, and swore that justice should be done.

On Sunday the 24th, at two o'clock in the morning, Charles himself gave the order to begin the massacre.

One can fancy him standing at the window, and looking out into the calm grey heavens. In the depth of the pandemonium where the council was held, stand the queen-mother, the Dukes of Anjou, d'Aumale, Guise, the Cardinal de Lorraine, and a few others who have merited perdition.

Silence deep as death reigns over the city. The dark towers of Notre Dame, where, but a few days ago, Henry of Navarre was wedded to Marguerite de Valois, like silent sentinels, throw their sombre heads against the stars, and the iron tongues within, wait but a short while to thunder out the horrible secret they quiver with.

Like a monstrous shadow—like a lurking assassin—the king stands at the window. Suddenly he hears a hissing whisper sounding in his ear. "My son, it is the time," the tigress pours out, and the same moment the tocsin sounds from St. Germain-l'Auxerrois. A great cry of consternation rises up beyond. Blood plashes in the streets—men shriek and fly, then slip in the gore, and rise no more. Houses are broken open—doors smashed in—women and children are shot and stabbed—men set the teeth, grapple their foes, but twenty daggers make one huge wound—they die! The ruffians have lapped blood, and they tuck their sleeves up to slaughter more at ease.

The assassination of Coligni was now completed; but if the forçats of the galleys—the

most brutal scoundrel who would have cut a throat for a franc—had done the deed, it could not have been marked with features so revolting. The Duke of Guise was waiting impatiently in the court. “Besme,” said he, “*have you done?*” and the Duke of Angoulême would not believe it, unless the body were thrown out of the window. It *was* thrown out! and the features were so disfigured, that it could scarcely be recognised. Nearly ten thousand were murdered in Paris before the next morn came.

Can we wonder at the agony, the bloody sweat of this Catholic king! Can we doubt that the details of his death are a romance—a fiction—after reading the history of this deed, which the windows of the old Louvre overlooked! To brood upon this business, is like being oppressed by a horrible nightmare.

The grand picture galleries of the Louvre within, offer an almost adequate compensation for the gloomy thoughts which beset a man without—that is to say, if he is in the mood to dream over the *Sabbat* of St. Bartholomew. As they are being continually enriched by contributions from other great galleries of Paris, the removal of pictures to this place upon the death of their painters, thus creates a sort of moral apotheosis, and the deification of the artist takes place the moment that his last work is unhung at the Luxembourg or elsewhere, and transferred to the stately chamber of the Louvre; and, to my thinking, there is something befitting consular Rome, in thus dignifying a man for immortality.

Many will have heard of the grand works of Rubens, which were the glory of the Luxembourg. The gallery of Marie de Medeis exists only in name; for the twenty-four mighty paintings of that great master, floridly mythological as they are, now form the great centre of attraction in the Louvre. Such is the case with a vast number of others.

Napoleon formed, in the days of his power, and of the spoliation of the museums of other nations, grand galleries of ancient paintings, which were divided into three schools: the one French, of “home” extraction; the two others, German, including Dutch and Flemish, cousins all, we may say, and the Italian. In addition, there are the Greek and Roman Museums, the Hall of Jewels, or *Salle des Bijoux*, containing the most superb relics of the middle ages; the *Salle du Trône*, and the *Musée Egyptian*, which were procured from Egypt during the invasion of Bonaparte and Kleber. The *Musée de Desseins* alone occupies some dozen or thirteen rooms, and not one quarter of the list is given. It would take huge volumes, and many of them, to give anything like a detail of the cumbersome yet unapproachable magnificence which surrounds you.

Neither am I, unfortunately for me, though I expect fortunately for my readers, any hand at architectural description. Vitruvius, Palladio, and Wren, are authors I never even looked on without a “kinder” dread, and I make no attempt, therefore, at cheating myself into dealing with matters beyond my reach.

In the *Galerie de Henri IV.* there is an annual exhibition of the works of modern art, and to look at the vast and really fine collection gathered at this period within the walls, gives one a great idea of the actual talent, both in painting and sculpture, that is constantly germinating and cultivating in the capital. You cannot avoid one pervading idea, how-

ever. They strike the gazer (the foreigner I mean) with a peculiarity of touch, tone, and style. They are *frenchified*; and if any man asks me to define my idea—to explain what I mean by this term—I modestly confess my inability to do so. It is something which is felt, but cannot be described.

The Tuileries, or the old tile-kilns of Paris (for such was the former site of the ground), possesses, as an edifice, a great and significant beauty. It has been a palace of kings—some great and some little, and some monstrous, absurd, and infatuated—since the days of the horrible and fanatic Catherine de Medicis. For upwards of three centuries, royalty has played its “tricks before high heaven” within those walls.

They have echoed to the sound of song and cymbal, of wassail and of wailing, of mirth and madness. In the grim Paris of old, with its hoary tyranny, and its great struggles to be great and free—in its bloody and ferocious moments, as well as in its sublime repose and noble calm—there were, in this now magnificent spot, dingy and repulsive groupings of labour in its squalor and its loathsomeness, which ought not to be, but has been, and *is*, that attracted attention to the ground because of its eligibility—because, in fact, from position, and the natural growth of the city, it became at last what it is—a marvel of architectural and picturesque beauty.

What revolutions, moral and physical, have not been acted there! The chronicler may point to the Hotel de Ville, to the National Assembly, to the fusillading at the barricades and the barriers; but within the Tuileries took place the deposition and the annihilation of the dynasty.

What festivities! what loves! what terrible endings here and there! and what still more terrible catastrophical episodes have the conclusion of some love madresses brought about within those stately halls! But the dynasties are dead now. The Bourbons—the Orleans—gone into the dust after the dust of the stormy Carlovingians and the crapulous Capets; and the electric fire of Napoleon burns now with a calmness that is very marvellous, considering its voltaic nature altogether. It was only in 1416, that a king of France commanded the site, by royal ordinance, to be made something like a gigantic dust-heap of.

Declorme and Ballaut builded there a palace by command of the imperious Catherine, and “the central pavilion, the adjoining wings, and the low pavilions by which they are terminated,” parts of the present building, are either what remained, or comprehend the whole of what the structure was.

Henri IV., the “Bearnois,” had the palace extended by Decereau and Dupérac, two architects of some consideration in his day. What reminiscences then had the Gascon monarch of this sombre home of intrigue, when, in the time of his predecessor, Charles IX., when he was prisoner with his wife Marguerite in the said palace, and the furious Bartholomew Sabbath was raging without, with its wild tocsin clanging, the streets rippling with blood, and the very air clinging like a murder-mantle, wet and stifling, around him!

How he must have shuddered, and sworn his accustomed oath.

It was he who united the Tuileries to the Louvre by the galleries which connect them,

or rather began them, for these are things not to be done in a lifetime—such a lifetime as his, who had gathered the remnant of a half-butchered party, and made his grim and solemn Huguenots (like the old Covenanters, who were ready to fight to the brink of eternal fires, devil's fires, or mortal man's fires, for their awful league and covenant),—made them, I say, buckle on sword and breastplate, don morion, and try to kill anti-christ and the pope, till the edict of Nantes gave him time to breathe—and so, as he could not build, or even plan much, except fight right hardily, others who followed him—his son, for instance, Louis XIII.—completed that which the Navarrese had begun.

A fine, blunt, rough-hewn kind of man does this "Bernois" always seem to me. A jolly king—a king of Yvetot, in fact—who, in his little barony, was no more than a well-to-do country squire, till France saw that Navarre lay between him and the Pyrenees, and wished prophetically to have a future monarch to say egotistically, "The Pyrenees exist no longer." But it was only left for Napoleon, after all, to make way over, or through, huge alps of mountains, as St. Bernard, Mount Cenis, the Simplon, and Pampeluna testify.

Louis XIV. could impudently say, "The state! it is I!" but Napoleon could say, "I have an army—it does as I do—goes as I go—passes where I pass—and, if need be, we storm the heights, where death alone, in his atramental robes, mans with his legions the appalling battlements—they follow!" In truth, they did so; and three generations, old, middle-aged, and young, have died on the plains of Europe, as did the Crusaders in Asia, but they have found no Jerusalem.

But to revert to Henry of Navarre, incidentally—he who used to swear hard as he hit—who married Charles's sister—who promised him the town of Cahors—which was refused afterwards to be given him—but who, with his white plume flying—his face white, but with an expression in it that Carlyle would say was "dreadfully earnest"—with a long-handled axe in his nervy hands, led his men through a rain of fire, a cataraet of missiles, and hewed away at the gates, beneath the very portals, and entering them at first—took the city! He swore, "Ventre St. Gris," he would have his dowry, and, by my faith, he took it.—Who should blame him?

Tolerant towards all men—living beneath a rampant intolerance himself—he trended out of the crooked and blood-spotted path which the Machiavelian policy of former kings had made, and, in the spirit of a true reformer, sought to enlarge the sympathies of men, so that they might become the recipients of each other's humanities.

He forgot—but was rudely remembered of his forgetfulness—that the sombre and vengeful Huguenot had to plunge his broad blade into many a Catholic breast, before the memory of the devil-sabbath of the ninth Charles, and his murderous mother, could be washed out.

Sully was a wise counsellor in his generation—an able minister and politician; and Henry, with such vast good-will, fell into indolence, good-natured and easy, King-Cole like; and pretty faces and black eyes could draw him aside, unless he heard the bray of trumpets calling to boot and saddle. He, however, did a great deal; more, I take it, than Louis XIV., whose labours were like the web of Penelope, undone as fast as done. The

knife of Ravallac robbed France of a man who had the mental calibre—other gifts being corresponding—of a true hero; and then there followed nonentities—mere phantasms of kings.

For heaven's love, let us get out of the dry dust of history, else I shall have to say somewhat of Louis XIII., truly the son of his father, but having no atom of the "Bernois" disposition. Henry had no liking for Domitian's pastime, though Louis loved to train hawks to fly at sparrows. Mean must the man be who can fly at no other game than that. Then of Louis XIV.,—he of whom so many lies have been mouthed,—whom Voltaire lauded so much, and sneered at quite as much. Then of the Fifteenth and the Sixteenth; but the crash of the Revolution changed the scenes within the Tuileries. Other actors,—other deeds!

When the antique consulate was recreated in the person of Napoleon in 1800, he made the patrician Tuileries his residence. Four years after, as Emperor, in those chambers, he made of his corporals marshals of the empire, of his generals he made kings. From thence, too, he could send forth his voice with a "power and a sign," and depose emperors and kings. In truth, this man's life is one of the most wonderful chapters in the history of the world. In 1808 he added another gallery, connecting another wing of the building to the Louvre.

In 1830, what a scene! There on the throne, surrounded by human platitudes, sat a man, Charles X., Charles the Simple. But who can stand against grape-shot, and maddened men, "fusil à la main!" I take it, that he who will say that Louis the guillotined, Charles the exiled, and Louis Philippe the deposed—he who will say that either of these should not have turned tail, and fled from the oceans of 'whelming fire that the men of St. Antoine carried in their hands, to fling, to scatter abroad, like the naphtha of the Greeks, against which no gods could aid—he who talks of meeting them with dignity and so on, being king to the last, must have little idea of what it is to be made a target for a thousand musket-balls—must believe that kings are veritable basilisks or salamanders, and can live *within* and *upon* fire and flame.

There are here charming places, indicated to you by their denomination, and each possessing a secret history of its own, which I should be willing to hear and tell if it might be so. There is a pavilion of "Flora," another of "Marsan." There is the *Salle de Mars*, the *Salle de Conseil*, the *Salon Bleu* (Napoleon's receiving-room), where, also, ordonnances leading to despotism or to deposition were signed—leading to blacker anarchy and Stygian gloom, or else to the lamp-cord, or the guillotine, and—liberty!

Shall I tell you of the sculptures you behold, *hic et ubique*?—of the painted staircases—of the painted ceilings—of the frescoed walls—of the masterpieces of art which are profuse on right hand and on left? The heathen mythology has been drawn largely upon, it is true; and some few be-wigged monarchs are undergoing an apotheosis here and there which is superb in the painting, and for which reason you allow the execrable fable to pass current. Go to Paris, and behold details for yourselves.

The thinnest partition—the merest lath and plaster of a roof—may oftentimes shelter grey hairs and brows that would fain be tranquil, being weary of the world. How many *grey hearts* have those noble walls, so grand and imposing in the moonshine as you look at them from the Carousel! Ambition has many a time tossed its feverish head on a couch there, and laid it quietly, or with more struggling, in the Berezina. What does all this dreamy matter amount to? A little earth or water hides all—buries all—leaves all at peace.

Destiny! what a word—what a comprehensive word according to our usage of it, and how vast a latitude it has! Men there, throned and clad in purple, have talked of destiny; and have gone the way of destiny into the roaring fire-cloud which wrapped them, and hid them from man's gaze for ever. They have, with weak or wrathful hands, sought to leave their mark behind them, and they have succeeded. The more sorrow for that. The cry of the fair young girl left in the palace of lust and luxury, has appealed to the crowned rascal for mercy, and it was denied—denied how often! One is afraid to count, even to think of counting. There is something so abhorrent in the idea.

Another has grasped the adamant, and with a clasp that was like the strength of a prophet, who could from the sacred mountain have pulled down the lethal heavens upon their heads, left there huger—sprawling—terrible marks of *his* strength—and gone into Egyptian night.

But there is an irresistible potency in the silent and solemn tread of Time. It passes over the hut where famine and hunger fight with life, and over the palace whence the shout of the wassailer issues. The chivalry, the festivities,—for France had both then,—that echoed from the Tuileries, where blended those separate elements of barbarous splendour—barbarous, yet mingling with pure civilization—are now tradition.

Monarchs have sat there very proud, very great, and very powerful. They have seen their guards drawn up and set. They have heard devoted swords clang along the corridors, and stout men, of brave and single heart, have been seen posting themselves day and night at the doorways.

The contrast has also been witnessed.

The yell—the loud-sounding cry of anger—uttered by a trampled people, has filled the clear sun-bright heaven. Sharp rattle of musketry has been heard—“curses not loud but deep” have mingled with the rich perfume of the palace—kings have walked on volcanoes, and gone, none know whither; and, altogether, the Tuileries has had its light and shade, its debauch and also its repentance. None the worse if it comes late in the silent night.

All this is *from* the subject, though I could not well avoid it. In truth, my dear reader, I am fond of drawing *morals*, in the ambiguous style of La Fontaine too; but, as you say, I need not be too lugubrious. The fact is, they are so plain, so unavoidable.

Which way now, the gardens or the square? For here before you on the one hand is the Carousel, and on the other lie the enchanted gardens.

Upwards of thirty years ago, the ground of the Carousel was lumbered over with sordid,

mildewed buildings, herding vermin and men, both of a sort, working an honest community no good. Now behold it perfect! *Fifteen thousand men* can go through their military exercises and manœuvres between the Tuileries and the Louvre!

There is a triumphal arch, commemorative of Napoleon's victories, grand and graceful. The statuesque forms, illustrative of the various episodes pointed out, may be cavilled at by some, for my part I thought them consummate.

But the gardens! Oh, the gardens, upon my faith, will be difficult to describe. Terrace over terrace, and glowing parterres surrounding cool and plashing fountains upon all sides. Statue upon statue, until the prodigal number of those silent forms of beauty almost bewilder. It is useless to give a catalogue. In the evening the enchantment of the scene is complete.

I now turn my attention for a short while to the palace of the Luxembourg—which has experienced so many vicissitudes—which has had so many histories, coloured with so many threads—been known as the Luxembourg, even under the numerous appellations which must well-nigh have robbed it of identity—there it stands, quaint, picturesque, noble as of old.

Many a year ago, when there was taste in even architectural quaintness, and beauty in the whim-whams men sometimes created, there stood on the ground a large house belonging to the Duc d'Epinaux Luxembourg. The new structure received that name, and retained it, although it has been called *Palais di Directoire, du Consulate, du Sénat, Conservateur*, &c. &c.

Marie de Medicis, a bold, imperious, and implacable woman, purchased it in 1612, and rebuilt it from the designs of de Brosse, and made it, what it is to this hour, one of the most superb structures in Paris.

From its chambers have issued forth sounds of music and of revelry "many a time and oft." Thence came also—deadening the melody of the dulcimer, and jarring the sweet cymbals out of tune—wailings and lamentations. It was here that Rubens painted his famous pictures, elaborated out of incidents in the life of Mary de Medicis.* There are sculptures and frescoes here too, worthy a palace of the Cæsars, and executed by the most famous artists that France could boast.

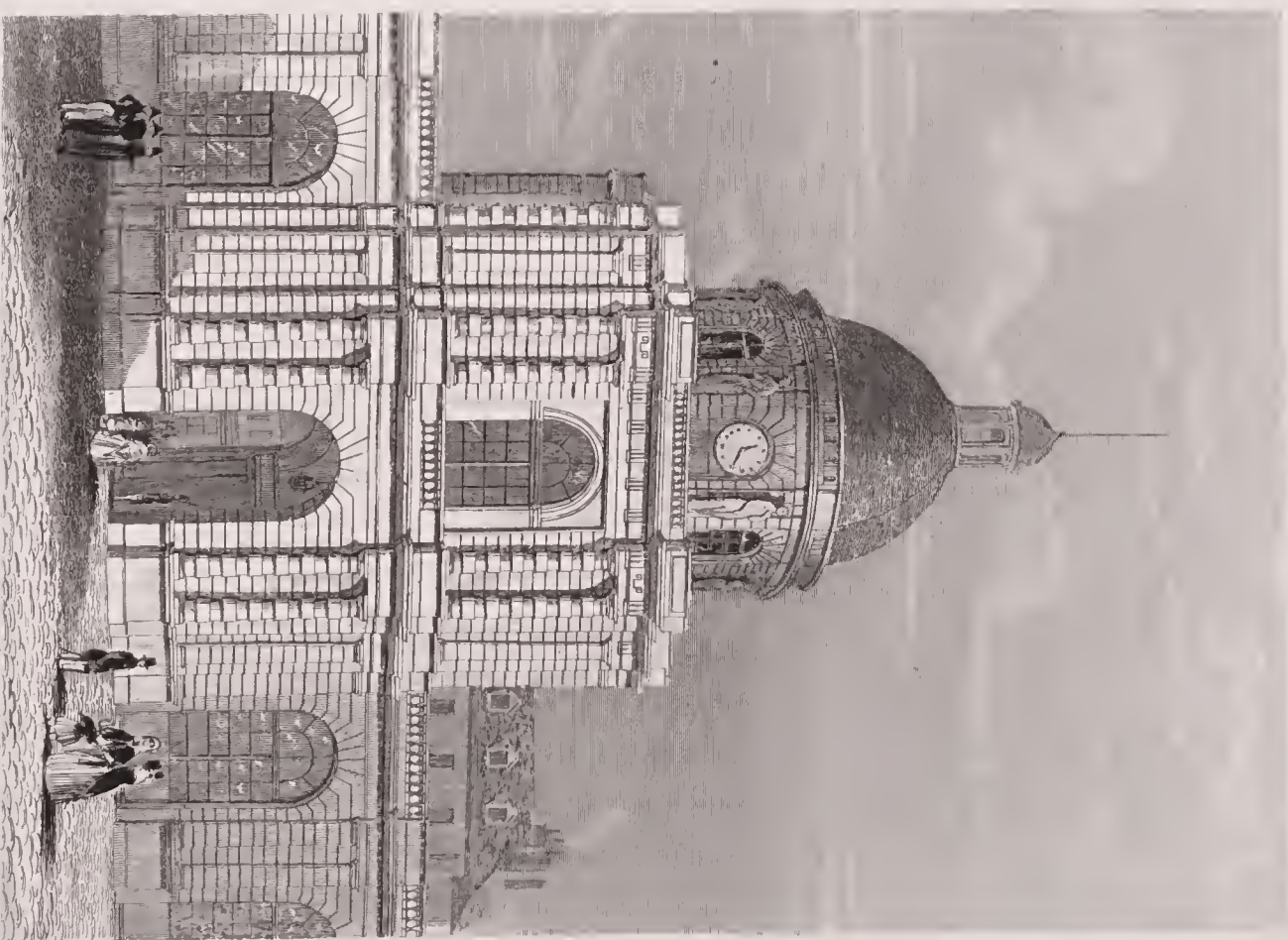
The Luxembourg was bequeathed in succession, as it were, to the sons and daughters of the royal house of France, whether Bourbon, Orleans, or Valois. When the Revolution was in its first furious throes, this palace was made a temporary state-prison, and it received the significantly ghastly name, *Notre Magazin à Guillotine*. It was used by the Directory for its sittings, by Napoleon as the consular palace, and by Louis Philippe as a *Palais de la Chambre des Paix*.

Here Ney and Labédoyère were basely and scandalously, in spite of one of the terms expressed in the capitulation of Paris, doomed to death. Here Napoleon blackened his name and fame, by brutally ordering the murder of d'Enghien at Vincennes—a murder

* Now removed to the Louvre.



PARIS



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dire, darkling, in a frowning ditch, by a dubious light—an assassination which was not attempted to be disguised under any other name. Here, too, were the traitorous ministers of Charles X., Polignae, Peyronnet, and De Guernon-Ranville, tried for compassing evil against the people, and condemned as being guilty of treason. Their lives were, however, spared them. The Luxembourg has also been one of the head-quarters of the last revolution.

The gardens of this fine palace are deservedly admired. They were planted and laid out—there is so much in this “laying out”—when gardening was a mathematical science; and the consequence is, that there is a certain artificial grace about them which baffles the beholder, who loves that which he would call more natural, but where he would find it difficult to lay down exact data for criticism. I have always found a vast attraction in those solemn and formal walks, by those green dark fountains, wandering beneath Titanic terraces, where vast masses of masonry are broken into every variety of form and shape, and where silent Apollos, smiling Venuses, and Dianas equipped for the chase, start up at unexpected corners. The luxuriant growth of the trees has obviated what might else have been a real fault.

From the front of the palace, by a continuous amplitude of streets, passing St. Sulpice on the left, and the Odeon on the right, the lounge walks towards the Seine. At the extremity, opposite the Pont des Arts, on the Quai Conti, is the Mint, or *Hotel des Monnaies*. It is remarkably handsome in its exterior, and ranks among the finest buildings in Paris.

I soon found myself, however, in a place where I was infinitely better pleased. Perhaps within the *Ecole Royale de Beaux Arts* (a part of the “Institute,” Quai Conti), among many other splendid specimens of art (many of them imitations of the antique, which one would fancy was the rage at times), is a copy of Michael Angelo’s “Last Judgment,” placed there by M. Thiers.

One is certainly not prepared for the stupendous splendour of this particular chamber, where the frowning majesty of the great Michael’s presence seems to crush one down to the earth. The spectator is overawed with the ponderosity of the designs around him.

The building is light and beautiful, and *adaptable* every way. Its fabric is elegant, its fountain is charming, its archway always catching the eye, and everything wears a winning, a most smiling aspect.

Until you go and stand before this sublime—this terrible picture, all the finely-finished things which the devoted Sir Joshua Reynolds has said of this surpassing man, hardly give one an idea of his stupendous yet awful beauty. From the rhapsodies of the enthusiastic and irascible Fuzeli, we have some fine and stirring words that cleave out a thought of him vast as Homer, when he describes the fight upon the banks of Scamander, or the implacable anger of Achilles.

The sombre, grand work gives an indescribable effect to the figure of the Judge of the world descending in ineffable glory, while beside him, august, pure, and solemnly beauti-

ful, is the blessed Virgin. How those grand countenances, calm and vast, or frowning and distorted, fill one with a multiplicity of ideas, almost beyond the grasp of the human mind! The gazer staggers under a sense of his own littleness. He half veils his eyes, and a deep horror seizes him as the intertangled groups below, with Titanic limbs, struggling and writhing amid scething fires, put one in a rack of wordless agony. The great—the unutterable woe—the huge pain, as if fire was impermeated in every fibre of the livid and quivering flesh, are almost too much for contemplation.

But it is the sublime—the true sublime, after all!

Then look at the Moses. There is something supernaturally grand, frightfully sublime, even about that mighty mass of stone, that seems, in its agitated and wrathful attitude, to breathe out such denunciations against his rebellious followers, as would sweep them from the face of the earth. Subdued tempests must have slumbered within that wondrous and godlike conception.

To be left alone for a few moments gazing upon those forms—those sculptures—is there not something appalling about the idea? Fancy yourself after the lightness, the attractive beauty of the streets, the galleries, the gardens, where you have seen so many fair and joyous things, and then experience the revulsion which falls upon you at the sight of these startling actualities.

The silence of the hall—the grim, grand Moses—the rigid yet writhing limbs, with every muscle in full tension, yet bound in its stony limits—the life, without a life—the eyes that gleam and flash, and follow you—the inarticulate war of pain and agony that rises from those “damned souls” in the lurid fire—the other frightful things half revealed—and setting the imagination actively to work,—in truth, he must be a man of strong and resolute nerve, who can sit alone there and give his imagination full play.

What sights—what visions Angelo must have seen in the depth of his soul, when, in the apocalypse of a new creation, the twin characteristics of his genius stalked past him! Terror—grandeur! both imperishable, both eternal, and both inseparable!

It was like a strife of the heroes of the Iliad, or a glimpse of the great pre-Adamites, or the Titan bound on Caucasus, surrounded by the eternal boundless space—the sea below, the sky above, and still beyond those, depth and height, beyond those still—space where the gyrating orbs could rush and whirl, and progress on in their immutable, unalterable motion.

Rushing away from the spot, and my subject at the same time, like a demented man, I mean to make short work of the remaining “lions” of Paris, as I am anxious to take a trip to the environs of the city, to the which Dewbank has been trying to excite me several times.

I am now, however, before the Hotel de Ville.

This splendid building awakens as many stormy reminiscences as any place I have seen. It reminds me of civic festivities—of good jovial citizenship, pledging to one and another with an unction and good humour peculiar to the extensive and robust burghers alone. Next there is a political agitation—then a sensation—then the mayor is appealed to

—the people assemble—a shot is fired—the mass roars and yells defiance—the streets are torn up—carriages are overthrown—the barricades are erected, and, *pardieu!* there is a revolution!

In fact, the way in which these things are impromptued—the combined ferocity and frankness—the *bonhomme* and the merciless rage with which they wreak their pent-up wrath in one sudden explosion, is just like the idiom of their own language—unique. One never looks upon the Hotel de Ville without, as a matter of course, by a natural transition, referring mentally to one of those *bouleversements* so popular in Paris.

The Hotel de Ville, or Town Hall of Paris, is situated in the *Place la Grève*, a space of ground that has so many ghastly and sorrowful souvenirs to make it remembered. Everything that is horrible and appalling in outraged and outraging human nature belongs to this place; and the lamentations for the lost, the wailing for the dead, the tears that the anguish of parting have caused to flow, are hardly yet forgotten—are not altogether wiped away. This place was the Newgate—the Horsemonger-lane of Paris—where criminals were executed, and where, in the maddest frenzy of the revolution, the most hideous passions of human nature were let loose—where men grew drunken with blood, and crowd after crowd, bloody, foaming, and intoxicated, bore fresh victims to the slaughter—revived again the trickling stream (sanguine of hue, and clotted as it was—that was the feeling), while dripping heads, with closed eyes and purple lips, borne aloft on pikes in the fierce glare of the torchlight, gave a touch of the horrible to a scene that seemed to be taken from Pandemonium, and acted upon earth for a space of time.

The building of the *Hotel de Ville* had been commenced in the Gothic style, as I find, but progressed so slowly that the *style was out of fashion*; and consequently, previous to the time of Henry IV., a variety of alterations were made. In 1608 it was finally completed.

The erection—the whole façade of the building—is full of an imposing harmony. The relation of parts to the whole faultless, and the sculptural embellishments of the most exquisite workmanship; and the names of several renowned artists are connected with the decorations and sculptures which contribute to render it so perfect.

During the wars of the Fronde, the Town Hall became the theatre of mental and actual struggles. Condé, who had collected his partisans in the square, and who opposed Louis through his rival Mazarin, bearded the provost, the Duke d'Orleans, and the court party. The mob in the square attacked the Hotel, placed faggots at the doors, and fired them, and then discharged round after round at the windows. Those within were obliged to capitulate, and a paper was thrown out of the windows with the word "Union" written on it. This came too late, and many of name and position were sacrificed before the riot was ended.

Many of the great scenes of the revolution have been acted here. Some remarkable for nobleness of soul—coolness in danger—whereby one moment's self-possession has stopped the raging fury of a people, changed momentarily into tigers. Some as remarkable, again, for everything that violates the laws both of the creature and the Creator!

Here, too, when the dust of the Bastille, overthrown in broken masses, had scarcely subsided, Louis XVI. came to Paris at the *request* of the Assembly. When Bailly had given him the keys—when Lally Tolendal had welcomed him with one of his noble but sophistical speeches,—the king, putting on the Phrygian cap—emblem of the very *reddest* republicanism—advanced to the window, and gazed down upon that vast ocean of upturned faces which were there to receive him.

If there are moments in life when we have in reality such things as presentiments, could not the doomed king have seen in those eyes—fieree, or glittering, or calm,—in those brows, frowning and corrugated, or smooth and unruffled—the wrath that had been kindled, and that would soon blaze out destructively?

They yet show the curious the chamber where Robespierre held his councils—kept his awful books, and his list of names, which diminished day by day, until the knife of the guillotine grew heavy, clogged, and thick with its ceaseless work. He had attempted to kill himself; and his jaw and face were smashed and bleeding, as he was dragged to the Hotel de Ville, and thence to the guillotine.

Some of the sharpest fighting in the revolution of 1830 took place here, and in the adjoining streets, and suspension bridge which leads from la Grève to the other shore. The latter is now named Pont d'Arcole, commemorating the heroism of a young man, who, with the tricolour in his hand, made a path for the people to follow, but was shot through the heart in the attempt.

What elements have we in the contemplation of these strifes, either in their chronological detail, or in the suggestions which the places, where the strifes occurred, arouse! What heroism, what courage!—but also, what woe, what sorrow—lie in the merciless disposition that actuates men at the moment! After all, if “everything be lost save honour,” there is yet sufficient remaining to retrieve every disadvantage already suffered.

In wandering round the square, gradually losing the sound and the bustle of life, how strangely does the tide of fancy flow in currents! some opposing, some blending, but all creating vivid pictures of the past, where, above all, the sentiment that is calculated to strike one with deep and irrepressible terror is most prominent.

My thoughts were sombre enough as I walked away, seeing in my mind's eye the guillotine again a *fixture* in the square; and it required all my powers of concentration to turn to the revels and civic festivities, of which those halls had so often been the scene. I beheld lights flashing from a thousand lamps, but they changed into the flames of a conflagration. I heard the music of a thousand instruments, which changed at last into the wild and stirring blast of martial music. Musketry rattled—cannon boomed—shells exploded. “Good heavens!” I exclaimed, as I roused myself up by nearly breaking my nose against a lamp-post, “what shall I be thinking of next?”

Ralph Potter's Story.

I interrupt myself for the present, lest I should exhaust the reader's patience, before my subject begins to fail me, by begging him to accompany me back, if his imagination will carry him, to that portion relating to Ralph Potter, which was broken off necessarily for awhile at page 41 of this my discursive chronicle.

We had dined late on a lovely rosy afternoon, when the dust and heat had made shadow and rest, light food, and cool sparkling wine, a delicious refuge; and we had spent an hour together, all three of us, in a lofty and pleasantly-lighted chamber overlooking the river (we had dined, be it known, at a fashionable *restaurant* off the Quai d'Orsay), and the *Tuilleries*, with the spacious squares, buildings, and shaded gardens on either hand, formed a picture so perfect, so beautiful, so stately and enchanting, that the sensuous faculties were sated with the charming prospect.

There lay on the table light wines, and the materials for heavier potations, if, as the night set in, Ewart (who generally brewed first) should be inclined to leave the hock for the Monongahela, or rather a very excellent substitute for it. Ewart Dewbank, by the way, would insist that it was I who was first in the field when there was a small excess to be committed; but of that anon, and the proof shall be in the first broaching of the bottle. Meantime we sipped our wine; and as the desert was cleared away, I drew out my cigar-case, and laid it down. We were in an *estaminet* where smoking was permitted—at least in some of the rooms.

"Potter, my boy, what makes you look so dull?" asked Ewart, leaning his arms on the table.

Ralph, who was certainly more than usually taciturn, started, and, with a melancholy smile, said, that "he was not aware of anything in particular."

"Hit with a pair of darts, from some Parthian orbs glowing in the forehead of a brunette. Eh, Ralph?" I asked in a playful manner.

"No," he replied gently; "I suppose I am merely in one of those moods that the rare old Burton speaks of—therefore let us change the conversation—a change of subject will be better than dwelling upon it."

"Agreed," said Dewbank readily, and we were soon in full enjoyment of the *causerie* of Paris, by which means we whiled away an hour very pleasantly.

At the end of that time, Ralph intimated that he would go to the *Français*, and see M. Chollet and Madame Charton in some of their most attractive parts. The reader need scarcely be reminded that they were then celebrities of the Opera Comique.

After a slight discussion, during which we declined to accompany him, as we had (Ewart and myself) some instinctive idea of remaining alone together, and a vague notion of recurring to Ralph's "Autobiography," some sheets of which my friend had seen me pass surreptitiously into my ample pocket. Potter took a *fiacre*, and drove off, leaving us together.

Dewbank smiled after his departure, hitched his chair closer to the table, drew another whereon to rest his legs, and taking up a plethoric cigar, ignited it, and grasping the whisky, mixed some cold grog, and appeared at ease.

"Well," said he.

"Well," I composedly retorted, "what is it that is 'well?'"

"Our present fixins, I guess," he replied. "I feel as straight up and down as old Deacon Ebenezer Ramsbottom's cob, 'Dumplin',' turned out to grass, after chokin' himself on dry hay. Take out them hieroglyphies of Ralph Potter's. I've no cotton pods in my ears. You're in fine voice, you are. Read on, and let us be edified."

After some demur, which caused him no little irritation, I finished my cigar, replenished my glass, made myself comfortable; and while the silent and delicious air came breathing in at the windows—the eye, when lifted up, being full of the beauty that surrounded all, taking out the copious MSS., I began to read.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.

"I did not stir from the college for two or three weeks after the event I have last recorded, and I heard no news from without. I felt insuperable objections to make any inquiries, and I passed the time in a state of the most irritable impatience, though I did not allow any outward expression of my tumultuous feelings to be seen; but the struggle to hide the secret that was become the ruling passion of life was certainly an herculean task.

"I attended to my studies with a sort of sullen determination, that gave my teachers an idea of me which was as contradictory as remarkable. They evidently set me down as an unsocial and morose individual, though I had no indication of such a mood in my physiognomy. My very progress in mathematics and the classics destroyed the mean idea they might have formed of my abilities. They did not think that the change in my temper was one of immediate creation, as they knew nothing of the events which had taken place, and which impinged a highly susceptible nature.

"On Aline I dwelt unceasingly. There was a mysterious relation between herself and De Souhé I vainly sought to account for, and the more I tried to explain it satisfactorily, the more did the mystery increase, and the difficulties become so many gigantic obstacles.

"What added the more to my embarrassment—if I may so call a position in which my perplexity was at its height—was that of being without a human being near me on whom I could bestow my 'tediousness;' as Dogberry hath it, I was surging upon an unquiet sea, and knew no rest.

"Her last words—her parting glance—haunted me like the remembrance of a deed of which I was never to lose sight more. Her 'adieu!' rang in my ears—her praise was like music—her look was for ever drawing me after the phantom which wore her form—I followed it in my sleep—among the garden slopes—beside the murmuring streams—it sat beside me in the bowers where I rested—the white arms clasped me, and the eyes were soft and shining like stars in the silent eve—her lips murmured love—and then came the

swarth demon-face between us with a hiss of hate—it parted us ; and the old scorn—the withering contempt, which could come in smiles to her lips, marred every fine lincament, and made her an abhorrent thing.

“The days passed drearily, the nights feverishly, and my cheeks were growing paler, which was attributable to study, for I omitted no portion of my task.

“At last, one afternoon, which was as sullen as my own humour, I could endure this no longer, and sallied forth to call upon Mr. Munro, as well as to—why should I conceal it?—to satisfy the yearnings of my heart.

“Yet, as I walked along, I could not avoid the idea that there was something Quixotish and absurd in this conduct. What was the meaning of my farewell—my bidding her adieu—my proposed reclusion—if I was to break out thus, and, like a petulant schoolboy, run back to the apron-strings, I should be man enough to cease mourning for?

“I marvelled that I had heard nothing of De Souché. Was he recovered? Was he gone? Or, had he exerted his infernal skill in fascination, and was yet remaining there, tolerated by Mr. Munro, and thrust upon the society of Aline, who could not escape? However, I trusted rather to the maternal care of Mrs. Munro, whose daughters demanded the exercise of a certain decision and discretion, by which his privileges of visiting would be considerably curtailed.

“I was tempted to return, when it struck me that the singularity of Munro’s silence might arise from the fact of De Souché’s having caused Aline’s absence by persuasion, or by violence, and the thought sent a fire into my heart.

“I hesitated no longer. I made no farther parley, but set on at a smart pace, until I arrived at the house. The door happened to be open, and the servants knew me. There was every appearance of company being there, and entering into a vast dining-room, opening into the large garden, I beheld De Souché disappearing at the door.

“I entered the chamber at the very moment that I saw her watching his departure.

“It was always remarkable, that in these times, when she appeared to be always militating against the dearest feelings of my soul—when my hatred and my jealousy for him, as well as my contempt for her, were roused to insanity—that she should seem ever loveliest, just when fading dreamily from my longing grasp.

“She was bending forward in an attitude of almost intense eagerness—her fine eyes bent on the window, and the long hair, half loosed, flooding her ivory neck. The dress she wore set off the graces of her form, and the rose, just bursting into a flower, fixed on her breast, was a relief to the plain, ladylike, but elegant material of which it was formed.

“I stood at the door the moment I entered, surprised into an admiring but bitter silence. I knew she was watching his retiring step, but the expression which I saw on her face utterly baffled me. It was a sad and bitter wonder, mingled with something that was eager and defiant. Prepared as I had been to expect by a contingency that De Souché might be there—to see him, actually roused my anger, and my unmitigated surprise.

“Why had he dared to reappear? Why had Mrs. Munro permitted the visits of a man

I had proclaimed, and struck as a scoundrel; and by consequence—as my assertion had not been disproved—unfit for the company of men who deemed that ‘honour’ was not a mere word; thus falsifying the logic by which Falstaff sheltered his poltroonery?

“And after all, what was this to me? Why should I feel annoyed at it? She had exhibited so much of equivocal feeling towards me, mingled with what I might almost imagine was apathy, that I deemed it best to swallow the rising *hysteria* in my throat, and let things go on as they may. She knew him as well as I, and probably did not dread him so much.

“I was satisfied, and retired. As I closed the door, however, the sound made her start; and I heard her turn sharply round and demand, ‘Who’s there?’

“I made no reply. Company was coming down the broad staircase, and I was collected enough to know that in the confusion, and the number, I had no need to fear any interruption whatever. I drew back a moment, in order to allow some ladies to pass in the corridor; and as there was a crowd of gentlemen before me in the hall, I merely waited until I could make my exit without pushing among them, or giving umbrage to whomsoever might chance to take it, if I chose to elbow my way out.

“The ladies retired into the drawing-room, some to music, some to the ball-room, where an impromptu dance was got up; and the gentlemen separated according to their desires and engagements, so that the place was left clear.

“It was with a growing irritation that I had been waiting for all this calm arrangement to take place; I, whose heart was, at the hour, so wild and stormy, and so little in unison with the desires which moved those around me. I was preparing to depart, when a door on the opposite side of the passage opened, and I beheld Aline once more, with a face so white and ghastly that it made me start.

“‘Mr. Potter,’ she said. It was in the magical tone with which I had been before bewitched.

“It stirred me did that tone to the last fibre of my being. A matchless woman—mentally—bodily—for whom I would have died to hear her utter my name!—Let any one hear *his own* name so pronounced, and if he be man, it will shake him too.

“I said not a word, for, in fact, I might have been as white as she was, but I will swear that I was greatly agitated.

“‘I—I—wish to—to speak to you one moment.’

“I advanced towards her at once, and she hurriedly added, ‘In here—here, for a few moments—we shall not be interrupted.’ I entered the chamber, and the door was shut.

“I know not what sentiment made these superb lips work. Nor do I know what light scorn, or deep pathos, was emitted from her fulgid eyes. I know she looked marvellously lovely; but, as before, the wicked cold sneer was on her face, and, determined as I was, I could neither say that it lay in the eye, on the brow, or on the lip.

“As she had not spoken, I thought proper to break the silence.

“‘You called me, Mademoiselle Gabrielle?’

"She cast upon me a glance like lightning, and her face blushed crimson. It was indignant, and something like surprise was in it. I knew I was lost if I quailed; and whatever I felt—outwardly I was impassive.

"'For one so young,' she said, sternly, and in the tone of a soliloquy more than ought else—'for one so young, one would wonder at the collectedness you display, and have displayed. True, sir, I called you,' she added, more directly, 'and thinking that you might have wished to see Mr. Munro, I can inform you that he has been from home for several days.'

"I stared. 'Is Mrs. Munro with him?' I asked.

"'Mrs. Munro and her daughters are with him also,' returned Aline, with what I would term one of her *white* smiles.

"I was perfectly embarrassed.

"'I am sorry—I am glad'—I began.

"'Can I not perform the rites of hospitality for a friend?' she asked. 'Mr. Munro has left me here as mistress of the house for the present. This is a party he had invited some time back, and ——'

"'And who presides in *his* place?' I asked, abruptly.

"'Have you the right to *ask* that question, sir?' demanded Aline, with a violence of tone that perfectly astonished me.

"'You have not the right to *answer*, Mademoiselle, and I did not ask it as a right. Permit me to apologise for intruding;' and, with a deep bitterness in my soul, with the tears almost starting into my eyes—which tears, however, I gulped down—I made a low bow and turned to the door.

"I heard a quick sharp breathing uttered behind me, and I paid no attention to it. I knew that to waste more words and thoughts was to waste my heart fruitlessly—I grew stern as iron at the instant.

"Would I had remained so!

"'Mr. Potter!—Ralph! will you leave me thus? so lonely! so helpless!' The tone in which Aline, to my perfect astonishment, spoke these words, were choked in their utterance, and expressed a feeling so hurt with unkindness, that my 'milky' nature gave way, and I turned instantly.

"'Why lonely? why helpless?' I asked; 'but, above all, why lonely, since I have seen him whom I interdicted from being in this house with you?'—and I spoke with a triumphant ferocity—'why, and he near you, are you alone?'

"My question may have been rude, unjustifiable—what you please; it was, perhaps, ruder in tone, but knowing the man to be from established rumour proven what he was, I believe it was, after all, a right question. Aline did not think so, however, and she gave me to understand as much, for she replied:—

"'He has a right to be here, if he be invited.'

"I bowed again. It seemed as if we were never to understand each other I did the

best I could to make myself comprehended. I replied, 'Yes, Mademoiselle, certainly, if he be invited—by all means. I am not invited; I apologise once more, and take my leave.'

"She clasped her hands together in an energy of anguish, and cried, 'My God! if they should meet!'

" 'We will not meet, if I can avoid it,' I said.

" 'Thanks!' she eagerly responded, seizing my hand, and wringing it; 'thanks! you know not how you relieve me—you know not how freely I breathe again. I feared your hasty temper,' she added;—and I gave a start of indignant surprise.

" 'My hasty temper!' I exclaimed.

" 'Yes, it is flashing out of your eyes now; or, no,' continued she, with one of those gleams of mockery which always made me more sad and more sorrowful.

" 'This time I was also enraged. I had at one time heard her insulted, and I had resented it: I beheld her in danger of persecution, and I had protected her. True, at the same time, I protected myself; but to submit to this transition of temperament, however it might suit her, was by no means agreeable to myself.

" 'It seems,' said I at last, 'that our meetings are not doomed to meet with any very agreeable results. Let us meet no more.'

" 'If you desire it,' she replied.

" 'I desire nothing,' I returned sadly, 'but that you should not be subjected to any further annoyance from me. I firmly believed that I was justified in the line of conduct I adopted. You give me every reason to think otherwise.'

" 'Do you think that I am destitute of gratitude, Mr. Potter?' she asked. Her large lustrous eyes, filled with a benign light, were bent in a sort of anxious wonderment upon my face.

" 'It would seem that by answering such a question at all,' I remarked coldly, 'as if I were desirous of being thanked for something or other that I had done. You perversely persist in making reference to a past event, which is not of the slightest consequence——'

" 'How—none?—of—*no*—consequence?' she asked.

" 'Why, in torturing me with questions like these, why did she seem so lovely—so fascinating—so childlike—so innocent—as though she would have placed herself upon my bosom in confidence and love, and remained there, safe from all ill—all harm—all chance of harm even, for ever!

" 'But I knew too, that, with a single thought, some haughty and vicious sentiment would sweep every trace of this from her face, and scorn and mockery usurp the place where soft and womanly feeling were now gently beaming with an intensity almost incredible.

" 'I repeat it,' I said. 'It does not appear to be of the slightest consequence. I find myself where I have no right to be——'

" 'I do not say so, Mr. Potter,' interrupted she gravely, 'I have no right to say so, even if I thought so. On the contrary, I must be as deficient in gratitude as in sense, if I were



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to permit you to remain longer under such a delusion. I was glad to behold you here—very glad,' she added, with an emotion in her tone that made my whole frame thrill and tingle with a delighted sense of hope and expectation that is utterly undescribable.

"'Mademoiselle Gabrielle,' I began, in a half-trembling tone, 'I know not what to say, or how to reply to you, because I do not think you can appreciate the vast joy, the boundless pleasure, it was to have done you the smallest service. If you know what devotion is, that adores and idolizes in presence and in absence, you will then know how I regard you——'

"'What would you say?' she asked, with a dark, serious, sombre look, inexpressibly gloomy.

"'I do not believe I ought to say it, Aline, because I dread you, not for myself alone, as much as I dread the revulsion of those feelings which, under scorn and mockery, would shrink in agony at such outrage, and endure, under a supercilious glance, a torture beyond that of the rack.'

"'I would not pain any one of your feelings,' she said, in a voice so earnest and determined, that I felt sure she spoke truly—'I would not pain one feeling—add one pang of agony to your grief—for the saving of this miserable existence from the ghastliest death that can be imagined.'

"I drew back from the intense and fervid sentence—from the kindling eyes, and the fiery gesture; but when she spoke of her 'miserable existence,' I was more than half frightened at her manner.

"'You miserable! *you* unhappy!' I exclaimed.

"'Alas, yes! thrice, and a thousand times, yes,' she returned violently; 'but you, proceed with what you were saying; if we meet no more, let me at least hear all you would say.'

"'That man!' I exclaimed, wrathfully clenching my hand, and shaking it after the absent De Souché, 'whom you know to be an utter wretch, is here in the house where he insulted you—undisguised, as he must be, to Mr. Munro, he is tolerated and welcomed.'

"'Mr. Munro knows nothing of him,' I heard a low voice say; and I saw that Aline had hidden her face in her hands, and spoke with the greatest difficulty.

"'It is a mystery which I cannot solve,' I said; 'but you have asked me to proceed. I will. The world is yet strange to me; but it has not worn an aspect that repels and disgusts. It has had too much of its own solemn loveliness to be neglected. It has been no barren book, no tame picture, no lifeless and inert mass, in which I lived and moved like one whose sensations were becoming extinguished one by one. The first thing that broke the calm waters of my pleasant life was your form. It was your face, Aline, that came and haunted me in my sleep, and ever after was the phantom of my thoughts, in which, stormy or calm, they had life and motion, and were full of promptings, far sublimer than any fancy had been ever before with me. I saw other beauties in my books, and the sloping meads in the moonlight echoed to the music of a voice that had cast its magic upon

my heart and spirit; it told me that the spell would last for ever, and I did not seek to break that spell. Aline, I love you!’

“The words were spoken—the sentiment revealed—the confession made which could never be recalled. Let what would happen after, I was to stand from that moment in a relation to her far different to our former one. She had ceased to be the accidental agent that had crossed my path for joy or sorrow, but was, instead, the despotic arbitress of my fate;—no unreal personage—no mere ideality, but, on the contrary, an actuality, tangible and bodily, who had the entire happiness or misery of a man in her own hands.

“There is no doubt also, but that, at the moment when great emotions are pouring over the lips, the tone becomes grand and musical, that the voice is imposing and eloquent, and that the cadence of the orator, the fire, the grace, and strength of language, is actually as nothing in comparison. I was not perfectly aware of it at the time probably, though I certainly did feel an irresistible impulse and eloquence moving me.

“‘I love you, Aline,’ I continued; ‘think you, then, that I could endure to behold a man like De Souché near you—having power and authority in the house where you dwell—speaking of you as I heard him speak—and not feel my blood become fire, and my limbs iron?’

“She uttered a low moan, and then removed her hands from her face. I started back from its horrible paleness—from the despairing eyes—from the almost ghastly misery written on her cheeks.

“‘In the name of God, Aline!’ I cried, ‘what is the matter?’

“‘I did not know, until this moment,’ she murmured, with lips quite livid, ‘that my cup of bitterness could contain one drop more bitter than any I have as yet tasted. My God! My God!’ and she wrung her hands together in great agony.

“‘It is then as I expected, Aline,’ I said at last, in low bitter tones; ‘as I feared, as I dreaded—you love me not. You, however, pressed me to speak. I *have* spoken; and the consequence is, that an additional bitterness is added to what need not have been exaggerated. We shall part then, and never meet more.’

“‘We *must* part,’ she said, pale and ghastly as though she were some white phantom that had to weep tears of blood as the expiation of a great sin. ‘Yes, we must part, and let us both pray that we may never meet. It will spare us much agony—much needless pain. Do not think,’ she added, ‘that I have heard your words without an emotion.’

“‘Can you then, indeed, not love me, Aline?’ I asked, with an imploring desperation, prompted by the great sympathy she evidently exhibited.

“‘It is not a question I dare reply to,’ she answered, still more pale and scared. ‘Your noble nature would hallow such a passion, and you honour any woman, whomsoever she may be, who can accept and reciprocate it. I dare not—I cannot—I must not. My fate is marked out too sternly. Our paths diverge; at this moment we are arriving at the spot where we part company for ever!’

“‘You alarm me—you astound me,’ I said. ‘Is it possible that my suspicions point





H. Scott per

W. H. W.

— watching his departure.

true—do I believe rightly? Can it actually be that this man, of whom I have so vast a dread, is the arbiter of your fate?’

“‘It is true,’ she said softly, and with a shudder.

“‘That De Souché is—is—’

“‘That De Souché is my master, and that I am his slave!’ and with a heart-breaking moan she hid her face in her hands and sobbed. The proud—the indomitable spirit was utterly crushed. The withering sarcasm—the lofty scorn—the impassive and unbending will was broken. Aline was conquered, and her tremendous grief awed and overwhelmed me.

“What could I do? what say? I endeavoured to comfort her. I spoke soothingly to her. My own sorrow was great enough; my wrath silent, strong, and deep. I had now a cause for hating De Souché as mortally as it was possible for a man to hate. What was his power over Aline?—his influence?—his right? To what extent did his claim go?—a master and a slave! I could not comprehend this, and if there were no guilt —

“It was this thought which stung me to the quick—it was this accursed fancy that made my blood boil, and my heart heave, and my hands to clench fiercely together.

“That this magnificent woman—this creature so matchless, so lofty in mind, in outward form so rare and perfect—that she should be the guilty paramour of a man like De Souché, was almost maddening!

“During this time the guests were amusing themselves overhead, as we could hear by the sound of the dancers’ feet, by the distant cadences of hushed music stealing through the crowded room, by the loud and mirthful laughter that came pealing from all sides—all of which jarred more frightfully upon my nerves.

“What was I to do? I could not remain there to meet the Creole—for we should, in all probability, have sprung at each other’s throats like tigers—and I could not tear myself away from her. She, however, resolved the difficulty.

“‘Adieu! adieu!’ she suddenly said, seizing my hand, and carrying it to her lips; ‘think tenderly of me, as of a sister—dead and buried. Mourn for me if you will, as they mourn for the dead; but for your own sake, and for mine, let us meet no more—never more on earth.’

“The next moment she had pressed her lips to my forehead, and was vanished. I left the house blinded and stupified, and how I got back to the college I do not know.

“I saw no more of Aline. I heard no more of her. The intense thirst of my heart—the great and unappeased yearning of my soul, was thus doomed to feed upon itself in solitude and in silence. With an indifference on which every strange construction was put, I went on day by day, and my studies became to me a mere mechanical routine, through which I laboriously toiled, but without receiving pleasure or profit in any shape or way.

“Weeks had elapsed, and I never saw anything of the Munros; and the period was drawing near when I was to return home for a short time,—an event to which I looked forward without any other feeling than that of apathy. There was no joy in the prospect of

meeting with those who loved me, for my bereavement from Aline had absorbed every thought and feeling, and made me utterly selfish.

"This was not a fit state of mind or body in which to meet my friends, and I resolved not to go home this time. An opportunity was afforded me of going to New Orleans for a few weeks; I eagerly embraced it, and set forth.

"I wrote word home to the effect that I should avail myself of the offer that had been made me, to extend my small knowledge of the world. No sentence, with regard to the ill-regulated state of my mind at the time, was allowed to escape me. My letter was more joyous than might have been imagined, and I had not failed in the strife that took place for college prizes, so that I had the satisfaction of being able to render a good account of myself, without in any way violating the truth, a thing I had a most unconquerable aversion to do.

"The journey was by sea, and as we hugged the coast I was enabled to observe closely the grand and stupendous scenery, characteristic of the western coast, from the Hudson to the Gulf of Mexico. Vast primeval forests skirted the base of the huge and shining Alleghanies, whose white tops shone in the splendid moonlight. Cities and towns, rivers and creeks, bold bluffs and stormy headlands, all by turns formed portions of a picture, which, for scenic effect, could not be surpassed by any portion of the Continent. Calm succeeded to tempest, and though we were not without risks and dangerous vicissitudes, yet the pleasant motion of the sea, when the wind had blown itself out, as seamen phrase it, brought about a reaction agreeable enough to make us forget every care.

"We arrived at the mouth of the Mississippi in due course, and entered into the noble harbour. I lodged at the house of a friend, who had the tact and taste to permit me to enjoy myself as I pleased, and without restriction, so that, freed from *surveillance*, I wandered about day after day.

"The gaieties and dissipations of New Orleans are varied enough to distract any *ennui*, and to relieve the mind, provided a man would plunge into them. But I had an innate disgust for the profligate life that so many led, and the gambling saloon, the theatre, the tavern, beheld nothing whatever of me. I preferred rather to make long trips up and down the mighty river, to ramble mile upon mile into the great solitudes stretching to right and left, and thus giving myself up to a total intercommunion with nature, I felt a placid and solemn peace that I could not else have experienced.

"But Aline was always before me. I knew the strength of the sentiment which filled my bosom too well, to expect that time or absence could weaken it; and, indeed, the contrary effect was produced. I loved her more and more, and I loved hopelessly.

"One day, in one of my inland rambles through a wild wooded country, across savannahs, and by the banks of a winding river, I had pursued my journey so far, that the noon was likely to pass into the evening before I thought of returning. I beheld at some distance the tracery of a large noble building, which indicated, to my great satisfaction, that I was near to an inhabited dwelling. I was in the midst of a grove of firs, and cautious to avoid

the serpents that might be in the waving grass, sought to break way from the intertangled wood.

“I had almost broken through the bushes into an enchantingly beautiful spot, when an object met my gaze which held me with beating heart, panting with suspense, and the tangled creepers with their blossoming leaves proved a fringe sufficiently thick to prevent my being seen.

“To the right, and stretching in crystal clearness away till it grew brown and shadowy beneath the mangroves, tall acacias, and crowding, towering palm-trees, which cast a blackness below, was spread out a limpid tank of water.

“Close to where I stood, the half-circular wall, covered with mossy herbage, prevented its escape, and on the other side it mingled with sand and broken shells, fine as the sands on which Ariel danced in the moonlight, till the sloping beach, like gold and silver dust mingled together, was terminated by a grassy bank lying deep in the soft shadows which the tangling foliage cast below.

“To my surprise, beautiful statues, copies after the antique, peeped forth through the branches on the low balustraded wall nearest to me, and walks leading into other green and gorgeous wildernesses, were indicated by their gravelly line, and by the figures placed at their entrances.

“In the middle of this piece of water sparkled and spouted numerous jets of water, from a marble pillar exquisitely carved. The flashing drops fell with a murmur of soft music into the ample tide below, where myriads of gold and silver fish played sportively about, disturbed, or probably amused, by the soft-sounding cataract.

“Gorgeous water-lilies, with blossoms almost of a fabulous kind, for their unrivalled largeness and whiteness, were waving on the surface—a broad rafting of green leaves floating like an antique relief to them. The sinuous winding stems went tortuously into the depth below, where the cloudless heaven reflected itself with such vivid truthfulness, as made the pool a well of light, and of a depth that excited the imagination to dwell upon.

“My eye took in these objects—this splendid picture at a glance; but there was a living thing giving animation and vitality to a scene inexpressibly beautiful, and impressing it with a character, such as completes a painting by an old master—where nature in her solemn loveliness unveils herself, and where a single human figure adds a degree of enchantment to that which is all but perfect.

“I recognized Aline!

“She was sitting on a bank—a half-smiling alarm was written on her solemn face; her black hair streamed dank with moisture down her marble shoulders; her garments loosely drawn around her were huddled over her bosom, as if some sudden noise had startled her, and her innate modesty had hastened to its instinctive shelter. On a broken branch hung a wide-flapped hat—fitted for such a scorching sunshine as is experienced in that latitude. Wild flowers grew around the turf on which she sat, and tropical blooms, whose splendour no words can describe, perfected the picture.

"I gazed upon her with astonishment, with an indescribable and tender yearning, and with an admiration that was intense.

"She saw me not, but her lustrous eyes were bent in the direction of the sound that had first alarmed her, for she had evidently been laving in the stream—her garments were wet with the lucid waters, and every feature was expressive of such child-like pleasure, such an absence of fear, that though she was startled, she gave no further heed to a sound arising from natural causes; and in a few moments she had flung on her wild and glowing garments, and resuming the palmetto hat, appeared like Virginia by the forest waters in the Mauritius.

"When this was over, she did not immediately move, but sat like one lost in reverie. Her face was bent down, the soft beautiful cheek leaned on the white faultless hand, and the elbow rested on the swarded bank; and there fell so profound and deep a silence all around, that I was almost pained by its peculiar and, at the moment, depressing influence.

"For where she then was, the circumstances that *must* have caused her removal from New York, her new life, her new ties and associations,—all these struck with a vindictiveness at the very roots of my dearest hopes, that I involuntarily said, 'Adieu! adieu, Aline! No seas nor continents can ever so effectually part us, as the simple fact that you yourself must have made your own election, and are *here*!—here of your own free-will, too!'

"I had an instinct all this time that I should see some one else—that there was another actor to appear presently in this scene, and give it life and colouring of a different complexion—and I was right.

"Up between an alley of palms, where scarlet blossoms of incredible brilliancy and immense size, drooping from the creeping parasites that clung to the trunks, gave an inexpressible magnificence to the scene, advanced a man, his limbs clad in the loose coat and trousers of a light and flimsy material, such as planters mostly wear, and on whose head the broad-brimmed shady hat was thrown. I recognized him at once. It was De Souché.

"Expecting him, as I actually did, his presence crushed and cursed me. Every passion, even that of jealousy, was absorbed in my wrathful, voiceless hatred. Since I had met with him, I knew what it was to experience those ferocious passions which slumber in every human heart. He had actually made me a worse man. I was more than annoyed at myself for this. I was enraged; but what could I do? He played (quite unconsciously) upon me, as an organist uses the stops of his grand instrument.

"She looked up when he advanced, and smiled.

"But, gracious heaven! what a smile! I recoiled to look upon it. The white face—for it was white—had I knew not what of the sinister in it. There was bitterness, and a depth of despair almost degrading.

"I saw his eye lighten, and his fierce lips curl, and a change come over his beautiful face. When he came up to her, he held out his hand with an imperious gesture, and she in turn held out hers to take it, not with gladness or welcome—and I felt something like

satisfaction at witnessing this; but of what avail was this satisfaction, when I looked at the change a single moment made in her heavenly aspect?

"She was metamorphosed into something earthly—merely earthly—a woman bound to a man by a tie she could not break, and which was destructive of all her high and lofty merits, in my eyes, as an adorable woman, for whom *I* would have done—— Oh! what would I not have done for her? I no longer resisted the absorbing idea that she was the arbitress of my fate. I felt myself bound to continue unresistingly my blind devotion. By-and-by it will be seen how it was returned. At present, little is or can be known about that.

"I watched them both with the same fierce intensity that a panther or a leopard watches the antelope by the fresh fountain. In destroying this De Souché, I would have destroyed both. In saving Aline, I might, perhaps, be also tempted to spare him, supposing so great a self-sacrifice was demanded by circumstances at my hands.

"I watched them until they were out of sight, and then I felt like one wandering in darkness. The sunshine, which had been bright and glaring, grew dull and dim, and a mist was falling on all around me. Into the shade of the noble umbrageous trees they both vanished, like two lovers going to whisper their hearts' secrets beside the murmuring fountain. That I could not tell—*that*, in fact, I would have refused to reply to. Wherefore, indeed, should I have permitted myself to dwell upon that eclipse of my one silent idea, which was blotted and blurred enough, God knows!

"I know not how I retraced my steps. By the time that the sun was set, I was wandering in the streets of New Orleans, having already dined with my friend, and drunk more freely of his magnificent wine than I was in general accustomed to do. He had become used himself to my moody fits. I was to him a dreamy, foolish, whimsical fellow. I was 'original,' a 'book-worm,' anything, in fact, he liked; but whatever I allowed myself to be dubbed, I was left alone if it was my mood to be so, and, uncontrolled and uncriticised, was permitted to do as I pleased. This blessed privilege, you may be sure, I used with latitude, and sometimes abused.

"I was strolling—for my head beat so wildly within doors that I could not endure any restraint. It so happened that I had rambled into an unestimable quarter of the city, famous for its brawls, night-attacks, quarrels, and even its assassinations. It was the Fauxbourg Tremole, where the very first time that masked balls and casinôs had been established at the barrières of Paris, these fooleries had been imported.

"There they were—taverns, cafés, billiard-rooms, ball-rooms, and supper-rooms. The sound of music rang into the streets, which were gloriously lighted, in defiance of gas companies, by the moon. My brain was in a fever, and my heart was beating furiously. The excitement of thinking, the wine, the music, the air, many, many memories, all were corroding upon me at the moment, and I felt it as an insufferable weight that I must be rid of one way or other.

"I entered into a billiard-room, a noble and superb chamber altogether, laden with the

fumes of wine, spirits, and cigars. It was partially full. At the moment I opened the door, and let it fall back, I recognized, in the first player I saw, De Souché.

"Our eyes met: we knew each other.

"A bitter, half-malignant, half-scornful smile passed over his lips, and then he went on as if nothing had disturbed him. Calm and impassive, he continued to play on; and when the first surprise, and such revulsions of feeling as the reader may comprehend, had passed over me, I took my seat with an air as indifferent as any of the rest.

"My surprise, however, at the moment was unbounded. True, it would not take very long to walk from the city to the very spot where I beheld him a few hours back with Aline, and he might be an often frequenter of this place. At all events, there he was, and I felt a dogged, savage determination not to quit the place. It was a foolish, unfortunate meeting; but accident had done it, and I could not, for very shame, do what my better feelings prompted me to do—leave the room. I lighted my cigar, and sat down to look on.

"Every now and then De Souché passed me as the play went forward, and as the place on which I happened to take my seat was somewhat close to the table, we were occasionally liable to come in contact; but I never moved, and had doggedly determined not to do so.

"‘My friend,’ said he at last, in a tone of emphatic irony, ‘may I trouble you to move?’

"I was drinking a glass of iced wine at the moment, which I had called for, and my only reply was, to toy with the glass, with the liquor, and with his patience, just as an epicure would with a rich morsel.

"I saw, with a malicious satisfaction—I saw the blood mount to his cheek, and the wicked gleam flash in his eye; and if my cheek and eye did not exhibit the same, I am free to confess it was not for lack of the same wicked feeling.

"‘You are in my way, sir,’ he said, in a stern, low voice.

"There were in the splendid room, the *roués* of the city—dressy, dashing men, brave and vile, good and bad, mingled alike. There were officers and civilians, the merchant, the rake, the ruffian. I had taken a stand. This accounts for my determination to support it.

"‘Move then, and especially,’ I added, ‘move for your better convenience.’

"Those who were around us stared with astonishment; in the first place, because no man ever spoke in that manner (I was afterwards told) to De Souché, and in the second place, because I was so young, to be guilty of a breach of what might be termed ill manners, which, I think, was the case, speaking generally, on this occasion.

"To the surprise of all present, the Creole planter took a longer cue, and played his stroke of billiards without further notice, then biting his lip till the blood came, while I, in the meantime, was emptying my somewhat capacious glass.

"I remarked that the stare of astonishment was heightened among all those present. They were struck with my audacity, or my impertinence or ignorance, and they were certainly struck with De Souché’s forbearance. I, for my part, having my own feelings

to look to, and remembering the past, was not at all astonished ; for, just then, what was there I dared not do—dared not meet ?

“ The game was ended. It was proposed to play another. The fiend of quarrelling, I think, must have entered into my very heart. I was as innocent as a child, on entering, of doing anything to annoy or to irritate any man. I had a sort of speaking acquaintance with a man present. I got up, and began to play for my own amusement. He came and spoke to me. We agreed to play for cigars and a bottle of wine.

“ ‘ The board is engaged, gentlemen,’ said the marker.

“ ‘ By whom ?’ I asked.

“ ‘ By us, sir,’ said one of the former players in reply.

“ ‘ Oh !’ I said, ‘ you cannot monopolize all the amusements of the evening ; and, in fine, I have promised to play, and I always like to keep my word.’

“ ‘ When a board is engaged,’ began this gentleman.

“ ‘ Play,’ I rudely said, addressing my companion ; ‘ you have the first stroke.’

“ ‘ Do you comprehend, my unfledged youth, that New Orleans is not precisely like New York ?’

“ This strange question was put to me by De Souché, who stood before me. The veins in his forehead were swollen, his cheeks were spotted with a blood-red hectic, his fine hair, tossed in massive curls over his brow, and waving on his shoulders, gave relief to a head that was absolutely wondrous. If the man had not been so bad, I should even have forgiven him his robbing me of Aline.

“ ‘ Ah !’ said I, ‘ you speak of New York, do you ? I have left it lately,’ and I smoked away at my cigar.

“ ‘ Have you heard me speak ?’ he asked morosely, as his eyes flashed fire, and his lips writhed.

“ My friend—that is to say, my speaking acquaintance, for I never met him after—approached us, and said to me soothingly, ‘ Come, come, what nonsense is this ?’

“ Several men also gathered closer. The proximity of a collision is always attractive. I myself have always endeavoured to avoid them, and, for that reason, have, for the most part, found myself engaged in them, without the remotest idea of being entangled in business not appertaining to me.

“ De Souché and I stood opposite each other.

“ I heard the men around me speak. I was perfectly collected, and smoked my cigar.

“ ‘ And you,’ I said to the planter, ‘ have you *forgotten* New York ?’

“ His face grew terrible ; for rage, malignancy, and assassination strove how to deform beauty.

“ ‘ Gentlemen,’ said he, in a cold and collected tone, ‘ this man has insulted me before——’

“ ‘ He has struck you before,’ said I, as calmly, ‘ and threatened to throw you out of a window. He will add one threat more, that if you play——’

“‘There is only one conclusion to be drawn,’ said a man, advancing with the air of one taking an injured side.

“‘A duel, do you mean?’ asked another eagerly.

“‘Certainly,’ was the response.

“‘De Souché, you are challenged. Name your terms,’ again spoke the ready friend, ‘it’s all familiar matter.’

“‘Now!—across the table!—pistols!—blindfold!—or breast to breast!’—was the next eager suggestion.

“‘It’s quite in his way that, I guess,’ added a fourth, in a drawling voice, but one very expressive of enjoyment.

“‘Gentlemen,’ I said, with as much coolness as I could command, ‘I don’t fight duels for any man’s particular pleasure or whim, except for my own satisfaction. I shall have no objection to fling this man out of the window, though I don’t wish to break any bones; but I would rather fight a duel with any or with all of you, in preference to this pretending autocrat.’—I filled up the rest with a look of disdain.

“The reader will be easily satisfied that I had drank my sufficient quantity of wine to talk in this manner. It was the ‘Orlando Furioso,’ who challenged the world. It was the son of Charlemagne, who fought in the pass of Roncesvalles! But, upon my word, I was quite in earnest.

“‘I refuse to be shot down like a mad dog,’ I continued, ‘by such an animal as this; and if he asks me to fight with him, he will know what my reply will be.’

“‘A refusal, of course,’ said an officer in undress, with a supercilious lip.

“‘Sir,’ I said, with a fixed look, ‘I am no great hand with pistols—besides they make a noise; but as I know that there is a room here where we can practise with foils, I have no objection in life to break off the button and play a pass with you.’

“A murmur ran among them, but I cannot assert that it was one of admiration at my daring, or whether it was one of irony or ridicule; but still I smoked on composedly, and waited either for the play or the affray to begin.

“The officer said, ‘Sir, you misunderstand me.’

“‘I believe, sir, I did,’ said I in reply, very drily.

“It was hardly possible for any one to stand this; and, consequently, he swore, ‘Zounds, if——’

“‘This is the man with whom I have business, if with any,’ I interrupted him without ceremony; ‘and I have said that I refuse to fight with him’—(I indicated De Souché with my finger)—‘I refuse to fight with him in his murderous manner, for I would rather flog him—yes, as he flogs his slaves. I would rather place a cane about his shoulders, and certainly I would willingly throw him into the street!’

“The wine was playing gambols with my poor brain, for I never talked of punishment so violently before.”

"Our friend Ralph seems to have a perfect genius for *talking*," said Dewbank, interrupting me in my reading. "Did you ever hear of such a fledgeling in New Orleans? If that should be no bounce now——"

"No," I drily replied; "but will you let me go on: I am interested, if not——"

"Oh, go on," said he curtly.

"And, as far as the 'bounce' goes, I'll ask Ralph himself, if you like, whether he was more excited when writing this than should be consistent with a truth-telling man."

"Ask him no such thing," cried Dewbank. "Snakes and fire! do you want to see Ralph and myself walk out into the woods with a rifle a piece?"

"No, I don't," I answered; but still I didn't think you were afraid either of Ralph Potter or his rifle."

"Henry Clay Crockett," said my irritable friend, bending his frowning brows upon me, and speaking with a gravity that was dangerous to my risible faculties, "Henry Clay Crockett, a man aint an angel, and you can't raise sobs like pumpkins. I'll go as far as to say that there's more of the devil in me sometimes than any other thing—lightning packed up ready for explosion——"

"Bowies, butchers, blood, and 'blastation!'" as Fuseli used to swear, "don't work yourself up to duelling pitch, my dear Ewart; if so, get your pistol and stand opposite the pier-glass,—I'll do the same,—we shall have principals and seconds,—nay, you shall even fire at me, if you please—in the glass,—your wounded honour will be healed, and no blood lost. I won't speak to you again of fear, upon my conscience. Are you satisfied, or must you scalp me?"

"I think I must let you live," he returned, laughing, "in spite of myself, if it's only to finish the reading. Come, get into the onslaught at once."

I then resumed the manuscript.

"De Souché was smiling darkly, and one or two of the bystanders were shrugging their shoulders.

"'If any one present,' I resumed, irritated by this smiling, 'if any present think that I fear this man, or any other, I shall be happy to undeceive him in any form or way he may choose. As for him,' again meaning De Souché, 'I have merely to say, that I believe my life worth that of a hundred such as his, and that I have no right to risk its loss by contact with such a ruffian!'

"Heavens! how the human tiger bounded when he heard the concentrated bitterness and rage with which I designated him—a ruffian. He fell back as if he had been stabbed. His face underwent the most convulsive changes. The uncontrollable rage which boiled and bubbled in his blood was too much for him to support. With a frightful cry he rushed towards me.

"Two or three flung themselves across him and arrested him. He struggled, and his strength was evidently tremendous; but he was effectually prevented, and stood panting,

glaring, and muttering, while I, with a tantalizing smile, looked coldly upon his impotent wrath.

“ ‘Whoever desires to see me, or to speak with me, will find me at that address,’ I said, and flinging my card upon the table, I quitted the chamber. I had, without doubt, created such a sensation as was rare even in this city of adventure and excitement, and made enemies if I made no friends.

“I was walking along the *banquette*, or elevated pathway of the road, about half an hour after this occurred—pacing to and fro, trying with all my power to calm the fury in my blood, and scarcely able to do so under any form or circumstance. It was very dark at this moment, for there were no lights in the immediate neighbourhood, though in the distance I beheld them flashing, and the moon was obscured in clouds.

“All at once I heard a rapid trampling of footsteps, and two or three men precipitated themselves upon me with such force and violence as took me off my legs, and, by consequence, saved my life, for I felt that a weapon had grazed my shoulder, and I rolled over once or twice.

“I gave a cry for help, and recovering my feet, grappled one of them, whom I soon astonished with two or three blows that confused him considerably; and the second I tripped as he came, and sent him tumbling, with a crash that was almost frightful, into the road.

“My third man, however, was not to be got rid of so easily, and there were one or two more waiting for the opportunity of striking at me with their knives. Matters were getting very desperate, and my life was in the most imminent danger. I repeated my cries for help in a louder voice.

“ ‘Snakes and fire!’ shouted a loud, peculiar voice, ‘what on airth have we here? A white scalping party, by the ’tarnal. Hug away thar, strangar,’ he added, ‘and I’ll double up the critters,’—and, without more ado, I heard some heavy, dull blows, as if the butt of a gun was struck against a wool-pack; and a few hollow groans, together with the sudden disappearance of the dusky figures I had seen around me, indicated that, with the exception of him that was fiercely seeking my throat with one hand, and lowering his knife with the other, I had nothing more to fear.

“But my enemy would not let me go. As his face was close to mine, I could feel that his breath was hot and fiery. My strength was fast giving way; but, by a desperate effort, I had him across my knee, his back bent against it.

“ ‘Assassin!’ I whispered in his ear, ‘what is the price of blood in New Orleans?’ and, in turn, I pressed his throat till I had nearly strangled him; then lifting him up, without regard to his comfort, or the ease and safety of his bones, I flung him into the road below after his companions.

“ ‘Well done, strangar!’ shouted my sturdy friend, who had arrived so opportunely to my assistance. The moon now shining clearly, exposed to view the strong and rugged outlines of a grizzly-bearded, hunter-clad man, of some forty years of age, whose limbs,

vast as they were, seemed to be nothing more than masses of dry and indurated muscle. The frank, bold, bluff face had an expression of great good-lumour, in which some slight touch of the sarcastic seemed to linger.

“‘Thank you, friend,’ said I, giving him my hand, which he griped as though his brawny fist had been a vice. ‘Thanks for your help. It would have gone hard with me but for your assistance.’

“‘Aye, aye, strangar,’ he replied, assentingly. ‘Thar’s no doubt but the ’tarnal coons war gwoing to scour a bowie in you; but let’s hev a squint at ’um; I reckon that these two ar ’bout settled,’ and he turned those he had so ponderously saluted with the butt of his heavy rifle over with his foot. They were ruffians of the lowest grade by their dress and faces, and formed a portion of the scoundrelly cut-throats that infested that quarter. I was not quite so certain about the one I had been in most danger from, but looking into the road I found he had made the best of his way from the spot.

“‘And the tother devils have pulled foot, I guess,’ added the man, with a laugh; ‘but if you’ve got a cut, as ’taint unlikely, for these cussed critters kin do the best man a mischief; I calkilate you’d better strike into a trail for hum’ (home).

“I cast a glance on the two, who still lay motionless on the ground.

“‘Don’t be afeard,’ he resumed; ‘nothin’ less than hemp, and that well twisted, can finish them up, I reckon. Leave them in the air: they’ll be all right, and, as there may be a few more of the same mongrel breed about, I’ll strike tracks with you.’

“My gratitude was extreme, and as there was no absolute fear that the lives of the two wretches were actually endangered, and that I had, in addition, but little reason to be very merciful to them, I accepted the offer of his company, and we were soon safely at my friend’s house.

“I could not part with my brave defender in the abrupt manner he proposed. I invited him in, and, with cigars and whiskey placed before him, we drew out of this splendid and original specimen of the backwoods, some amusing and interesting relations concerning his adventurous life.”

I now closed up the MS., and stoutly refused to read any further for Ewart’s edification, and as Ralph came in from the theatre soon after, we spent the rest of the evening in a desultory but very pleasant manner.

St. Cloud.

The next day, in pursuance of a determination I had made to visit some of the most remarkable places in the neighbourhood of Paris, we all three of us started in a conveyance we had hired, in order to make an excursion to St. Cloud.

We quitted Paris by the barrier of Versailles, because we could not think of neglecting a visit to Passy, a charming little village, doubly interesting to us Americans from its having been the spot which Franklin chose as the place of his sojourn, during the period when

the enthusiasm of the people was the forerunner of the terrible days that were in store for France. Here dwelt the hard-headed, calm-hearted, far-seeing, prudent old printer of Philadelphia, who destroyed the *prestige* of a court, and without heeding or troubling himself about it, set fashions for the brilliant and the witty of Paris—led the *ton* of France—and, without an effort, created a moral revolution in the heart of the kingdom that was as remarkable as it was complete.

To behold the descendants of the old *noblesse*, men who boasted of the loftiest names in the country, surrender their lace, their powder, their wigs, their frippery, to the prosaic shears that left them the simply severe mementoes of a primitive time—paint, patches, and perukes, giving way before the grave contempt of a simple citizen of America—one would have supposed the antique days had come back—and that Lycurgus had visited a Sybarite settlement, and shamed them into simplicity of life and manner out of the full enjoyment of Persian, or indeed Parisian luxuries.

St. Cloud is but five miles from the city, and the country is beautiful in the extreme. We pass under the shadows which La Muette, one of king Louis XIV.'s beautiful bits of extravagance, dedicated to Pompadour. The Park is a blending of woods and gardens, copses and forest-trees, and one knows not even which prevails. Keeping to the right of Autueil, through the alleys of the wood, the whole forming that delicious resort of Paris Cockaigne, the Bois du Boulogne, we arrive at last at the Pont St. Cloud, a light iron-bridge which crosses the Seine, and instantly you are in St. Cloud. On the one hand, noble and imperious, the park with its rich, natural beauties, admirably seconded by the opulence of art—the Chateau, with its two terraces—the arbours—the cascade, unrivalled by anything of the kind in Europe—demand attention. The winding Seine, with its green fringe, interspersed with white cottages and thick copses, meets the view—and the pleasant village upon the undulating height, spreads itself out in the midst of the morning air, which carries about, in murmuring sweetness, the fragrance of the buds which break in June.

Of the Chateau, originally, I have not been able to glean much, and what I have gathered is somewhat confused; but that it was not always royal property is certain, inasmuch as Louis XIV., who had a fancy for buying and building, and a keen eye to those delicious nooks here and there to be found, purchased it in 1658, and gave it to his brother, afterwards the Regent—he who rendered vice so fashionable in France. It remained in the possession of his family until 1782, when Louis XVI. bought it for the hapless Marie Antoinette, and since then it has always been a royal residence.

We travel, or rather we dreamily wander round and round, in order to look upon the Chateau from every available point, and find that it is rather a remarkably difficult thing to do, the trees are so lofty and the foliage so dense; but the mystic greenness of this "Castle of Indolence" still pleases, and we care little about details of architecture, and do not heed whether one part bears the marks of Time, while the other flourishes in all the freshness of modern style and innovation. We came perpetually to the cascade. No description of it can so effectually exhibit it to the reader, as a reference to the plate (vide

vignette), and we leave him to this task, while our imagination carries us back to a few of the remarkable events connected with St. Cloud.

It was here that the fanatical despot, Henry III., fixed his quarters, after having, with his butcherly brother Charles IX., left Paris—left France—floating in the blood of murder and assassination, and by his crimes compelled the Sorbonne to absolve his subjects from their allegiance. Here it was that Jaques Clement, a Dominican priest, filled even to explosion with the regicide doctrines which the King's atrocities compelled the people to entertain, obtained admittance to him, and stabbed him in the belly. This blow put a stop to the civil war then raging. It was here, too, that if tales and traditions, and strong probabilities lie not, Henrietta, the wife of Charles I. of England, was poisoned. A more pernicious woman, unless it be Catherine de Medici, never perhaps existed. She put, too, her husband in peril. She compelled him to sacrifice his friends; and it was, doubtless, through her that Strafford went to the block. She was poisoned at St. Cloud; but an impenetrable mystery covers the conclusion of a life of sanguinary intrigue, and the dark history must be left untold, till some one more adventurous dares to lift up the veil.

As we gaze up the walks, where a soft but solemn shade is thrown by the trees which are cut on each side of you straight as a wall, and which, with dark openings here and there, lead into walks where the most glowing sunshine falls with a mysterious dimness, we give a thought to the stormier days of the Revolution, when the distant thunder began to rumble and to menace, and Louis XVI. thought that he could carry his anointed head as proudly as his predecessors. Little did he dream that the hands of a drunken butcher should toss it from the scaffold among the reeking and filthy straw already wet with blood.

On yonder terrace, with his cloak blown wildly about by the autumn winds, stands the stormy Mirabeau. He looks upon the heaven, with a vast gathering of wrath in his tempestuous eye. His soul is stirred up within him, as though it were tossing on the waves of restless and mysterious deeps, whose profundity appal and irritate him, but from which he will not draw back. A fair woman, with her haughty brow stricken by terror into humiliation, suddenly appears. She cries out, "Save us!" and kneels at his feet. It is the Queen!

But the man who in his gigantic strength had set the fatal wheel rolling, could not now stay it. The Revolution had begun, and the smell of blood filled the air, and down it went into the bottomless abyss, crushing, destroying, mangling into shapeless masses all it met with in its way, leaving men to stare aghast at the grim ruin it had made, and to which they had lent all their strength and energy. Marie Antoinette went forth from St. Cloud to the guillotine.

It was here that the sous-lieutenant of Toulon first asserted the unquailing obstinacy of his character, and it was also in this chateau that he was hailed Emperor.

Here sat Charles the Tenth when the news of the next dethronement came to him. "Sire," said the messenger, "it is no longer a revolt—it is a revolution," and truly it was so.

Fed by fancies such as these, no wonder that I wandered here and strolled there, silent

and saddened by the resuscitations that ever and anon started up before me, impressed with the beauty of the musical grove, struck with the wild and picturesque revealings the opening walks sometimes revealed, and startled in turn by the grim and haggard face of some victim or other, who must needs die a terrible death, in order to give that indefinite *empressement* to a scene that has become historical.

One of the remarkable things also, among many others, is the Lantern of Diogenes, placed on the top of an obelisk erected by Napoleon in one of the loveliest places that the park offers. From the top of this you have a magnificent and extended view.

On the one hand, an avenue of beeches leads to Ville d'Avray, an opulent suburb, where rich citizens, artists, and men of letters who love peaceful solitudes, dwell. The fine road that surrounds the neighbouring country was made by the Dauphines. Bellevue, Sevres, Mont Valérien, once a burying-ground, afterwards a fortress: in truth, the whole country, as far as Versailles, is charming in the highest degree; and from thence take a circle, of which St. Cloud shall be the centre, and perhaps all France cannot show, if wilder and grander, more lovely scenery—so many valleys of Tempé—so many glades like the Arden of Shakespeare—so many fine old chateaus, of which Rubens' may stand as the type, being found and scattered abroad in all directions.

At the obelisk surmounted by the lantern, parties rejoin each other after they have lost themselves in the mazes of the park. The steamboat waits on the river to bear some away—the vehicles are all ready to depart. The feasters, the laughers, the *bon vivants* who have emptied the last dish and the last flask, prepare to go. The younger ones draw closely up to each other, and take their seats side by side, to murmur and to whisper—and when the dewy twilight comes down on the woods, all are departed.

It was with a sense of delicious languor and pleasant fatigue that I went to rest as the pretty chambermaid bade me “Good night!” and Dewbank's snores already *indicated* that he was in dream-land.

As I had it in intention to say something of the Bastile, of the Paris *barricadeur*, and of several others in connection with the revolutionary changes, I find that I can best embody the matter in the following story, which I have picked up—no matter how—but which appears to me to contain so graphically the germ of those mighty changes which have convulsed Europe, even while, episodically, it makes mention of places and localities interesting to the reader, that without further preface I introduce it, seeing that as we are soon to enter into Germany, and have much to relate concerning it, I can find no better opportunity than the present. I commence, therefore, at once, and as it is peculiarly illustrative of that frightful system of despotism actively at work in France till within the last three quarters of a century, I shall entitle it,

The Lettre de Cachet.

Louis XV., with the familiar lessons of Louis XIV., and of the Regency before him, though he cannot be taxed with going to their extent, has yet much to answer for. Certain

terrible epochs of his life are marked with crime and blood. Our story, therefore (strictly founded upon fact) will exemplify the abuses of the power which he wielded, turning the trust his people reposed in him so blindly, in order to wound and oppress them, and to crush any who opposed his infamous designs.

It is not intended to heighten the odious colouring of his life, nor to tear the veil which falls over those orgies held in palaces whose chambers were hung with pictures *à la Maintenon*. If we only add, that these were taken from the most glowing portions of heathen mythology, the reader will comprehend their nature much better than we can describe them. All episodes of the Bastille are those of terror; but their revelations have their uses, as it is one of the symptoms by which the spirit of the present age fosters in man a noble anger against tyranny, and by drawing forth his sympathies on behalf of the suffering, we are assured that the humanity of the reader will not slumber.

Premising this we commence our story.

One glorious afternoon in the summer of 1755, a party of elegantly dressed men, for the most part young, with here and there a grey head, were gathered in one of the superb apartments of the Palais Royal.

This apartment bore in its decorations the certainly tasteful arrangement of the regency; the ornaments were of the most flowing as well as flowery description, among which Sevres china, and ornaments of gilded Limoges enamel, were most conspicuous—the taste of the latter Louis being much in favour of such elegancies. The gilding of the chamber, cornices, pilasters, and portions of furniture, was heavy, massive, and inclining, from its cumbrous elegance, to be even grand; while the tapestries, the curtains, the cushions of the ottomans and stiff-backed chairs, were from the Gobelins' factory. Silken stuffs of the finest Lyons texture were elegantly fitted in pannels, which in turn gave glowing and beautiful relief to large medallions worked in alabaster, and the whole had a superb and finished air.

The windows opened to a terrace, where lay, in stiff regular ranges, the most superb blooms of the tropics; while below the terrace stretched the great garden, with its box-hedges cut like walls, between which you might walk across the beautiful sward as though in so many impervious and secure retreats.

The day was beautiful, and the group of gentlemen seemed to think so, for they carried on a gay, animated, and very nonsensical conversation among themselves, from which we will endeavour to gather that which relates most closely to our history.

"The king is late in returning from his council to-day," observed one, a handsome languid-looking young fop, taking snuff after a slight pause, as though the parenthesis was to fill up a gap in the dialogue.

"You forget, *mon ami*," returned his friend, "the king never wearies himself long at council, unless the Abbé St. André is with him."

"Well, what do you infer from that, monsieur?" demanded the first speaker.

"That his majesty in such a case performs two important duties at one and the same time, for you will remember that the Abbé is his confessor, and that Louis remains with him alone when all the others are departed."

"Hush! will you, indiscreet babbler that you are?" said an elder courtier (the Count de Mouillon by name) in a lower tone, while shrugs and winks passed round: "this thoughtless devil of a St. Remi will mar his advancement."

"Peste! why should I hush?" cried the young man, with a noble but somewhat *free* air; for though the temperance of the king was at times almost cynical, yet the wines and half-emptied glasses on the table, round which these were now gathered, showed that at this period such abstinence was not the order of the day. "Why should I be silent?" he continued, "since the king himself makes a boast of it?"

"A boast of what, my dear fellow?" demanded another, with a most decidedly aristocratic bearing and lordly face; for if nobility can go by physiognomy, the Marquis la Fleury would rank with the highest in the land. "I have so lately returned to court that I am ignorant of half the pleasant little *contretemps* which served so amazingly to shorten the weariness of one's excessively short life."

"Do but hear this, La Fleury," cried the audacious St. Remi; "he would wish us to believe that there is no such thing as *ennui*,—no such thing as a gentleman being positively and decidedly incapable at times of knowing what the devil to do with himself. I appeal to you, if it is possible he can by even a chance be right?"

"For my part," returned La Fleury, with such ease and collectedness, as instantly checked the laugh that was beginning to be general, "for my part, when one asks a question, or when an assertion is hazarded, I am always willing to return to it. Now I have no doubt but that St. Remi has something that is charming and *piquante* to tell us. He says the king boasts of it,—now what is it? My dear fellow, do you not perceive anxiety written in every face?"

There was a stare and a general laugh at the gravity with which the young marquis delivered himself of this; and St. Remi, with imperturbable good humour, which was one phase of his great gossiping habits, said, "Well, then, I will tell you how the king laughs at these things;" and he began thus:—

"The other night I was honoured by being in company with his majesty, the Abbé St. André, and several others: his majesty was telling an anecdote of the preceding night. You must know that Louis went unexpectedly to sup with a favourite actress, residing in the Rue de Rivoli, because his useful ally, the Abbé St. André, had inferred that the lady in question did not carry her notions of prudery to the extremest limit, but had, on the contrary, invited a favourite lover to sup with her."

"That is the divine little Soncriste to the life," ejaculated La Fleury, with great glee; "but, pardon me—proceed."

"Just so," assented St. Remi. "Well, she hearing of this most unexpected call, was greatly alarmed. While on entering the house, his majesty was informed that she was

very ill, and, indeed, he found her lying, wrapped up on a couch, with every symptom of sickness—if the coverings beneath which she lay were any rule to judge by.

“‘Good evening, madame,’ said the king; ‘I am come to sup with you, but I beg you to receive my condolence on your being so suddenly unwell. The exertion of playing your part to-night has been too much for you.’ ‘Indeed, your majesty,’ replied she, ‘it is the case—I am exceedingly unwell.’ ‘That is the more unfortunate for me,’ said Louis, with a sigh, ‘for I intended to do myself the pleasure of supping with you.’ ‘Alas! your majesty, unhappy that I am! I have nothing to offer you but a partridge or two—that——’ ‘*Vive Dieu!* the very thing,’ exclaimed his majesty, ‘for I am passionately fond of partridges, as you know, madame. Pray, let them be sent for.’”

The courtiers, on hearing this relation, were all anxiety and eagerness. There was something in the event so bordering upon what might be called a seasoned bit of court scandal, that La Mouillon, who had been used to the gay days of the regency, rubbed his hands and said “Ah! ah! and what said the charming little Soncriste to that?”

“You shall hear,” replied the young gentleman. “The partridges were brought, and the king sat himself down to the table, while the actress herself was in a most unenviable state of suspense. But what was her astonishment, when having eaten a portion of one, his majesty took a whole one, and opening a loaf of bread, placed it between, flung both under the bed, and rising up, took his hat. ‘*Mon Dieu!* sire,’ she cried, ‘why does your majesty throw the partridge under my couch?’ ‘Because, madame,’ replied the king, ‘every man must live, and your friend beneath your couch must not be left with a wish to cut my throat because I have eaten his supper,’ and then taking up his hat, his majesty departed; and when he had ended the story,” added St. Remi, “he laughed the loudest of all, while St. André bent his head towards him and said, ‘Ah! sire, if I did not look that your majesty’s confidence was not abused, my conscience would leave me sleepless. Your grandsire, the great Louis, or even the Regent, would have given a cardinal’s hat for such a man.’”

“And what said the king to that interested addition of the worthy abbé?” demanded La Fleury.

“He said,” replied St. Remi, “‘Monsieur l’Abbé, you will be good enough, if you wish this to be acknowledged, to apply to the queen—she may recognise the service, and thank you.’” Loud shouts of laughter greeted the conclusion of St. Remi’s characteristic relation.

“That is as good as anything I have ever heard during the regency,” said La Mouillon, who lingered regretfully on that gone time.

“*Peste!* but you are very fond of going backward in order to find parallels for witty things,” said St. Remi.

“In going back, Monsieur le Comte,” replied La Mouillon, with a stately inclination, “one retraces the footsteps of our youth when all was of roseate hue—when we were gay, brave, amorous: and now——”

"Well, what now?" demanded La Fleury.

"*Eh bien!*" exclaimed the old courtier, briskly, yet with a touch of regret in his tone, "it cannot be denied that we of that period are growing old."

"Fie, now," said another; "that is an assertion, I know, which could not once be got out from you at the rapier's point."

"Monsieur," was the reply, "there was a lady's age concerned in the affair, and it is a matter of poetry and religion to permit them to be for ever young. Hebe is eternal!" and with a gesture of elegant and high breeding, he took three or four minuet steps apart, his enamelled box held in one hand, and his laced handkerchief in the other—a fair specimen of the heartless, but certainly elegant vanity of his age.

"Apropos," cried St. Remi, "what think you of Lully's *Bellerophon*, which was played last night at St. Cloud?"

"Oh! it was very florid and brilliant; and, in fact," added La Fleury, with some degree of severity, "it has but one fault."

"Aha!" ejaculated the old courtier, turning quickly round, "come now, your one fault?—it must be something terrible, this one fault."

"Why, the fault is, that Lully lived in the reign of Louis XIV., and that the *Bellerophon* was not composed for our own Louis."

La Mouillon smiled with a gratified air. It was a compliment to the *grand monarque* that he appreciated; but he lifted up his finger and said, "Hush! monsieur, the king must not hear you say so."

"By the bye," suddenly observed another nobleman, anxious to give the conversation a turn, addressing La Fleury, "did I not hear you say that you had unexpectedly seen our old friend, Queret Demery, yesterday?"

"True, I did so. I happened to be coming into Paris from Batignolles, and entering the quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, I met a carriage driving towards the Barriere, when who should I see in it but Demery himself, his wife, and child."

"His wife! Ah! she was very beautiful," said St. Remi.

"A real little angel," added La Fleury. "Only fancy a descendant of the house of Coligny quitting the court at the age of seventeen to live in the country."

"It is an exceedingly Gothic taste," observed La Mouillon, taking a pinch of snuff, and shaking the redundancy off his ruffles.

"To live at Montmartre too," added the young nobleman, who had first broached the subject. "*Peste!* one does not often see this sort of thing done."

"It is surely patriarchal," said La Mouillon, with a slight subacidity in his tone, "for a woman of the court to live at home with her husband in a farm, and overlook poultry: it is really incredible."

"Monsieur," frowned La Fleury, "it is I who tell you this; and," added he, haughtily, "in the court of Louis XV. we are used to speak the truth."

"Whatever we used to do during the regency, you would insinuate," returned the old

courtier, smiling; "but was it not said," he added, taking another pinch of snuff from a box which bore a portrait of Madame de Montespan on the lid, "that our worthy abbé was a lover of this remarkable lady, whom Heaven long preserve?"

"But by this time his majesty has totally forgotten Marie de Montrecour, to whom the queen was so sincerely attached," interrupted one of the group. "Why it must be four or five years ago."

"They had a bright boy of about that age with them in the carriage," replied La Fleury. "It is just five years ago; I remember it very well,—do you not, St. Remi?"

"Yes, truly do I; for it caused a great sensation in the Rue de Rivoli when it was known that the beautiful Marie, the pride of the court, and the toast of the chevaliers, was soberly intending to quit the gaieties of Paris, and to live in the country."

"The country is very charming," observed La Mouillon, "especially for pleasant little parties in the great gardens, or for a masking. Ah! in the days of the regency we did not want for such. And you say that they live at Montmartre?"

"I have been there several times since they were married. You remember that Queret Demery and myself were fellow-soldiers when we carried the war into Africa," said La Fleury;—"and the place is a perfect little paradise, over which she presides as its veritable angel. Just imagine a sweet cottage bosomed in the very midst of myrtles, with gentle lawns for pasturing, while their garden in the summer is not to be surpassed by the most gorgeous gardens of Versailles or Fontainebleau."

"But in the winter, what do they then?" demanded a nobleman.

"O, then they reside by Lake Lemane, or in Tuscany, where he has purchased a little villa. He has a passion for gardens and statues, has Demery; and with his library, and his wife and child, the man must live like one belonging to that remarkably fabulous golden age we have read of in Horace or Virgil."

"Messieurs, the king!" whispered one of them suddenly.

The courtiers immediately uncovered, and turning round, started as they found Louis standing at the entrance.

The king had been standing for some time unseen, and had heard the conclusion of the conversation so abruptly broken. Beside him was the abbé; and as the king, in catching the name of Marie Montrecour, grasped the arm of St. André, that worthy waved his hand to those in attendance—who were following Louis—to retire, which signal was immediately obeyed.

A tide of recollections, bitter and sweet, swept through the mind of the king, while there also came into the abbé's heart, like a black shadow, the recollection of an insulted suit—of noble anger against a base proposal; the remembrance of his playing a part of duplicity, and of having been threatened with exposure. With an instinctive intuition the man comprehended the king's emotion. He well knew the value of that old adage, "Wait—thy revenge will come." He *had* waited, and the time *was* come.

"Good day, messieurs," said the king, moving forward, as the courtiers fell back in

respectful silence, and waiting till the king should individually address them. They stood in a semicircle.

"La Mouillon," began Louis, "I would see you in my cabinet in an hour: pray you wait me." The courtier departed.

"I wish some one to be sent to Lyons," continued the king.

"I can recommend St. Remi to such an office," said the abbé; "he has discretion and coolness."

"Will Monsieur le Comte accept the office?" asked the king, smiling.

"Most willingly, sire," repeated the young man, pleased at this familiar notice.

"Be pleased to demand your paper from the prefect. Wait for me at the Louvre. In less than an hour I will give you full instruction for your journey," and St. Remi departed, his heart elate with joy.

The king cast a keen glance on the abbé, and by an imperceptible movement denoted the Marquis la Fleury.

"Your majesty," observed the abbé, taking the hint, "required a brave and trusty man to wait on the States-General of Holland. I am bound to say that the last trust of Monsieur le Marquis was executed with skill, fidelity, and tact."

"Be it so," replied Louis, who, while he winced at this dissimulation which placed him so servilely in the hands of St. André, was also anxious to hint or to adopt. "The papers are in my portfolio—in the Red Chamber there is sealed a letter of instruction when you cross the frontiers. Depart at once, monsieur."

"Sire, you know me," said La Fleury, half-kneeling to kiss Louis' hand, while the abbé brought in the packets. "I will not rest till I fulfil your desire."

"Adieu! monsieur," said the king, and La Fleury also departed. "Gentlemen," added the king, after a few moments had elapsed, "have the complaisance to leave us."

With a low obeisance each courtier quitted the room, and Louis was left with St. André.

The king had flung himself into a chair with a jaded and *blazé* air, with that air in fact which denotes that the moral energy was enervated by moral lassitude. It was at this period of Louis' life too, when he had plunged into wilder dissipation; besides, the name of Marie had roused his emotion; but his whole looks were expressive of discontent.

The abbé looked upon him a moment, and then, with a wicked drollery in his eye, drawing some papers of a rather bulky appearance from his portfolio, he advanced and said—

"Sire, as you are alone, and seem to have leisure for business, I would trouble you by going over these papers with you."

The king looked with an alarmed air upon the formidable mass of writing, and turning away, replied, "I have no interest in business to-day."

"That is unfortunate, sire; but——"

"Why do you not find me some amusement, then?" demanded the king, impatiently.

"*Apropos*," added he, "of whom were these gentlemen speaking when we entered?"

"Of Madame Demery," was the abbé's answer; "she whom you formerly knew as Mademoiselle Montrecour."

"True: the queen deprived me of her society," said Louis, with some spleen. "Between my minister and the queen, *pardieu!* I am reminded of Sancho Panza at his feast."

The abbé began to laugh, but immediately checked it when he saw that the brows of Louis were darkening. Then, with an insinuating tone and gesture, he said—

"Sire, you have got rid of those two meddling young gentlemen, Monsieur le Marquis la Fleury, and Monsieur le Comte St. Remi,—it was a judicious stroke."

"That reminds me," remarked Louis, thoughtfully, "that Monsieur Demery was presented to me formerly as a brave and noble man."

"True, sire; and those qualities cost you one of the most lovely women of the court. Imagine, sire, a face whose ingenuous expression is only rivalled by the most clear complexion; whose charming lips laugh, while the sweet softness of the eye, so full of languor and voluptuous tenderness, express every emotion of the heart."

The king was silent, but every word the abbé spoke fell into his soul, and the changing features betrayed that at last something within him had been sensibly touched, for at last his brows lowered as he spoke.

"If I remember rightly," he began, "this Sieur Demery did not do us the courtesy of consulting us on this match?"

"He did not, sire," said the abbé; "the man was known by his presumption as well as by any other quality."

"Indeed! I forgot it then; but such an ambition ought to have been checked," and the king bit his gloves.

"It is never too late for your majesty to correct a fault in others," pursued St. André.

"Hum! You say that she is beautiful—this Mademoiselle Montrecour?"

St. André noticed that the king appeared to avoid pronouncing the lady's wedded name; and while his coolness lost no point of observation, he enthusiastically replied—

"Sire, she is as beautiful as Ninon d'Enclos was said to be. Look on those paintings, sire—the most gorgeous of them, with their lips of love and their eyes of fire, cannot equal her majestic loveliness."

"*Sang dieu!*" cried the king, bending his dark, sombre eyes upon St. André, "but you talk like a lover, Monsieur l'Abbé, and not like one versed in the fathers."

"True, sire," replied St. André, in a little confusion; "but she is beautiful as the Virgin! Heaven forgive me," he added, crossing himself devoutly, "for the comparison."

"Ah!" murmured Louis, "if I had but those around me who would love their king as much as he serves some of those that profess—*profess!*" repeated the monarch, with some bitterness, "I should not suffer all this frightful *ennui*, which eats me up like a canker."

"Sire, you forget surely that I am here," replied St. André. "Your majesty has but to will, and I perform."

"Know you not, evil counsellor of mine," said Louis, "that there are certain things the execution of which may be grateful to a king, that he cannot name, nor give orders to be done."

"Sire, I comprehend you," said St. André; "and I repeat that the sending of those two away was an act of the greatest wisdom. There is but La Mouillon—he can be as serviceable as a waiting-woman. Those two were Demery's firm friends."

"And what would your wisdom do with La Mouillon?" asked Louis.

"Sire, it is his boast that he lived during the regency. Well, *ma foi*, it was an era of conquest, when love and beauty followed the triumphal chariot of the court."

"I hear it stated that the people speak very ill of this said regency. My uncle Philip was not precisely a very virtuous man," and the king looked earnestly at the abbé.

"Sire, the regent was a man of the world, and a brilliant strategist with women. As for the people—pooh!" and with a gesture of the most intense contempt, he signified his disgust at the idea of considering *their* stricture as worthy regard.

"Monsieur l'Abbé," said the king, gravely, "my great-grandsire has even before now trembled before their menace."

"Sire—sire," cried the abbé, impatiently, "do I not tell you that the people is merely a very ugly monster whose claws are cut?"

"These husbands make a great outcry," pursued the king, dreamily musing.

"The greater fools they," returned St. André. "Do me the favour, sire, of telling why in Paris you have a Bastille, with devoted officers—why, in fact, you have the power of a *lettre de cachet*?"

The king started at the sound of this ominous and frightful word; but evidently he had got hold of an idea which he was loth to part with. The abbé pursued:—

"Tell me, I repeat, why you, with such power, to which you have only to assent while I take the consequences—if, indeed, there be any,—you do not use it?"

Louis did not speak for a minute. "Let us revert back for a moment," said he: "just now you observed that Messire La Mouillon made it his boast that he belonged to the regency. Now, what is your inference?"

"Sire," replied the abbé, "I would set him on the track of this lady, and——"

"Bah!" returned the king, in a tone of disappointment, "such a hollow paper scheme as that! Imbecile, do you think that a woman with a mind such as she should have, could be beckoned forward by the first waving of the hand of an old fop?"

"Sire, in a couple or three hours I could drive to Montmartre in a closed carriage."

"Well, monsieur, proceed. You are luminous this morning," and Louis leaned back in his chair.

"Sire," continued the abbé, "the Sieur Demery has been mixing up a little too freely in the politics of the day; he has been known to speak very frankly of your majesty, forgetting the respect that is due to your rank and lofty station; he presumes, in an infamous article, to hint at the neglect which you show towards the queen." The king here ground

his teeth with rage—it was his weak point; but a generous sentiment coming to his relief, he said—

“The gentleman may be belied.”

“Believe me, sire, it is not so. Permit me to go to Montmartre. If it is desired that a few hours’ incarceration in the Bastille clears away the wickedness of the writing he has amused himself with, I will, in the meantime, bring the lady here for protection.”

“For protection!” ejaculated the king, amazed at the coolness and audacity of the abbé’s proposal.

“Sire, you can converse with her—assure yourself from her own lips of her husband’s loyalty, and then it is but releasing both again if you perceive it necessary; for depend upon it, your majesty,” continued St. André, in a declamatory tone, “that no false sentiment of compassion should come between you and justice, if such a man as Demery undertakes to rouse the discontented masses against you.”

“What you say, my dear abbé,” argued the king, “is so very true that I resist no longer. Here is my ring—go.”

“Sire, in the evening you will see the lady of the *Sieur Qucret Demery*. A supper, let me observe to your majesty, with so fair a dame, is no bad thing after a fatiguing day.” And he quitted the chamber, leaving Louis alone with his reflections.

The lovely afternoon was deepening into the evening, as a carriage, with the blinds down, was winding its way towards Montmartre. It contained the abbé St. André, and an officer of the police. Another carriage, at a long distance off, yet still keeping in sight, followed it. This contained four *gens d’armes*. On arriving at a sequestered spot, where none were to be seen loitering, the abbé descended, dressed in a manner which gave him a venerable appearance, and leisurely took his way up the gentle ascent, while the carriages drove off to some other assigned place.

Montmartre, a hundred years ago, was much more distant from Paris than it is now. It was in the heart of a rich and beautiful country; but the encroachments of the great growing monster—the city (for a city is a monster which always grows till a general plethora destroys it, or gives its shaky constitution a check); and it was one of the favourite places of resort to the Parisian cockneys, for the windmills on the summit, worked round by the fresh air, flashed gaily in the sunlight, while the whole woodland laughed in the repose and stillness of the slumbrous summer evening, bearing the listener nought but mysterious whispers of the air and the song of the bird in the brake.

Striking from the road across a fine meadow, our abbé advanced towards a clump of trees, above which, on a green slope, peeped the white walls of *Queret Demery’s* elegant retreat; and as he came to the hedge-row which separated the garden from the field, he looked upon a scene of happiness and human joy such as even his callous heart was compelled to acknowledge.

Beneath the umbrageous shade of a lofty walnut-tree, which grew out of the sward, on a green seat sat a gentleman and a lady; while a little boy, playing on the grass with a

great dog, his joyous shouts of laughter pealing like a carol in the still evening, expressed the utter pleasure with which he resigned himself to his enjoyment.

The gentleman was Queret Demery, one of the handsomest men who had ever been in the court of the fifteenth Louis; and the lady, Madame Demery, was as fair and as charmingly beautiful as she ever was. The presence of the woman whose loveliness had subjected the abbé to such an indignity six years ago, roused all his evil passions.

They were both seated before a little table, where a dish of strawberries, together with some rich cream, was placed.

"Pierre! Pierre!—ho, Pierre!" cried out Demery, as a strong lad about twelve years old, with a brown, honest face, came from the back of the house at this bidding.

"Yes, monsieur!" said he, "I am here."

"Take little Philippe in, and let Nanette undress him and put him to bed," said Demery.

"Ah! my little Philippe, do you hear that?" said Pierre, going up to the boy who was rolling with the dog on the grass: "you are to go to bed."

"O, yes, I hear it," replied the gay child; "but do you not see, my good Pierre, that this Bruno, here, does not mean to let me go?" and over he went again, screaming with laughter, as the dog with his great nose turned him over and over down the lawn.

"Monsieur Philippe, your father is calling you," said Pierre; and the bright child suddenly rose up, and running to the chair where his father was seated, cried, "Papa, did you call me?"

"Yes, my dear child," replied the father, taking him up in arms and kissing him, "yes—it is time for you to go to rest. Will you have some more of these fine strawberries?"

"If you please, papa," said he; and then rolling off his father's knees, he elambered upon his mother's lap, who taking him up in her arms, covered his face with kisses.

"Oh! oh!" said Demery, jokingly, "you accept from me some strawberries, and you go to your mamma for them. Do you see, my little fellow, that is quite enough to make me dreadfully jealous?"

The child peeped laughingly from beneath his mother's arms, and lisped out, "Ah! well, then you shall give me the strawberries, and then mamma shall give me the cream."

"You little diplomatist," said the mother, with a laugh so sweet and gentle as to ring like fairy music. "Is he not a charming fellow?" she asked, delightedly, of her husband.

"Almost as beautiful as his mother," was the reply.

The cheeks of the wife were suffused with a rich glow of pleasure at these words. "Flatterer," said he, as he leaned towards her and took her hand, "have you not forgotten the time you were at court yet?"

"Ah! yes, almost," was the answer, as he sat nearer to her, and passed his arm around her waist. "I have forgotten all the heart-burning and jealousies of the time—the petty strifes—ambition without an aim—honour without an object. In this solitude I find that



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joy which will never be found in the vitiated atmosphere of a court ; and you, my Marie ?" he added, as he pressed her cheeks.

"I?" she replied. "Here is my court and my ambition ;" and she clasped the child closer to her bosom, who, tired with his play, now sank into a gentle sleep in her arms.

For some time they sat silently gazing upon the purpling landscape in the distance, where the blue haze of twilight was struggling beneath the last golden smiles of the sunset ; on the pretty cottages peeping from their greeneries afar off, listening the sounds of the dying day rose as the breezes descended to slumber in the meadow, little dreaming of the evil eyes that were watching them in the midst of their happiness ; little thinking of the violence which menaced their hearth.

The child was asleep, when Demery beckoning Pierre to him, placed him quietly in the stout arms of the good-tempered lad, who tenderly bore away the little Philippe as if he had been a treasure ; while, with hanging tongue and flashing eyes, the great dog looked benevolently on what was doing, and wagging his bushy tail, followed his young master in-doors, in order to take his usual place beside the child's little bed, where in the morning he would greet Philippe's laugh with a joyous bark.

A few moments longer, while the shadows deepened, did the happy pair stand without, then hand in hand they went in the house, and Demery led his wife into an elegant and large apartment now lighted up. Everything within bore the stamp of refinement ; there was the splendid harpsichord on one side—an instrument in that age supposed to be a triumph of art—and there, lying on it, were the operas of Lully and Gretry. There was a noble collection of classic authors, including the witty and sometimes licentious writers of the last epoch ; and there were elegant paintings on the walls. Altogether the glowing light, radiating on the elegance of the apartment, completed a charming picture.

"Do you know, my lovely Marie," said the fond husband, as his wife sat down to play him some pieces of music, "that you are positively growing more young and beautiful every day?"

"Ah! my Queret," said Marie, carrying his hand to her lips with the most charming grace ; "it is you, rather, who still look the same as when you whispered to me those fond words of the happiness of home, on the bright day we were married."

"Marie, thou art the magician," replied he, bending towards her, and pressing his lips on her brow.

At this instant a knock, so deep, loud, and startling, sounded at the outer door, as to make them both look at one another for an instant with surprise and dismay. The dead pause after, and the alarm which fell upon the young wife's heart, and expressed itself in the working of her colourless face, roused Demery.

"Oh! Queret," she at last gasped out, "what is the meaning of this?"

"I know not," was his reply ; "be not alarmed, dearest, it is nothing of any consequence."

They heard the door of the outer hall open ; they heard a strong, deep voice making a

demand; and presently the heavy trampling of feet sounded in the passage. Demery, brave as he was, felt his lip tremble while his cheeks turned pale, and it was only the presence of his wife that prevented him from obeying some singular instinct of preservation; for he felt assured that something in the garb of authority menaced him with that, from which his manhood might well quail.

He had no time for further thought; the door of the chamber opened, and as the husband rose, and the wife clung closer to him, an officer and two or three of the armed police entered. The former, taking off his hat, with a grave and polite salutation to the lady, drew a paper from his breast, and looking upon it, named Queret Demery.

"I am he, monsieur," said Demery, advancing; "what is your pleasure with me?"

"Monsieur will be good enough to follow me, then," replied the officer.

"But, wherefore? to what purpose?" demanded Queret. "There must be some error in this."

"None whatever. Will monsieur be pleased to look upon this?" and the officer held the paper open towards him; which, when he had glanced at, with a livid lip and a staring eye, in which horror and despair were expressed, the unhappy man murmured, "*A lettre de cachet!* May God protect me! But what can this mean?"

The wife, on hearing these words, had fallen to the ground in a swoon; and while Nanette, a young girl who attended upon her, together with an aged woman, were summoned to her assistance, the husband, with a gesture, whose despairing silence expressed a frightful agony, departed with the officer. In a few minutes after, with a soft smile and an insinuating air, the abbé glided into the chamber.

It was between nine and ten o'clock, for the great bells had chimed the half-hour, and the king was walking uneasily to and fro in his splendid chamber, which opened to another of smaller size, but more costly, more luxuriously furnished. And while disagreeable memories came over Louis—memories of unnameable wrongs broke upon his peace, he could not shut from him some haunting idea that he was meditating a deep and villanous deed; a deed that his own tribunals would have repaid with condign punishment, while, he, the head of the law, was now virtually destroying it.

Something black there was in the dim obscurity of his mind, which misgave him; which filled him with sad and melancholy thoughts, with a depression he could by no means shake off; something altogether funereal and deathly, and by no means in accordance with the festive preparations made within: and while he gazed round upon the superb furniture, the glowing walls on which the lustres flung such dazzling rays of light, the very depths of his conscience broke open, and because he had not the moral courage to ask why or wherefore this was, his thoughts became to him like a hell! His voluptuous imaginings were gone, and nothing would bring them back; and while he almost cursed the facility with which St. André had overcome his scruples, he began to be painfully anxious for his minister's return. Thus had the weary hours crawled on since the abbé had left; for the specious, or rather unimportant offices with which he had burthened those whose presence

he really feared would interfere with his plans; these things had been soon disposed of, and the evening had thus been tediously whiled away without motive or object, for he could not attempt to amuse himself in any way. His uneasiness became after all horribly grotesque.

He had thrown himself into a great arm-chair, heavily gilded and carved, after having drained a bowl of wine, seeking in that some stimulant for his jaded spirit; and while pressing his hands to his temples, as if to shut out another series of sinister ideas which grew upon him, he heard the soft steps of the abbé in the chamber, and the smooth, unctuous voice sounded softly in his ear—

“Sire, I am returned.”

The king started to his feet; at last he was free from those horrible thoughts. “Well—well,” he cried, “have you succeeded?”

“Sire, if I undertake anything it is for that purpose,” replied the self-laudatory abbé; “and as I am not known to fail——”

But Louis broke this shortly off by demanding—

“The husband! this Demery! Where is he?”

“Under the care of the governor of the Bastille by this time. My faith! sire, do but consider what despatch I have used;” and the abbé looked piteously fatigued.

“Monsieur l’Abbé,” said the king, “do you know what you have left me here?”

“Sire! no;” and St. André looked about him. “What, please your majesty, or whom have I left with you?”

“*Myself!*” replied Louis, in a tone which started the uncompromising intriguer.

“Sire,” said he, drily, at last, “I trust you have been mightily amused. By my head, I began to fear from your tone that you had been annoyed.”

“I begin to fear, do you mark me?” cried Louis, “that you are not an honest man. Does that disturb you?”

The abbé shrugged his shoulders with all the air of an ill-used man. “I am a diplomatist—I,” replied he, at length, “and your majesty’s very humble servant; and I have fulfilled your majesty’s command.”

“My command!” repeated Louis. “Say rather your own insinuation was sanctioned by me.”

“Sire, you gave me this ring,” replied St. André, showing it triumphantly. “When your majesty deigns to confirm what you desire, it is generally by means of this signet. How, then, comes it in my possession?”

Louis sighed. “Where is the lady?” asked he, after a pause, during which his uneasiness was apparent.

“Waiting in the antechamber, until your majesty may be pleased to see her,” replied the abbé. “I warn your majesty to be on your guard. It was natural for her to weep. My faith! sire, I believe tears to be the natural ornament of woman. For my part, I am an abbé, and proof against these things; but when Venus would move her hard-hearted

lovers most, she did it by means of the lachrymal font. O, trust me," he added, with a sardonic smile, "there is positively much virtue in tears."

"Call her. Stay!" and the king's indecision was painfully evident. "Did she resist? or did she come willingly?"

"Most willingly; for I have played the part of the good father, and led her to your majesty's feet to sue for her husband. Sire," added the man, whose diabolic heart laughed at the noblest emotions of humanity, and whose callous soul was proof against the hideous picture his words that moment formed; "sire, the Regent was wont to fix a price upon the boons he granted to ladies."

"Out upon you," cried Louis, angrily; "out upon you! you make me ashamed of the part I play."

St. André thought he had gone too far. "I beseech you, sire," he began, "to forgive a jest; but in answer to your question, the lady came most willingly."

"To plead for her husband—to ask for mercy!" murmured the king; and for a moment his soul was roused; but his emotion changed again when he heard the abbé murmur in a mocking voice:—

"By the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne! but our good king is now going to recreate the old times of the Purists—the Huguenots will be as nothing to them. We shall be terribly virtuous now; and I, who am blamed for not finding his majesty amusement, shall be turned adrift with my empty portfolio to suck the air for food. Would I were an owl! The loveliest lady in the land will marvel at our monarch, who chooses to rival the continence of Scipio;" and he turned on his heel, and hummed an air from one of Scarron's lively operas.

A blush of shame mantled on the face of Louis. One cause of it was the consciousness of doing an evil action, the other was the ridicule of his minister, whom he feared; and it was, after all, the more powerful motive. With an effort he was preparing to speak, when the abbé's voice broke the silence:

"Sire, you have nothing to fear. If her loveliness, her charms, cannot conquer your reluctance to press your suit, by St. Mark! but I shall say, as a lady said on a former occasion, 'my faith, the king of ours had a very cold heart;'" and the abbé drew away to watch the changing features of the king more intently.

"Lead the lady in to us," said Louis, resuming his seat.

St. André, with an exulting smile, which was as malicious as it was scornful, left the chamber, and in a few moments led in a lady thickly veiled, who, the moment she beheld the king, cast the veil from her face, and rushing towards him, fell at his feet, crying, "Mercy, sire! Oh, sire! in the name of God! mercy for my husband!"

A pause followed, while she, clothed in her sublime beauty, heightened the more by the emotions which made her bosom pant with intense hopefulness, raised her deep, flashing eyes to the king's face, who appeared wonderstruck, spell-bound, absolutely fascinated by that face. St. André also watched; and while he acknowledged the perfect loveliness

of the woman, he could have trampled her beauty and her virtue in the vilest soil of Paris,—heaped upon her luckless head all the horror and degradation which only a man like him could have the soul to create.

“Leave the chamber,” said the king, in a low voice; and St. André obeyed; then turning to Marie with a look and attitude full of a certain noble grace, he extended his hand towards her, and said—

“Rise, lady, rise; master these emotions: with me you have nothing to fear.”

“Sire—sire!” she gasped out, without stirring, “mercy for my husband!”

The king was struck with the intense tone of agony with which she spoke. Stretching out his hand to her, which she clutched with the grasp of one drowning, “Rise, madame,” said Louis, “and be under no apprehension for your husband, I beg.”

“O, sire!” she cried, regardless of this weak attempt at consolation, “save my husband. You were kind to me and to him once, sire. Spare him—save him!”

This reminiscence reminded Louis that he had the part of a gallant to perform; though he had sore misgivings upon the *how* he should act his part; for this beautiful woman’s prayers had greatly moved him. Shall we add that she had also aroused his jealousy!

It was thus. He knew that the precious abbé was watching; that if he failed in his atrocious amour, he, the king, would become the jest and the laughter of his own tool—become the butt of a man whose sarcasm, biting satire, whose keen, bitter, and mordacious bantering the monarch dreaded almost beyond a civil war.

And he was jealous to see this woman, with her well-remembered features, so beautiful, so impassioned, pleading for *another man*. This was the cause of his sudden and painful revulsion. Those eyes of hers, had they kindled and lighted up with any flash of passion but that of the anxious wife, of the agonised mother, would have been to Louis a treasure, were it but to avert, to change their expression.

“Madame, I give you my royal word,” said the monarch, somewhat pompously, “that your husband shall be safely and honourably used. Some little state business into which I will look on the morrow; meantime, as you are here, by St. Louis! you shall sup with me, madame.”

“Sire, I ask you to protect my husband,” she replied, with a quiet dignity, which staggered the king more than any display of violence could have done, “who has shed his blood to protect your person; and you tell me that you will see to it to-morrow. Sire, I assert his innocence of all design or harm meditated or acted against you. I, his wife, implore of your kingly clemency to see to it at once.”

“Nay; but why should you be thus paining yourself. I give you my word that for one night he cannot suffer any further evil than the parting. Ah! charming Marie,” added the king, “have you nothing to say to me after having so abruptly deserted my court for so long a time? In truth, do you see, when you were gone I felt that there was a void——”

"Sire," she convulsively added, while tottering towards him, "I beg of you to grant me my request."

"Nay, but this is unkind," said Louis, with a gallant air, as he heard the abbé coughing. "Fortunately I have a little supper within: will you share it with me?"

But her face was growing deadly pale—her sobs became hysteric;—with one attempt at calmness, so terrible, that Louis was frightened, she said solemnly—

"Sire, I ask you in the name of God! for my child's sake, and as you are a crowned king, to release my husband."

Louis was horror-struck,—the blood was bubbling over her lips. She fell, ere he could answer, in convulsions at his feet.

After an absence of four hours the abbé once more returned to the king, whom he found in the room paler and more nervous than ever.

"How is she?" was the question. "Do not tamper with me, sir," added the king, sternly, "or, thunder of heaven! you shall try the Bastile yourself. How is she?"

"She was seized with the most violent spasms, sire; but I have left a talented physician with her." Like a mean cowardly reptile as he was, he dreaded what he had done; but his revenge was working—*that* was something.

"You will see that every attention is paid to her; and that while this is done, secrecy is kept in the matter."

"Yes, sire."

"Let Monsieur Demery be released in the morning," continued Louis.

"Sire, I beg of you to consider——"

"What?"

"That if he be released now, and find his wife ill—and—inquire,—you cannot compel—pardon me for saying so—you cannot compel such silence as may leave you forgetfulness, or he peace."

"Perhaps you are right." The cold, severe tone in which Louis spoke, destroyed the other newly-formed plan of the abbé for ever; but he swore in his soul that his revenge should therefore be complete.

"Within the week," continued the king, "let him be released. In the meantime, here is my signature for that purpose;" and he affixed his name to a piece of paper, and hastily scribbling a few lines on another, he said, "See that these are attended to, on your peril, and never let me hear of the matter more."

"Sire, you shall not," was the reply; and he kept his word,—for Louis dared not ask, and the abbé had no further occasion to speak. Leaving Paris the next day to dissipate the memory of this shocking affair, the king forgot it. St. André never sent the order for Demery's release, and on the second night the lady died raving mad! thus far delighting the malignant and astute abbé, though his risk was great, yet the desire of completing his revenge was greater; and while Nanette, and Pierre, and an old woman, took care of the

child and the house, the funeral was so private that none knew the matter, and soon after the little that was bruited of this sad affair died away.

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It was in the middle of July, in the year 1789, that a fine, athletic, middle-aged man, his hair slightly tinged with grey, rushed out of a pretty road-side cottage, which, with its jasmine porch and ivied roof, was one of the few remaining specimens of rustic beauty belonging to the last age. It lay on the road to Montmartre, close, in fact, to the handsome edifice where dwelt the present owner, Philippe Demery.

This bluff, fresh-looking fellow, half-laughing and half-annoyed, was escaping a pursuit; for the enemy appeared soon after in the shape of a buxom woman. They were the boy and the girl we find in the first part of our story living with Queret Demery, and were respectively called Pierre and Nanette.

Seizing him by the short coat-skirts ere he had got out of the garden, with a somewhat strong arm, she pulled him back, and said—

“Monsieur Pierre, my good husband, I wish to know where you are going in such a hurry, and why you are going away on this day most of all, being our master, Monsieur Philippe’s, fête-day?”

“Thunder, woman!” cried Pierre, stoutly, though in somewhat of latent awe of his handsome helpmate, “when the whole world is roused up, and I hear the voices of those in the prison crying to be freed, will you keep me at home?”

“Yes—yes. I tell you, wicked one! I cannot let you go.”

“By what right do you detain me, madame?”

“Oh! oh!” laughed Nanette, “by what right, eh? I will tell you: by the rights of woman.”

“By the rights of a woman’s obstinacy, I think,” muttered Pierre. “I tell you all Paris is aroused, as you have heard, and the Bastille will come down; ay, to-day, and all the poor prisoners will be let out.”

“Well, let them. You are out, and that is sufficient for me,” was the rejoinder.

“Stuff! my little Nanette. Don’t you know that both you and I have eaten the bread of old Demery?”

“Yes, I do,” replied Nanette; “and will you show your gratitude to them by running away when you ought to be on the spot here with Monsieur Philippe, and with Madame Marie his wife, and with little Philippe, their son?”

“I tell you,” retorted Pierre, impatiently, “that I *want* to show my gratitude to them.”

“How, my friend Pierre—explain that?” and Nanette placed herself in a position to listen; but it was between Pierre and the garden-gate.

“By releasing Philippe’s father from prison—is not that something, eh?” ejaculated Pierre. “To tell the old man, who has been whitening his head there for more than twenty years,” cried the enthusiastic Pierre; “see you, my kind old master, I restore you to your liberty—to your son—to your little grandson, who will play and prattle round your feet;

to show him," continued the excited Frenchman, "how well I have kept his farm while his son was a child; to account for all, like an honest steward. Thousand thunders! will you let me go now?"

"But I want to know more," said Nanette.

"Of course—of course," cried Pierre, in a kind of comical despair. "How can I tell you more? Have I not given you nearly twenty years of a black history in few words? Have you forgotten your good lady's death?"

"No—no," cried Nanette, shuddering: "oh! Holy Virgin! no."

"Would I were in Paris," exclaimed Pierre. "Think, my little Nanette, what pleasure I shall have if I can bring the old man to his house, and say, 'Philippe, embrace your father! Queret Demery, embrace your son,—embrace your daughter,—embrace your child, and command me to do anything.' Hein!" ejaculated the volatile Pierre, "I could jump to the top of Notre Dame! Will you let me go?"

"Well, I don't know," replied Nanette, half relenting. "Stop! How, in the meantime, do you know that the old man is not dead?"

"How do I know? hah!" said Pierre, scornfully; "why I do know—I feel that—in fact, do you see, my little wife, I *won't* know that he is dead—there now; besides, I know one of the prison officers, and he says——"

"Well," exclaimed Nanette, with a sort of coquettish impatience, "and what does he say?"

"Why," replied Pierre, "he says that—that—he says—nothing, blessed Mary! how you worry one. Hark to me: do you go to Monsieur Philippe's house, say that I am gone to Paris; but not a word of what business I am on. I will, please heaven, return in the course of the day, and bring him with me."

"But if you *don't* bring him?"

"Eh! eh! not bring him?" shouted Pierre, beginning to frown. "Well, if I don't bring him,—truly you drive one into corners so—nay, I must. Here he altered his tone and manner into that of a grave sternness, and said, 'Hark you, Nanette, my wife; I shall grow angry for the first time if you hold me longer. I *will* go. Gratitude, duty, HONOUR bids me go!'"

"Go, Pierre," said Nanette, suddenly releasing him, and heartily kissing him on both cheeks; "go, Pierre, and I will pray for your success."

"That's my pretty Nanette," cried the rejoicing Pierre, returning her salute; and in another moment he was on the road, leaving Nanette gazing with a kind of proud admiration after him.

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The last day of that pile of grim, hoar towers was come, as the Bastille stormers, grim blouse-clad men, with heroic brows, stern, fierce faces, and flashing eyes, gathered out of the faubourgs. The faubourg St. Antoine, led by the herculean brewer, was pouring out its strong-handed thousands first; and then came to their aid, swelling the human tide, the

myriads of St. Mareel and of the Marais,—those terrible men whom they of the fourteenth Louis, and they of the regency drove with their gilded carriages into the street kennels, and so called them *canaille*. Aha! but this dirty *canaille*, this low and proletarian herd of poor grimed artizans were about to cleanse themselves this day—ay in blood! in the red smoking blood of the highest, noblest, and best of the land: evil are the times when the innocent cannot be separated from the guilty.

Cannon sounded distantly afar, the steeples rocked and quivered with the fierce clangour of the tocsin. From the *barrière de Vincennes*, to the *barrière of Neuilly*, the raging bells echoed and re-echoed; and the roar of human voices, like the roar of the great sea, mingled in the furious cry, “Down with the Bastile!”

At last the fire-sea that had been gathering, surging, aloft in the sky for many a day, and growing to a head, began to beeh forth under the lurid canopy, now growing redder, ruddier; and the multitudinous shoutings of men rose in reverberation against the heaven, that loomed like a gigantic dome of shining brass above their heads; and still the burthen of that precursor of other falls more fatal arose, “Down with the Bastile!”

We have said these men came from the faubourgs of Paris,—men who worked heavily, and hardily enough, God knows; for these quarters were the grim nurseries of the artizan and the meehanie, with their huge Cyclops arms brandishing fearful weapons. On—on, to the great square! Shout for liberty!—but first, “Down with the Bastile!”

There is an army at Versailles, under the command of Marshal Broglio. While the crafty and politic Duke of Orleans had spared no money to seduce the troops, he who was called Philip *Egalité*, and father to Louis-Philippe—the *tiers état* (the third estate), of the nation, have made themselves a National Assembly, and they look from beneath their lowering brows, and threaten the world; but the Bastile must come down!

“Hold on, De Launay! Governor of the Bastile, hug thyself in thy ashlar fastnesses; let no firing of thine slake, for slay fast as thou wilt, the hydra-headed is let loose; and each man stands in the bloody gap a perfect Leonidas, while grape and ball rain down downward, and some portion of the walls totter and shake. “Hurrah! Down with the Bastile!”

In clouds of fire and smoke go the dull government measures of Maurepas, Turgot, and Malesherbes, and many others, one after the other: they have been found worth nothing—worse than nothing. The Reign of Terror dawns! What think you of it, now, day-dreamers, and you men of expediency? Necker and Colonne have failed; for Mirabeau has uplifted his gigantic voice, has sworn like a voice from another Apoealypse, that these things shall be no longer. And lo! the fearful cry, “Down with the Bastile!” is the result.

At nine in the morning the cry began, it deepened, strengthened; it gathered men, arms, and enthusiasm.—And De Launay gives fire at last.

On the great drawbridge, which had been let down for Thuriot, some of the besiegers had got footing on the outer walls, hovering over the ditch. The fray was getting close, bloody, furious. Sheeted in flame, the grim towers stood like the embodiment of hardened,

time-bloated tyranny. Cold, merciless, and white, they gleamed through the smoke in the vivid rendings of fire; and leading on a band of noble fellows, from the faubourg Montmartre, of Poissonière, and of St. Denis, is our friend Pierre, half-clothed in a dragoon's uniform. He too is on the outer walls. The drawbridges, one by one, fall—the people crowd, hammer and axe in hand, and they thunder at the outer gates as if to waken up the dead men, who, one after the other, for ages have been placed in that horrible tomb.

Hurrah! the gates are open—the Bastille is taken—the people flock in almost ere it be forced—they release the prisoners,—and among the first to enter is Pierre.

Masses enter and re-enter—the firing is slackened, and among the crowd that came over the great bridge from the gateway, was an old man, tottering and weak, with a white beard and a venerable aspect,—he was led by two or three of the fighting men, who with their helpless prize were as tender as women.

“Take your freedom and hasten hence,” cried one.

“Poor old man, the din confounds him!” exclaimed another. “Comrade, give me your flask. So—so!” he added, as he gave him a reviving draught; “better now.”

“Where am I?” said Demery, for it was he, the old prisoner of so many years. “What shines so in my face?—what dreadful noises are ringing in my ears? Confusion in place of the old dead quiet. Friends, why have you disturbed me?” he added, in a querulous and vexed tone.

“What a question!” ejaculated a sturdy smith, begrimed with sweat and blood, and the powder of battle, who was resting on his musket. “How terrible must be that fate when the prison has become a home.”

“Rejoice, friend,” said another, touching him kindly on the arm: “you are out of the Bastille!”

“Oh!” ejaculated Demery, “my home! Stay! tell me what year is this?”

“In the Calendar,” replied a mountain man, “it is 1789; but in the Republic it is the year——”

Demery was rapidly counting by his lips and fingers, his eyes dilated with a mixture of amazement and affright, and he shrieked out, “My home!—my home!—for more than twenty years my home!”

The crowd recoiled from him with astonishment: “Twenty years!” they ejaculated, while murmurs of amazement spread around.

“Ay, friends,” replied Demery, “twenty years! I notched on sticks the slow hours of my imprisonment till they have amounted to that:—I was even minute in my calculation. It has become to my weakened sense even stupendous,” said the old man, his voice trembling, as he endeavoured by the weakened volume of his voice to express this fearful amount of time spent in a prison; “and behold you there—it had become my home,—you have made it desolate, roofless, smouldering! it is cruel of you. Where shall I find shelter now?” and laying his wrinkled hands over his face, he wept.

The men around him were touched to the soul; their manhood was attacked violently

by this old man's misery. "Go to your friends: seek them," said one. "Come, cheer up—cheer up."

"Friends—friends!" repeated Demery. "Oh! friends die in the course of twenty years. Whom can I hope to see? who is king now?" he suddenly demanded. "Who is king now, in France?"

"Louis XVI. was our king," exclaimed one: but the sentence was not complete.

The old man clasped his hands in despair; and one of them whispered to him, "Get hence, old man, as quickly as possible,—there is danger around us:—this place affords shelter for the moment; but, before long, perhaps a shower of musket balls will stop the street. You are at liberty!—free! Do you hear that?"

"Free!—liberty!" echoed he. "Grand words those—great words! they make my heart throb again: dim, inarticulate feelings are roused by them. Once I *knew* what they meant. They remind me," continued he, kindling into rapid vehemence, "of the green meadows, with the great sun smiling on the streams, and gentle breezes floating over the grass, and little children playing;" when all at once, clasping his grey head in anguish, he cried out, "*My* child!—*my* child!"

"What can he mean?" asked the wonder-stricken men one of another, to whom this scene, in the half-hour's peace that fell on that quiet nook, had an absorbing interest.

"That I used to walk with by the streams, on the mornings of May," continued he, "listening to the lark in the sky, or watching the mill sails on the summit, when I planted my foot strongly. Alas! I must be very old—very old now!" and he wept afresh.

"Pray, good old man," pressed another, "Seek some home. Here is a little money;" and the labourer pressed some few coins into his hand; but the passionless limb let it fall again.

"Home! home!" he ejaculated, gazing into the vacant air, "that is a word from some lost language; yet what magic! Oh! that I *could* return;" and he clasped his thin hands together. "Ah! that—that," pointing to his old prison, "was my home—you have destroyed it, and left my old head shelterless. Cruel—cruel! Where shall I go? Stay!" and drawing his hands across his brow, while a solemnity of tone, language, and manner fell upon him, which thrilled the stern but kind hearts of those who were near. "Right! I shall go home soon—I shall reach home at last. Let us thank God that man is not immortal, here at least;—for I feel that to die is something to be happy. Yes—yes—yes! I shall reach home at last—my quiet, peaceful home;" and he tottered feebly away.

In the meantime, while this little episode was being played apart, there was still firing, and fighting, and confusion, and slaughter going forward. Pierre was not idle; he was in and out of the dungeons, seeking in every corner among the prisoners; but among the many there he saw not his old master.

It may be asked by the reader, that supposing he *had* seen him, how was he to know him, changed as he must be—worn—weak—debilitated—old? how was Pierre to *collapse* twenty years into the space between a glance and a recognition,—if such question may be logically put?

We answer with Pierre himself: he would have known him by instinct—by intuition.

As Pierre jostled among the crowd in the lobbies of the prison, he picked up a scrap of paper, and read the following upon it.

“If, for my consolation, Monseigneur would grant me—that I could hear news of my dear wife (and child), were it only her name on a card to show that she is still alive, it were the greatest consolation that I could receive; and I should for ever bless the greatness of Monseigneur.

“QUERET DEMERY.”

Pierre started at first as if he had been shot—then his eyes filled with tears, so that he could peruse the document no further.

It spoke of his wife, and he (Pierre) knew well that no word had ever been breathed to the old man about her. The abbé St. André, who survived Louis, kept his secret well. The prisoner was allowed to write, but no letters were ever delivered; this was to the Dauphin; but the Dauphin, since then king, had never seen, heard, or known aught of the matter. The unhappy man, in full strength of his proud mental and physical faculties, loving and beloved, with such ties to bind him to life, had been *literally buried alive!*

By the few rapid incoherent questions which Pierre asked, he was given to understand that an old man, who had told the people that released him that he had been twenty years in prison, had some time ago gone by the more peaceable quarters.

On hearing this, Pierre, by paths best known to himself, made his way (having done the chief duty of the day), to the barrière, and it was long past noon as he retraced his way to Montmartre.

The Fete.

MONTMARTRE was within the sound of the cannonading at the Bastille,—in fact, while terror and death were grappling men by the throat, at Montmartre there was held in Philippe Demery's little garden a rustic fete. The guests consisted of a few neighbours, some of the farm-servants and labourers. It was an annual and long anticipated event, and for that reason, unless the fighting had been carried as far as Montmartre, the fête would have been held,—in fact, the idea of putting it off was an unheard-of thing.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the happy faces—for, by this time, a quietness had fallen over Paris, and the guests gave way to hilarity. Beneath the old walnut-tree, on the old seat, was Philippe and his wife, on the grass two or three couples were dancing to the sound of a pipe and tabor, while a table held a supply of refreshments, such as fruits, cream, meats, wine, and unknown condiments—all the more appreciated by the guests, as they were prepared by the young and beautiful mistress of the house herself.

While Demery himself, with a gravity in his eye and a smile on his lips, was moving among them with a kind word to one, a greeting to another, a grasp of the hand to a third, an invitation to a fourth to pledge him, and so on, he could not help feeling some little

anxiety regarding the events at Paris. But the presence of Madame Demery among the rusties gave a turn to the conversation, and soon, in the lively and volatile gaiety of their natures, combined with the rustic festivity they had entered into, they forgot Paris and all therein—merely marvelling wherefore Pierre and Nanette were not among them, though Philippe had an idea that his steward had gone with the insurgents, but on that score he held his peace.

“Good day to you, madame—good Madame Marie,” exclaimed the kind peasants, their eyes sparkling with pleasure; “we have enjoyed ourselves very much, thanks to you.”

“I thank you all for coming to our little fête,” replied Marie, going to the women and the children, smiling and bestowing a word here and there.

“We have long had the happiness, madame,” said another, “of sharing in your friendship, and that of Monsieur Demery. You have our esteem and respect, madame.”

“Thanks, my good friends, thanks,” was the reply; and once more the pipe and tabor struck up, and the rustic dance, in which Demery and his wife joined, was begun with fresh zest.

“Well and merrily danced,” cried Demery, when it was ended. “Come, friends, taste our cakes and wine. So ho! and where is my little Philippe going now?” he asked, as a beautiful boy, about eight years of age, in his graceful and fanciful dress, holding in his hand a basket of flowers, came from the house.

“I am going to strew these flowers, you know, papa,” replied the boy, showing them. “They are for my grandmother’s grave: it makes the place look so beautiful, so quiet, and so happy. So, adieu! papa—adieu for a short time, dear mamma,” added he, going up to them both, and kissing them.

“I am almost afraid to let him go alone to-day,” said the mother, in a low, anxious tone to her husband.

“There is nothing to fear,” was his reply. “I know it would break his heart to prevent him, and the old church is just in sight; besides, he will not be long—will you, my little Philippe?” added he, turning to the child. “Your mamma wishes you to make haste.”

“O yes, certainly, I will make all possible haste. Don’t be afraid of that,” said the little fellow; and amidst the smiles and embraces of the good-hearted guests, he departed; and some time after, when the guests had drunk their last parting glass to the health of Monsieur and Madame Demery, these two latter were left alone.

The afternoon was cloudless, and the weather beautiful. Absorbed in the scene, they spoke no word to each other, and were only roused up from their pleasant reverie by the entrance of Nanette, who, ruddy from exertion, and somewhat breathless from haste, stood blushing and panting before them.

“Why, Nanette!” exclaimed Philippe, starting, “what is the matter with you that you look so excited? Sit down—sit down to recover yourself; and Marie, my love,” added he, addressing his wife, “give our good Nanette a glass of wine.”

Nanette having obeyed Philippe's direction, took the wine, and said in an embarrassed manner—

"Monsieur and Madame, I entreat of you both to pardon me."

"Pardon you!" exclaimed Demery, "wherefore?"

"First, monsieur, for being absent from your fête, which I have attended for so many years, you know—as I always promise myself a pleasure in it—and also," pursued Nanette, "I have partly disobeyed my husband; but, in truth, I did not know what to do."

"What is it that you mean?" demanded Philippe, somewhat surprised at her embarrassment.

"It is something, monsieur!" she replied, "altogether extraordinary, and surprising—and—and, in truth, I hardly know how to go on."

"Pray, for heaven's sake, proceed, I beseech you!" said Demery, anxiously. "You have roused my curiosity to a most painful height."

"Well, monsieur," she resumed, "this morning my husband went to Paris."

"To Paris? Yes, yes," repeated Philippe, with increased impatience.

"And he bade me come here to the fête; but he also forbade me to say a word on the business he had departed upon. Well, monsieur, I did not know what to do."

"Why?—was this business then so particular? Does it interest *me*?"

"Oh yes, monsieur," she replied; "for—but I must not yet anticipate—I did not know how to be silent—I have had it on the tip of my tongue the whole morning, and I cannot keep it from you any longer."

"Speak, then—speak!" said Marie; "you alarm me, my good Nanette."

"Oh, it is nothing to be alarmed at, I assure you, madame," said Nanette. "It is quite a contrary matter, and ought to give you great joy, for it concerns monsieur's father."

"My father!" ejaculated Demery.

"Yes, monsieur. To-day the men of Paris have attacked the Bastile, and they were to free all the prisoners——"

"Free the prisoners!" cried Philippe: "but my father is dead years ago."

"Monsieur!" replied the good woman, "Pierre says that your father is *not* dead, but that he was a prisoner; and he went there purposely to bring him back to you,—and now my secret is told," added Nanette, giving a sigh of relief; "and I feel all the better for having got rid of it."

"Great heaven!" cried Philippe, turning pale, "if this should be true, now!"

"It is true, monsieur—believe it," replied Nanette. "I am certain Pierre would not say so if he had not good grounds to count upon it; for it would be a cruel thing, monsieur, would it not," continued the excited wife, "if he were to raise hopes to be so dreadfully destroyed?"

"It would, indeed," said Marie. "Oh! husband, if this be so, our happiness will be complete."

"God grant it," was the fervent prayer of Philippe; "but it is almost too good to hope

it all; and yet, if so, he must have passed the last twenty years in prison. It is frightful to think of it," he added, with a shudder.

It was now afternoon, and the power of the sun was weakened. There was a still, gentle hum in the blue transparent air, and through the moveless branches of the great trees, which cast a cool shade below, came the sunshine,—while the soft, murmuring breeze waved the grass to and fro, till the sunlight played in golden undulations upon the emerald sward.

The scene was a churchyard; the site of the old church of Montmartre, with its short, ivy-mantled tower of rare Norman architecture, situated half-way up the summit. Perhaps there was not so picturesque a spot to be found for many and many a league. The building itself had sunken a little till it seemed just to nestle warmly in the mossy nook; and all its buttresses, towers, and irregular projections, were covered with ivy and creeping plants without end,—among which, hundreds of little tiny birds had built their nests.

Over the grey tower, through the trees, far beyond the limes and the myrtles, the flower-gardens and the little farms on the slope, were the white windmills; but their sails moved sluggishly, for the breeze was also idle, and only breathed softly by them. Below lay Paris, extended like a great monster right and left; on the other side, again, the champaign opened out like a green and golden panorama, bounded only by the purple horizon.

While the sun was, as we said, declining, about this time there walked slowly and painfully into the churchyard, an old, feeble man—Queret Demery,—and facing the landscape and the setting sun, his back turned to Paris, he sat down upon an old gravestone; and while he rested he fell into a reverie.

Strange and wondrous was this reverie to the time-worn man; for the past came to him, and it took a grotesque and exaggerated aspect. There was the court, with king and courtiers, in all their pomp of state and pride of heart; there was martial music and the trampling of feet in unison to stir his soul,—and then a darkness fell over him, that gave a new turn to the tumultuous thoughts which struggled, dimly and mistily, into life. He saw his little garden in the evening, and his child playing on the green; he heard the voice of his wife, and felt her sweet breath on his brow,—but it was only the rush of the breeze; he saw the officer bearing the fatal warrant; he beheld the gigantic portals of the Bastille, and he shuddered.

Soon these recollections passed away also, and he lifted up his eyes and looked around: the charming beauty of the spot soothed him, and half murmuring to himself,—

"Ah! how lovely is this," he said. "I feel the warm air folding me around; but my dim eyes cannot behold in the distance the pleasant villages and fields; and yet they must be there. The great sun fills the world, and I hear the murmuring of waters, and the birds singing far overhead. And what is yonder?" he added, as he shaded his eyes with his hand. "A windmill! the great flashing wings pass and repass. I know that old familiar sound, well: this must be Montmartre—Montmartre!" he repeated, as if to prevent its name slipping his memory. "How peaceful is all! The air sleeps now, and all is quiet—solemn. Blessed be God for the sweet realm of nature! it soothes me. Where am I?"

continued he, looking around him. "This must be a churchyard,—aye, I have got to my resting-place at last, then: the old man is near his home. It is pleasant—very pleasant;" and he smiled with an almost childish delight, as leaning on his stick, he once more looked around, and afterwards fell into abstraction.

During this time little Philippe Demery, with his basket of flowers, had unobserving and unobserved, entered the churchyard also, his bright face beaming with joy and delight—the ruddy hues of health glowing in the rich bloom on his cheeks. As he laid down his flowers, he looked up and said,—

"Oh, what a beautiful day—and I am so warm: how the breeze fans my forehead! I should like to know what it says as it goes sweeping by. I declare," he added, kneeling down over his flowers and examining them, "I declare that they grow more beautiful than ever: the moment I enter here, they seem to become more fragrant and fresh. Now, then, to strew them!" and he arose and gazed wonderingly into the sky above him, as some mysterious thought filled his young soul. "I wonder if my grandmother is looking down from that clear heaven upon me: I wish she were. They told me she was so beautiful, and she must be so by the great picture that's at home. They say that there are angels," he continued, half musing, "up above, over head. Oh!" added he, clasping his hands with an earnest delight, "if I could only see them, just for one moment: if my grandmother could but know, how I would love her!" he then sat down once more beside his basket to pursue his thoughts. "If she could only hear me say, 'Dear grandmother, will you love little Philippe?' Yet, it is very strange, they tell me that she sleeps here, in this ground; I am sure I don't think it can be at all pleasant to lie in the darkness here, as to go chasing the butterflies through the grass, or to pluck flowers—or make caps of reeds in the meadows—or to hear the sound of the mills going round and round. Well, I must begin my task, because I promised to return again very soon;" and starting to his feet, basket in hand, he made a few steps forward, when his eye fell suddenly upon the reverend face of old Demery, who still dreamingly sat upon the grave.

"Dear me," said the boy, half-aloud, looking upon him, "what a nice-looking old gentleman; but how very sad he seems—he does not see me. I wonder what he can want here. He has no flowers," added the child; "but I'll speak to him;" and going up to the aged Demery, with an endearing action the boy laid his hand on his knee, and said, "Sir—sir!"

Demery started from his reverie, and ejaculated "Yes—yes, I am coming soon—soon—home soon!"

"Sir," began the child, "if you wish to strew some flowers upon one of these graves, I will give you a few of mine. Look, they are all fresh gathered—pray do take some."

"Very beautiful," moaned Demery, gazing vacantly upon him. "Who spoke? Was it you, my child?"

"Yes, sir," replied Philippe: "I offered you some of my flowers, if you wanted any."

"Alas! my child," said Demery, "I have none to strew flowers for."

"No!" ejaculated the boy, with surprise; "well, that is a pity." Then, as if addressing himself, he added, "What a pleasure he must lose when he has no one sleeping here to bring spring and summer flowers to!"

"A beautiful child," repeated old Demery,—stroking his fair, curly head,—with a tender, sweet voice. Then, as he gazed upon him, he added, with a new emotion, "How strange—how beautiful—those eyes—that face—that hair! they affect me like a spell; in truth, this is most wonderful. Twenty different feelings fill my breast—begin to move my heart. I thought it had been withered by this time;" and he dropped his face in his hands.

"Are you unwell, sir?" asked the young Philippe, with an affectionate interest.

"No—no, my child," replied the old man, rallying a little, and embracing the boy's bright head; "but I am old and feeble. Ah! what contrast is here," continued he, playing with the fair hair,—“what contrast between the smooth, glossy curls, and the grey hair,—between the clear eyes before me, and the dim orbs through which I can but faintly see! The young child stands on the threshold of life, the radiant shape of the hopeful and the beautiful beckoning him to follow,—and here am I, an old man, looking on the backward path. His very presence would make the pulses of nature's vast heart beat the quicker."

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" asked the child, who seemed to be much struck by Demery's presence, and drawn to him by a singular impulse.

"Thanks, my little fellow,—no," was the answer; "but I love to hear you prattle. I have not lost so much as I began to fear I had."

"You are very tired, are you not, sir?" pursued Philippe. "You appear so."

"Yes—yes; but old men soon tire. I am resting myself. Where?—what is this?"

"This is a grave, sir," was the low response of the child, who seemed a little awestruck by the question.

"A grave!" ejaculated Demery. "Whose?"

"My grandmother's, sir," replied Philippe.

"Indeed! and so I have been resting on the silent couch of one gone long before me. The slumberer is calm below;—and you, my child," asked Demery, "what do you do here?"

"I am come to strew flowers upon it," said the child.

"That is good, very good of you, my fair boy."

"I come through the bright summer," said Philippe, "and I scarcely miss a day. O, I love to place these around it,—it makes me smile to myself; and sometimes I look into the air when I have done, as if I could see a *face* looking down upon me; but I am not sure," added he, thoughtfully, "that I have seen any, though I may fancy so."

"Such a task," murmured Demery, "would change deformity into beauty. How gracious does such an act look in a child like this! O, you are quite right to love her so well, your dear grandmother; quite right to make this place look like a bower, a garden; quite right to make yourself the guardian of this sacred dust. She must have loved you dearly."

"I never saw her," said the boy, mournfully. "I should like to see her; I have dreams of her; and, oh!" added the child, with kindling eyes, "her beauty dazzles me."

"Fine sleep," said the old man, "pure heart—pure life ; no wonder such dreams come. Bless thee, child, bless thee !" and he caressed Philippe, who nestled in his bosom.

"How kind you are, sir," said the boy. "I never saw you before, and yet I love you already. May I love you?" added he, gazing wistfully into Demery's face.

"Thank heaven for this hour," said the old prisoner. "Yes, child, love me, and I will love you. Old men always love children ; they are pleased to behold what fine creatures they themselves once were."

"I am so happy now, I declare," said Philippe, beginning to strew his flowers. "There—is not that pretty ? Now I have done. Will you come with me"—and he took his hand—"to my papa and mamma ? They are kind to every one, and they will be so glad to see you. Come !"

"I know it—I am sure of it," said Demery ; and as he stood up, he turned his face and beheld the inscription on the stone at the head of the grave. His eyes were fixed on it while his whole frame shook. Pointing to it with a palsied hand, he cried, "Am I awake ?—do I dream ? That name, child—tell me that name—whose is it ?"

"Marie Demery," said the boy, reading it softly to him.

"My wife's !—my wife's !" and overpowered he sank on his knees, with clasped hands and streaming eyes, before it. "Oh ! Marie, my young, my dearest wife, is it thus we meet ? and here ?—thou with thy hands folded in dust, and I——Oh !" he cried, with a gush of agony, "oh ! that I slept beside thee."

"O, what shall I do ?" said the alarmed child : "he weeps as if his heart would break. What shall I do ? Sir—sir !"

"My child," cried Demery, forgetting himself in his excitement, and sitting opposite the stone, "she was as beautiful as the painters idealize the Holy Mother of Heaven ! O, it was dreadful to lose her all at once,—to lose her bright presence for the darkness of a dungeon. Terrible were those past years of my imprisonment : I know not how I bore it, and went not mad. She was so young, so beautiful—my wife !"

"What does this mean ?" said the boy, half aloud. "I do not understand it ;—in truth, there is a great deal that I do not understand."

Demery was kneeling before the grave ; his trembling hands held before heaven, he seemed to be pouring out his very soul as he spoke.

"Oh ! that the golden days would come again,—that in such a sunlight as this thou wert standing here, shedding a sense of joy and beauty around thee,—that thou and I, beneath this calm heaven, could see and talk to each other as of old,—both our faces upwards, and thank God that a man can at times be so happy ! Alas ! alas ! all is gone—lost !"

"Sir—sir," said the child, "pray come with me. You must, indeed you must. I am afraid,—pray come."

"Stay, stay one moment, my child ;" and Demery endeavoured, by a great effort, to collect his thoughts. "Oh, my child," said he, "if this be the grave of Marie Demery,

my wife, and you strew flowers upon it, and call her—your—grandmother—who—then, are *you*?—tell me—tell me!”

“I am little Philippe——” he was replying; but ere he had completed the sentence, the old man had fallen to the ground in a swoon.

“What shall I do?” cried the boy, in great perplexity,—“what shall I do? he will die. Hah! I see our good Pierre coming this way;” for, looking towards the road, he beheld our friend all covered with dust, hastening on his way. “Ho, Pierre! Pierre!” shouted the boy, till his tiny voice reached the ears of the stalwart man. “Come hither, Pierre!—my friend, Pierre, hasten, I beseech you!”

“Why, what is the matter, my little Philippe?” demanded Pierre, as he advanced towards him.

“Why, that gentleman”—and the child pointed to the prostrate man—“I am afraid is very ill: raise him up, Pierre: gently—gently.”

Pierre, as he lifted Demery from the ground, uttered an ejaculation of surprise. “By heaven!” he cried, “it is my old master. How wonderfully does Providence favour us. Now, my little Philippe, come! Ah! he begins to recover.”

And leaning on the stout Pierre, while little Philippe held his hand, the old man was quietly led homeward.

It is to the same room where, some twenty years ago, we have introduced the reader, the same old, heavily-earved bookcase—the same pictures—harpsichord—chairs,—everything, saving an advance in age, was precisely as on the night that Queret Demery was arrested. Still the beautiful sunshine streamed into the room, while Philippe, torn by anxiety, alternately sat and walked about till his impatience was converted into agony.

Madame Demery was endeavouring, by every persuasion in her power, to soothe him; while Nanette, with the familiarity of an old and faithful domestic, was giving sundry orders to the servants; and, in the full faith of Pierre’s promise, making arrangements for the reception of old Demery: on which Philippe smiled almost bitterly at times, as though the whole were a mockery; though her affectionate interest affected him to the soul.

But still it was an anxiously exciting time for Philippe Demery, who was expecting to behold, as it were, like a man risen from the dead, his father walk into the chamber; and then he would turn his eye to the picture of the handsome, elegant, proud young man, which was hung upon the wall—his father in his youth. What, then, should he see after twenty years of incarceration? An idiot—an imbecile—a madman! For he might be either; but he should not behold him as he desired to see him—only a tottering form with grey hair and dimmed eyes;—yet, to see him thus would be a benediction.

Still they waited; little Philippe had not returned; even his absence, unusually so prolonged, was not noticed in the absorbing interest which was merged in old Demery.

“I hope—I hope,” repeated Philippe, with an almost devout eagerness, clasping his hands, “that Pierre’s good and sanguine heart has not erred in this—that he may not have deceived us in deceiving himself.”

"Ah! monsieur!" cried Nanette, "do not say so, I beg of you. What! Pierre deceive you? do not believe it; he has too much consideration for you and for us all to think so, unless there was almost, nay, a full certainty of it; and I assure you, Monsieur Philippe, my Pierre is not so easily deceived;" and Nanette shook her head energetically at any supposed doubt of Pierre's correct conclusions which might be supposed to exist in the mind of any one.

"But where can my little Philippe stay all this time?" said Marie, suddenly. "He never remained so long before."

"True," cried Philippe, struck with a new alarm, and snatching up his hat; "where can he be,—I will go forth and seek him."

"Hearken to that!" exclaimed Nanette, suddenly: "hearken to that shout."

"Can it be possible?" ejaculated Philippe, almost breathlessly leaning on the back of the chair for support, while Marie ran to his side, and Nanette sobbed, and laughed, and wrung and rubbed her hands, while the distant shout and the voices grew nearer.

"I told monsieur so," said Nanette, with tearful eyes, but smiling through them all; "I told you so, madame. Be assured that Pierre is bringing monsieur's father home; the people have recognised him, and they are now saluting him—noisily enough, I must confess. Ah! he was so handsome," added Nanette, casting a glance on the picture; "but, Holy Virgin! twenty years!—If I think about it I shall imagine myself old, and, my faith! that will never do. They are coming nearer—nearer to us."

"What strange emotions fill my heart!" exclaimed Philippe, as he still stood, now supporting his beloved Marie on his arm, for she too became greatly agitated as the sounds grew louder; and presently little Philippe ran into the room, saying,—

"Oh! papa!—mamma!—there is an old gentleman, who was so kind to me: he is coming here with Pierre."

"With Pierre!" exclaimed they both.

"Yes: I found him seated on my grandmamma's grave, and you cannot imagine how he wept over her, and called her wife—Marie! it was very strange, and very sad to see him."

"My poor father," murmured Philippe; "how I tremble!"

"You will be kind to him, will you not, papa?" asked the child.

"Oh! yes—kind to him—yes—kind to my own father!" exclaimed Philippe, almost choking with the violence of his emotions.

"I am so happy now, mamma," cried the child, clapping his hands joyously. "Ah! here he comes—here he comes."

And in truth they beheld, with indescribable emotion, the venerable old man—the prisoner of the Bastille—the victim of lust and tyranny, with tottering steps, still leaning on the strong shoulders of Pierre, who, as he entered, exclaimed to the child,—

"Ah! my little Philippe, we'll play after this on the green, eh? So—so! take courage, monsieur," he added to the old man; "You are with kind people here. Behold! monsieur Philippe," continued he, gravely addressing him, "I give to you your father: it is a gift I

have meditated many years ago, but was hitherto unable to do so. *Hein!* I am so glad. The old man's faculties are confused yet;" and Pierre, as he spoke, assisted the aged Demery into his great chair, while Philippe stood rooted to the spot with surprise, gratitude, and emotion. Claspings Pierre's hand, all he could utter was, "Thanks—thanks, a thousand thanks."

"How much do we not owe you, my good Pierre?" exclaimed Madame Demery, taking Pierre's other hand. The great fellow almost blubbered aloud; but seeing the smiling face of Nanette, he took it fairly into both his large hands and kissed it; and then, with a politeness which would have become the most well-bred man in the empire, he was about to lead Nanette away, thus leaving the family alone with their profound and inexpressible feelings, when Philippe, laying his hand on his arm, stopped him.

"My father!" murmured the son; "yes, my heart tells me at once that it is he. Behold! my Marie," continued Philippe, pointing, "behold, how like he is to that portrait. I long to elasp him to my breast, to kneel at his feet, and say—father! oh! my father, bless me! Put that wine to his lips, dearest," added Demery, as he observed the change on the old man's faded cheeks. "Pierre, my friend, once more thanks; you have given me a gift beyond all price, —I offer you no reward; for nothing can repay you."

"Thanks to you, monsieur," replied Pierre, with dignity, "I wish for no other reward than to witness this scene;" and he stood aside.

The wearied Demery by this was beginning to recover, and with the querulous doubts of age, said to Philippe,—

"Monsieur, pardon the trouble I put you to: I am an old man—a stranger—alone in the world."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Marie, eagerly; "not alone—not friendless."

"You—are very—kind," said the old man, faintly. "My head is bowed with many deep griefs: twenty years in a prison make one forget what life and liberty *can* be."

"Alas! 'tis true, my *fath*—monsieur, I mean," eagerly eried Philippe, hastily interrupting himself, while the little boy was gazing wonderingly from the one to the other; "too true, sir," continued Philippe; "but your sorrows end here,—your days shall, for the future, pass tranquilly. You are at home."

"Yes, oh! yes, indeed," added Marie, her fine eyes beaming with love and affection, "You are truly welcome to this house—to all or anything we can do for you,—believe me, monsieur."

"How kind—how good you are," exclaimed the worn man, struck by the free and cordial welcome he so unexpectedly met with among those whom he supposed to be mere strangers to him, and then, turning his head, he met the starlight face of his child, and stretching his hand, the boy ran to his arms, and was clasped to his grandfather's bosom. Philippe and Marie were almost overpowered at this sight, so full of power—of love. "There is something in your voices," said Demery, "that is strangely familiar to me;" and he gazed with an aspect of awakening consciousness around him.

"And I will love you so much," cried the child, as he clambered up Demery's knees.

"Bless thee, my child," cried the old man, clasping the boy's head in his hands, while unrestrained tears fell over his cheeks.

"And," added the boy, "we will go together now—will we not?—to strew flowers upon the grave."

"Ah!" replied Demery, "that grave!—I—I would ask—but how my thoughts vanish!—what I *would* ask pains me like a sharp agony, and I have now—forgot. What place—is this?"

"Montmartre, my—father," replied Philippe, hesitating as he pronounced the last word, which gave it, however, a singularly powerful impression.

"Montmartre, you said. Ah! I comprehend nothing—nothing;" and Demery leaned back in his chair as if to gaze around him.

"This is your home now—yours while you live;" and Philippe, as he spoke, stretched forth his hand across the chamber.

"I have seen this room before, I think," said Demery. "Those pictures. That—that," he cried, half raising himself in the chair, while his voice rose sharp and loud—"that—that is my wife—my Marie. Ah!" it was a long heartbreaking sigh which he now breathed. "It seems to me as if I had lived for years here; as if it had been mine—this elegant chamber, with its busts, and books, and music, and the fragrant flowers. There is the very table too, from which I might have just arisen, after arranging my papers. Oh! what a dream, what a vision I wake from—what bewildering thoughts fill me! Ah! yes," the old man was beginning to forget himself; for he softly ejaculated—"Marie—come, come forth, my beloved and we will take a walk,—the day is pleasant, and the trees are green, and the shade is cool, while down through yon vast and solemn space pours the fine and spiritual impulses, that our souls alone seem to comprehend. Come—come! Where is Philippe—my little playfellow? Come, my Marie—Marie!" There was a painful pause, for a mood of insanity, so wild, and yet so beautiful, had stolen over the old man that enthralled his hearers. "Marie!" he cried, "why dost thou not come?—where does she tarry?—my beautiful! Gone! dead! dead did you say? Oh! have mercy on me!" and the palsied hands were clasped together in a strife of agony as another cloud stole upon his vision. "Mercy for Marie! do not tear her from me,—a word—a word—a farewell! but a look—oh, God! oh, God!—but one look. She is so young—so fair!—her face vanishes from me—fades away! she is lost—lost—lost!" he repeated, swaying his body to and fro.

"Madame," whispered Pierre, as he stole up to the side of Philippe Demery's wife,— "madame, the dear lady whom my old master laments, used, when he was in a sad mood, to play at times some simple, sweet music—an old Breton air, which I have heard you play and sing—if you would——"

"Yes—yes, certainly," interrupted Marie; and she stole softly to the harpsichord, and soon beneath her fingers "the gathering music rose;" the fine chords wreathed into

modulations of such sweet and passionate beauty, that the melody, while plaintive and melancholy, was as wild as winds in the air.

"That air! that music!" cried Demery, starting and clasping his hands together in the overpowering rush of his feelings; "there is but one hand that can touch it so. It must be Marie! Oh, torture an old man no longer! Let me see truly, or be blind for ever! Take hence the shadows from this sunny landscape which dawns upon my soul! Who are you, Monsieur? in mercy tell me!" and the old man caught Philippe by the arm.

"I am Philippe Demery, your son," was the low but distinct reply, which was succeeded by a pause of silence.

"You—Philippe Demery—my son!" repeated the old man. "It is impossible, for look you, he was a little boy, who used to get upon my knees to kiss me."

At this moment the watchful Pierre bent his head down to the little Philippe, and whispered, "Go to your grandfather at once;" and the boy, running in obedience to the request, said, with a graceful air peculiar to him, "I am little Philippe—Philippe is here."

"Ah!" cried Demery, with a radiant smile; "this is my child—this is my Philippe! He has the eyes and the brows of Marie."

"Marie is here also," said a sweet and tender voice; and, looking up, the old man beheld the face of his son's wife.

"My father," said the younger Demery, taking his wife by the hand and kneeling before him; "My father, bless us both! I am your son Philippe—this is my wife Marie—and this is your grandchild!"

"Marie! Marie!" murmured the old man fondly, and gazing eagerly into her face; "she bears a dear name; and where, then, is little Philippe? Methinks I hear again the tiny voice that formerly said, 'Papa, kiss me.'"

"Here," said the child, clambering on his knee, and putting his arms around his grandfather's neck, "Papa, kiss me!"

"God bless thee, child!" cried old Demery, wildly clasping the boy to his breast. Marie went once more to the harpsichord, and while Demery was passionately fondling his grandson, once more, in the soft stillness of the chamber, arose those liquid harmonies—the old air that had such a magic and a spell in every note.

"Hush!" murmured Demery, "Hush! That air again! It falls around me like a spring-shower on the dry herbage. I grow once more fresh and youthful. Into the past I turn mine eyes.—How very beautiful! Hush! My little Philippe, lay your head here, on my bosom. Thanks—thanks. Oh, Heaven! I am happy now!"

Still the music played; and Nannette and Pierre stood looking on in silent joy and pride, while Marie, turning to her husband, quietly said, "Doth he speak, my Philippe?"

"No," was the answer, "he sleeps now. Look at them both! See how his calm lips smile! My father," added he, reverently pressing his lips on his parent's forehead; "My father, welcome home!"

We have just returned after paying a visit to Vincennes, which has a magnificent chateau, with a towering donjon or keep, massive and mighty enough to become a small castle on its own account. The *porte d'entree*, square, solid, with its bridge and its gates like those of Gaza, demands of the spectator both attention and respect. The names of St. Louis—of Henry the Fifth of England, who died here—of Louis the Eleventh, who saw in it such facilities for his detestable purposes, and who made of it a state prison—of Louis the Thirteenth and Fourteenth, who made additions to it; these names are historically connected with the chateau, and indicate the parts it has played in the several episodes of French history of more or less importance. It was here that Napoleon the "great," who could become so "little," had the poor d'Enghien shot, and it is in the ditch that his body was buried. It is now used as a state prison, as a magazine and armoury, and regiments of artillery and infantry are constantly kept here.

Returning by a circuit into Paris, by a barrier through which Talleyrand was carried to his grave, the postilion asked, as a direction by which he should go, "*vers quelle barrière?*" received the reply which is as significative to some as a paradox would be, "*barrière d'enfer;*" and on this discursive subject we chatted, as we clattered in our commodious vehicle along the streets. Our attention was called to an old mendicant, who, in defiance of the law, was plying his trade, and who (attended by a little child, whose somewhat attractive appearance awakened our sympathies much to his profit) had in his physiognomy that mixture of cringing and cunning which are inseparable from the face of one constantly trading upon credulity and charitable impulses. His small twinkling eyes spoke of that jollity and furtive festivity in which the professional beggar indulges himself when the success of the day has been commensurate with his importunity, though not, perhaps, to his desires. The mendicant is, perhaps, the only public pensioner who is never by any chance satisfied. In this instance we scarcely succeeded, though liberal.

We observed also batches of scavengers here and there (for the most part women), who seemed to have lost all character of sex, though, God knows, a heart of flesh is often enough to be found beneath an uncouth exterior and a ragged outside. With these, also, mingled other squalid apparitions—gaunt and cadaverous-looking *chiffonniers*, who, with basket on shoulder, and a hooked stick, rake in the mud of the towns, all filled with that exciting hope—which makes them bear such monstrous miseries—of picking the "lost purse of gold" which all and each expect to find some day or other before they die. These, with the *gamin*, the *badaud*, the *escamoteur* of the streets, indicate, with a severe emphasis, the extent to which civilization, spruce and smiling as a harlot going to her prayers, protects, cherishes, and fosters the poor of the great cities of Europe.

Passing along one of the most thickly populated districts of the city, we saw a man hastening along, with bent shoulders, a head stretched out in advance of him, and taking long strides, with a peculiar swing of the body (which had a most ungainly aspect), though he evidently got rapidly over his ground. On his shoulder, suspended from a long stick, hung some dead rats, and under his arm was a box of nostrums for exterminating the



H. C. Crockett pinx

J. Braun sc

Portrait of a Chiffonier.



Portrait of a Prussian Barricader



Prussian Peasants.



H.C. sculp.

Engr.

The Persian Whiffener.



Jean-Benoit



The Pets



The Bride



The Blind Hermit

vermin. He was well known to the street folk as "Jean Bernard," and his reputation was as peculiar as it was plainly ubiquitous. He was one of those popular eccentricities to which every town gives birth, and which is either an idiot, a knave, a scamp, or one whose pretensions, being humble, are cheerfully acknowledged by the community. "Jean Bernard," therefore, if he had put up his claims as a "deputy," would have had a very extended suffrage in his "quarter," however equivocal those votes would have been.

Arrived at our hotel, we began to make arrangements for departure for Belgium and the Rhine; and our passports being accordingly prepared, our packing over, and our bills paid, we had nothing to detain us, the more particularly as our host had undertaken to see us to the diligence, which was to start for the frontier early the next day. It is, therefore, on the eve of such a departure that the tourist begins to make a summary of his sights and visits—that he recapitulates the places and the people that he has been at and seen—that he once more takes a retrospective and refreshing review of the past; and so it was with me on the last evening of our stay.

For the present, therefore, I had put carefully by the conclusion of our friend Ralph Potter's history, and by the balmy light of a fine evening I set myself alone to brood over the past, and to take one more glance at Paris, active and passive—Paris, that is a carcase of the many centuries since the Franks crossed the Rhine, and in which there lives a restless and impetuous soul of the ever-changing present. Looking into my note-book, I am amazed to find what a vast amount of detail I have to dispose of, and glancing at the vast circle I have yet to make (with certain remarks of more or less note, according to the suggestive elements a locality may contain), I find myself compelled to make hasty work of the multifarious fret-work of anecdote and traditionary reminiscence I possess.

I must briefly mention the interest we felt in the busy Bourse, the thronged market, the bustling squares with their stately edifices and their noble fountains, which give such an air of freshness to the most antique of city spots. I forget not the "Temple," with its infinite buyers and sellers, from an old shoe to a jewelled sabre, and from rags to royal robes—the Temple, which comprehends the whole antipodes of sale and barter, which does not create a new traffic, but which resells that which has been sold before—the great second-hand exchange of Paris, in fact. I say here but a word in recollection of the charming "Genevieve," and of the pretty "bride" at whose espousals I was present, and whom I met—with some kind friends I had made—at a rare and never-to-be-forgotten gala held at the Jardin Mabille; nor do I say how long those eyes haunted me after. It is pleasing thus to recall the features of those we have reason to love and esteem; and I omit not, in addition to these, the name of the bewitching "Hortense" I once surprised seated pensively in a swing in the grove, her companions having laughingly left her in a dilemma she soon forgot in a reverie; nor can I easily forget her lovely sister, that in a paddock I found feeding her 'young pets,' (two beautiful fawns, that took food out of her hands with a docility that reminded one of the golden age,) and who scampered away at the first glance of Dewbank's hirsute countenance. I had taken care, too, that in the way of cathedral and town-hall

architecture, nothing should escape me that was in any way worthy of notice ; and thus it is, that by means of one or other of us, I am enabled to give pictorial remembrances of Rouen, of Amiens, and even of Amboise—that place so redolent of romantic reminiscences, thanks to the perplexing talent that Louis XI. had in making his chateaus the perfection of prison-houses, and which is rendered the scene for the greatest part of Walter Scott's stirring romance of 'Quintin Durward.' Francis I., too, who lost all but honour at the battle of Pavia, D'Orleans, Catherine de Medicis, and a host of other names, instantly start up before the memory. Thanks to Ralph Potter, who had some passion for visiting Tours, we obtained a *souvenir* of Amboise.

Amiens, which lay in our route, has a noble Cathedral, which holds one of the first places among the Gothic structures of France. It was erected in 1220, and, by a peculiarity in the stone, the flight of the 126 delicate shafts that support an immense vault, or the eccentricity of the builders, these shafts have the peculiarity of giving forth a tone when touched or struck ; one, called *le pilier sonore*, startles by the intensity of its prolonged and grave harmony, as though it were the string of some enormous harp.

Adieu, then, to Paris ! Adieu, then, for a long time, to France the beautiful ! Adieu to Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and Meudon ! Adieu to those frivolities even, which had a gratification for a grave American. What I have not written others have ; are they not in the chronicles of every lounge who has been but a month in Paris, and are they not numerous enough to make tome upon tome of matter which my pages would not hold ? Adieu ! we all said the next day. *En route* now for Germany and the Rhine !



Rouen



The Castle of Ambres

Engraving by Le Petit sculpt.



St. Gudula, Brussels

CHAPTER IV.

The Netherlands—West and East Flanders, Brabant, Liege, the Rhine.

Oh, pleasant travelling—pleasant summer time, with cordial friends, no cares on the mind, and no fears for the future (not even for the sale of my book)—how beautiful it is! The horses dash joyously along the roads, the heavy *diligence* rumbles and bounds on; and after we are shaken and jolted about, getting out while the horses change, and walking ahead, asking questions of passers-by, greeting all frankly, and receiving kind greetings in turn—there is no such time in life!

We speedily began to note the almost English rurality of Belgium. Cleanliness, thrift, and order, were evident everywhere; and, religiously eschewing railroads where it was possible, we found ourselves in the heart of French Flanders, and passing through Lille, the ancient capital.

This city—fortified by Vauban, the king of strongholds—built on the banks of the Deule, is held to be one of the finest in Europe. Its massive and tortuous walls and circumvallation, seem as if the whole genius of War had been once concentrated against it, and one might have fancied that its deep foundations laughed to scorn a deluge of fiery hail that more than once fell around and within it. It is now devoted chiefly to the peaceful pursuits of trade in soap, lace, linen, cloth, &c. In addition to those singular arrangements which belong to fortified cities, it has several favourable specimens of old and more modern architecture. Among the former, its college and museum—among the latter, its Porte de Paris, a fine bridge, a circus embellished with beautiful gardens, some fine markets, and other places which strike the hasty eye of the traveller; but the absorbing objects are the walls, the muniments, the sense of strong might, of adamantine resistance, of defiance to bomb and cannon, which, however, has not prevented it from being taken more than once.

Leaving Lille, we once more started on our journey, and stopped at Bruges, where, after having spent some hours in strolling around the city, and admiring the striking characteristics that rose up in such a multitudinous amplitude around us, we turned our attention chiefly to the church of St. Salvador and the town-hall.

Bruges rose to eminence in the thirteenth century, and became one of the great emporiums of the Hanseatic league, an association of merchants and citizens, who joined together for protection and defence against the tyrannous rapacity of the old Earls of Flanders; and merchants from northern Europe, as well as from the Lombardian cities, met together there for the purposes of traffic.

Like many of the old cities of Europe, its population, its wealth, and its once extensive manufactures, have dwindled down considerably in point of numbers, amount, and importance. The cathedral of St. Salvador is one of its oldest, as also one of its proudest monuments. It was founded nearly fourteen hundred years ago, and was once burned down and rebuilt, though the ideas connected with what is superb and grand do not here strike one, as the outer shell is chiefly formed of brick. It contains some of the finest paintings and altar-pieces that the country boasts of; and the names of Von Oost the elder, Bakerel, Langen Jean, and Gerard Seghers, indicate with tolerable certainty the value of the pictorial treasures. We spent many hours in looking over the building, as also the town-hall, sketches of which are given for the better satisfaction of the reader.

From Bruges to Ghent the journey was but a short one, and a day after found us in the capital of East Flanders, situated at the confluence of three rivers which mingle in the Scheldt. Built, in fact, upon waters, its streets are navigable canals, and innumerable bridges offer facilities for otherwise traversing the city than by means of boats. The city is of a triangular form, is divided into some twenty-six islands, and has a circumference of about fifteen miles, the greater portion of which is devoted to gardens, bleaching-grounds, and corn. Ghent, with eighty thousand inhabitants, its gates, squares, and more than fifty stately churches, has some claim to be considered important—and in reality is so. The cathedral of St. Bavon, adorned by some of the wonderful productions of Van Eyck, whose mastery of colour is to this hour a marvel for the freshness and vividness of its hues, remains almost unequalled in the world. The tower, which was twice burned down, rises to nearly three hundred feet, and terminates in a platform, from whence a fine view of the surrounding country is to be obtained. The pulpit of carved wood, decorated with marble reliefs, is from the chisel of Delvaux, a sculptor of great reputation in his time.

The subject of Van Eyck's picture is taken from the Apocalypse, and the Celestial Lamb, surrounded by angels and saints, is one of the most artistic and precious efforts of genius ever produced. Painted, as it was, upwards of four hundred years ago, the brilliant effect of the whole is almost incredible; and time, which blackens the pictures of other artists, has had here no such effect.

The cathedral has several of its twenty-four chapels thus elegantly and devoutly adorned. In the fourteenth, we see a picture by Reubens, of St. Bavon being received into the abbey of St. Arnaud. The accessories of the altar, the candlesticks, &c., are of equal value as relics of decayed genius, and the four candelabras are said to have belonged to Charles I.

The town-hall is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, and the date of its erection is placed as far back as the ninth century, which very possibly is correct. A great portion of it remains in all the charm of its original form, with its carvings, and its tracery and fret-work. Time, probably, has attacked the remaining parts, and the taste of the architect, or of those who had any superintending influence, prompted the modernizing of the rest, so that the contrast is as striking and distasteful as it is destructive to its beauty.



A. H. Payne sc

Cathedral of St. Peter



H. Albert

A. H. Payne sc.

Church of St. Peter, Rome

We are now in Antwerp, which has a quaint, grand stateliness, rather of an hereditary kind than of constant progression. Its merchant princes once built cathedrals, and its painters were grandees in other lands. A traveller says, that if you "take away Reubens and the cathedral, Antwerp would not be Antwerp." It is the same with other places, we apprehend. Take away the nose from a man's face, and a pretty large question is laid open as to his identity. But the cathedral is a surprisingly noble affair, and seizes upon the imagination at once. A tower, that is one tissue of fine and ornate carving, springing up with an effect almost magical to a height of some four hundred feet from the ground, appears like an arrowy shaft darting out of the earth, while the interior, again, is decorated with some of the masterpieces of Reubens, monuments of his genius, creating an ever-pervading sense of beauty in the mind of the spectator.

Broad calm streets, with quaint yet stately mansions, are the characteristics of the city. Its inhabitants are still rich, proud, and impressed with the remembrances of former glories, which lifted them to so eminent a position in the history of the past; and though the port boasts of little more than a hundred vessels, instead of, as formerly, some two thousand at a time, still there is a display of opulence and burgher wealth which cannot fail to strike the most ordinary observer.

The town-hall is, in itself, an unique specimen of a style of architecture that yet contains within it the elements of so many beauties, as to be still prevalent in most of the neighbouring cities, and to be imitated with considerable success in reproductions of an inferior kind. It has a stately and imposing air, and, with its stormy reminiscences and suggestive memories, is unquestionably a source of gratification to the amateur, whether as an antiquarian or as an architectural study.

We quitted Antwerp after a somewhat lengthened stay, and, bending our track towards the beautiful Rhine, arrived very speedily at Brussels. This is a cheerful sunny city, but in its provincialism, striving, as it were, with an effort and an air, to become a second Paris, and to share in the importance of its great rival. There is something to provoke a smile in the unapproachable distance which lies between. It has received favour in the eyes of the English, however, for many reasons, and those chiefly of a low and vulgar kind, associated with lace, luxury, and cheap living. It is this pretentious element, prevailing generally among such sub-populations of English, that give it a contemptuous aspect on the whole; and there is in this a certain conventionality with respect to it, which impresses one in like manner as it did an Englishman and his family who had quitted it to dwell in Antwerp, as he "would not have a good name, which he had at home (he said), damned by a residence in Brussels."

We went to look at the splendid collection of paintings in the Museum, and bestowed a portion of our admiration on the manufacture of Brussels lace, into which we got some little insight, and hastily glanced at the palaces, which had the same features of antiquity put in abrupt contrast with modern repairs in the very last and worst style of the fashion—the same cumbrous magnificence and weary weight of half-faded grandeur—the same

rooms, suite upon suite, till one grows tired of the monotony of walking through them, and are only roused when we people them with the forms of the past.

Finally, we went to look at the very fine cathedral church of St. Gudula, and having stood rapt for a few moments before the altar and devotional paintings it contains, we were fascinated by the painted windows, which are perhaps without a rival of their kind within a dozen surrounding principalities.

We now proceeded by steam through the fine, well-tilled land to Liege, which, for its manufactures in iron and steel, and the skill of its artisans in every branch of the arts of working in the metals, is the Sheffield of Belgium. The broad pastures, and grounds under cultivation on both sides of the railroad, reminded us of the high state of perfection, and of the constant and unceasing reproduction, to which they have got the grounds and market-gardens around London. Here, road upon road—green, blossoming, beautiful—indicated resources and stores from whence arrive those vast accumulations in the markets of the great cities—Paris and London being supplied from these in a more or less degree—which men wonder at, and the “cockney” marvels where they get them from.

Around the environs of Liege, the country has a very lively and charming aspect, as it rises in beautiful hills, diversified with trees and pretty houses, which give an animation of the most pictorial kind to the neighbourhood. The town is situated on the confluence of the Ourthe and the Meuse, and is the seat of a bishop, and one of the two High Courts of Justice is established here. Its inexhaustible stores of coal have created its modern greatness, and given to its trade and manufactures an importance that has lifted it to opulence and power. It has numberless forges, a cannon foundry, a manufactory of arms, and its stores of various kinds of ironware are almost beyond count. One incessant bruit, arising from the hammers of the vast workshops, fills the air with a din that is not wanting in a sort of rude harmony, which has a rather cheerful effect, and indicates all the cheerful activity of business. It has also tanneries, cloth works, and glass and crystal have now become important elements of its wealth-creating enterprise. It boasts of fine colleges, a school of music, deaf and dumb schools, and a free establishment for the education of the children of the working classes. The cathedral of St. Jaques and the town-hall, both grand and noble edifices, attract attention, and, with other remnants of an older time, give an interest of quite another kind to this city, that has sustained battles and sieges, and whose people have held so conspicuous a place in history, as ardent friends to liberty, and undismayed foes to oppression. Within a circle of fifteen miles there are towns and villages (connected with it by canals and railroads) of commensurate importance, and very fully populated. All are engaged in some business or other; and the nobility of the Liegeois are chiefly the creation of the foundry and the forge, though many of the old names that became prominent in the troublous times of the Reformation and the League are still to be met with.

Our road to Cologne now lay through Aix-la-Chapelle; and other people, another language—quite another species of the race—appeared on every side of us, with aspects of improvement so grafted on to the noble old German stock, as made us warm to it at once.



Cologne Cathedral

—through hamlets half hidden by blossom and green leaf, and now began to traverse the city itself, which has upwards of one hundred fountains, thirty public buildings, and quite as many churches and edifices of note, if not more in number, dividing our time at leisure between the *Kaisersaal* (or regal hall) and the *Liebfrauenberg* (or parade), which, when crowded with its motley frequenters, is like a brilliant “vanity fair.”

Besides the Ariadne of Dannecker, the fame of which has become universal, and the emotions which moved us on visiting the house where the great Goethe was born—that sentimental yet sombre genius which has aided to raise the German literature to such a lofty altitude—we were gratified with beholding the noble statue of the poet, sculptured by Schwanthaler, and cast in the foundry of Stiglmayer and Miller, which now forms one of the “lions” of Frankfort. The statue was cast of Turkish cannon recovered at Navarino. It has a stately look, with few artistic faults, which, however, are lost in its vastness, and its *bas reliefs* are illustrations of his greatest creations.

We had exhausted the city, both interior and exterior, and for Ralph’s sake prolonged our stay, till reminded, by the flight of time, that we had to cross the white boundary of the Lombardian plains, and then we parted. We had to go by the hills of the Rheingau towards Heidelberg, while Ralph made for Weimar; and here I may as well give the reader a summary of his journey, with as little commentary as needful, (seeing it was not our regular route,) together with the notabilities friend Ralph saw and told us of when we met again.

Passing by Fulda, where St. Boniface established a dynasty of fat and happy monks, and which looked enchantingly beautiful in the haze of the soft and dreamy day, he arrived at the Wartburg, and being a great admirer of Luther, he, as a matter of course, descended in order to pay a visit to the chapel, which is situated on a hill near Eisenach, in the Grand Duchy of Weimar, and where, after the diet of Worms, the recusant lodged for about a year under the protection of Frederic the Wise, and it was in this place, fitted to inspire one with a grand fanaticism, that he fulminated some of his most tremendous truths against the evils of the Papal Church.

At Leipsic, Ralph shuddered beneath the stupendous height of the ambitious and inelegant roof of the Church of St. Thomas, which lifts up its ugliness towards heaven, as if to attract both the admiration—for monstrosity sometimes commands it—of the world, and its unqualified censure. It is precisely like that of a huge barn. He had, however, the opportunity of paying homage at the monument erected to the memory, and in honour of, the renowned Sebastian Bach, whose choral melodies, and intricate yet unequalled *fugues*, are still the marvel of professors, and the passion of those who delight in “sounds and sweet airs.” The town-hall and the market-place, taken as a whole, have a quaint and even pleasant suggestiveness about them, especially to those who love to associate the burgher-life of the past with the snug rambling interiors of old and venerable edifices. The post-house is also a picturesque specimen of the older style of Continental building. It need scarcely be remarked here, that Leipsic is famous for its great fairs, in which books

from all countries form a prominent object of sale and barter. This contributes, in a direct or indirect manner, to the reputation and the profit of the literary world ; but it also affords the publisher an opportunity of effecting sales in books which at home may remain long on hand, as dead stock, and, in addition, it turns the current of intelligence and intercommunicated knowledge into every possible channel.

Desirous of seeing Dresden, Ralph first found himself at Friburg, which possesses a magnificent cathedral, the carving and ornaments of which are by some supposed to surpass those even of Strasburg, which at least speaks very highly in their favour. Certainly, if not so stately, it is extremely beautiful. From the terrace of a hermitage without the town, a certainly splendid view is commanded, while the river which runs beneath, (and over the valley of which, elegant suspension-bridges are thrown here and there,) contribute to give an air of picturesque lightness to the whole, which is heightened by the sight of cattle grazing in the meadows, and peasant maidens chatting together in the open air.

The following tradition is told of the Grotto of St. Odille, which is in the immediate neighbourhood of Friburg :—

Odille, daughter of the Duke of Alsace, having been brought up in a convent to the habits of a religious life, resolved to devote herself to heaven by taking the veil, and one day departed from her father's court for this purpose, leaving all the noble young knights, her suitors, in the greatest grief.

Among the number was a German prince, on whom her father, Duke Attich, had looked with favour, but to avoid whose suit she had set forth habited as a beggar, and thus passed the Rhine in a small boat. The Duke discovering this, in his anger and disappointment set out in pursuit ; and, from the boatman's description, had no doubt but that he was on her track, and continued to follow with fresh energy.

Odille, climbing one of the forest mountains, had sat down to rest, and, while engaged in prayer, hearing the sound of horses' feet, looked below, and beheld her father's troopers climbing the zig-zag path. She hastily rose to her feet, but, naked, tender, and bleeding, they refused to bear her onward, and she fell exhausted to the ground.

In her agony and alarm, horrified at the possibility that she, who had intended to become the bride of heaven, should be compelled to accept the hand of an earthly lover, she prayed fervently for deliverance. The rock opened, and when again it closed, she had disappeared. Presently she heard her father's voice, in his bereavement, calling upon her.

"My child ! my child !" he cried, "where art thou gone to ?"

"My father," her voice replied, while he trembled at hearing these familiar tones coming from the mysterious shelter she had found—"My father, you persecute him who loves me."

Recognising in all this the will and influence of a superior power, Duke Attich swore to respect his daughter's vow, and promised to build for her a convent. The rock opened, and, arrayed in garments of a heavenly brightness, Odille came forth, and fell upon his bosom. The legend states that she wept, and begged his *forgiveness* !—for what, friend

patriots, takes place, and where their busts are shown, in order to keep their names and memories alive. The design was that of King Louis, and it is worthy of Pericles and the Parthenon. Standing as it does, and where it does, it has a most imposing aspect. This is heightened, when its design is also taken into consideration. It is attained by a flight of nearly three hundred marble steps, which, by the way, are more artistic than agreeable to the traveller. Everything within and without, gate and entrance, plinth, and architrave, and capital, are upon colossal—even cyclopiian dimensions. The sense of vastness adds to the illusion, which is so purely ideal, that the imagination can fill the place with the grandeur of presences that reach from the days of Arminius, (who destroyed the legions of Augustus,) downwards; it is thus the nucleus and centre of an interest which, while it fastens itself upon the affections of the people, makes them proud of that assemblage of the mighty dead that are already represented within the walls, and anxious to emulate the splendour of those deeds of act, and thought, which make men immortal, and cause them to be spoken of with reverence and love long after they are passed away; and a more legitimate inspiration than this cannot be infused. Conceive, however, his disgust on finding that Luther was excluded from the number.

To Salzburg (after a hasty glance of Ratisbon), famous as the birthplace of the immortal Mozart, whose statue, sculptured by Schwanthaler, gives honour to the city, and perpetuates the name of the great melodious magician,—to Salzburg Ralph then made his way, and here the half-Italian appearance of the city, and the scene, struck him with their characteristic combinations, partially architectural, but chiefly from the natural features of the city as it stands, and rises like an acropolis from the waters, circled in by an amphitheatre of peaked and lofty mountains.

It is one of those cities whose glories are things of the past, and whose vitality the advance of time does not contribute further to. In the last twenty years, from unexplained causes, it has lost half its population; and a city that, for its almost imperial magnificence, was at one time known as a "little Rome," is gradually becoming dead and inanimate, its edifices empty, its spacious squares deserted, and its traffic a tradition; and, but for the beautiful scenery on the river Salzach and the immediate environs, it would probably be a silent monument of its departed glory. Something that had a mournful and depressing tendency struck Ralph as he gazed upon it, and visited its suburbs, and crossed its bridge of 370 feet in length. Six-and-twenty, or even a larger number of churches, must alone contribute to give to it an imposing air. The cathedral, built in a pure Italian style, by Solari of Como, is adorned with fine paintings and statues of marble. It was in this city that Paracelsus died, who, if he was the charlatan of his age, contrived, at all events, to cast a poetic mantle over his deceptions, and to cloak his impostures with characteristics of the most dazzling and ambitious kind; but even these decaying splendours could not hide the crumbling indications that Ralph beheld around him, as though the tooth of time had bitten deeply into stone and wood, and the canker had become universal and chronic.

This short, and even scant episode, was necessary for the satisfaction of the reader, if

only to connect together the sketches which the quick eye and facile pencil of Ralph transferred to his portfolio, and which with him, like most things that he undertook, was a passion, to be gratified at any cost ; merely adding here that he crossed the Tyrol, by way of Inspruck, in order to arrive at the appointed place. I shall here return to our own route, which, after leaving Frankfort, was again bent for Heidelberg.

We had, in order to while away the hours, and to escape from the tedium caused by our sudden parting from Ralph, entered—it being evening—into a rude but large kitchen in the suburbs, where some strolling players were representing a comedy, which was more remarkable for emphasis of acting, and for force of language, than for the artistic skill of the *corps dramatique*, or the refinement of the piece. The next morning we had the opportunity of witnessing a witty altercation between a sweep and a servant girl belonging to the hotel, into the kitchen of which the talents of the dark artisan had been required, and some observations of his had provoked a repartee, which caused no small amount of amusement. It was neither rude nor coarse, however, and its good humour redeemed it from being an impertinence.

Passing by Darmstadt, we could not help casting a regretful glance at the fair Lindēn walk, without the Rhine-gate, which, on account of its gravelly nature, is fit for promenading on in all seasons. Deep woods, villages, mills, lakes, and running water lie on either side, and, full of admiration, we at last plunged into the green valley of the Neckar, and stood in the streets of Heidelberg—picturesque, quaint, dust and time-eaten, but strangely beautiful in the paling light of the declining day. It is celebrated for what it has been, rather than what it is. Its university, gymnasium, and other societies still command respect ; while its ruined castle, its mighty wine-vat, and its connections with rare wine, old hock, ghostly German stories, which make the fireside and the winter's night so glorious, are among the things which time deals kindly with.

Hoary and aged, the extensive ruins of the castle stand commandingly on the Jettenbühl. Behind, in fine relief, are oak and pine-crested hills. From the terrace you might almost leap into the town below. Passing out of the gardens behind the castle, one goes under the arches of the Giant's Tower into the great court-yard. The splendour of old ruins, their imposing and varied styles, with a sort of stateliness that makes itself peculiarly felt, strike the spectator. Medallions, arms, exquisite sculptures, in all the lavish profusion of artistic skill and plenty, attract the attention. Caryatides, arabesques, flowers, lions and griffins' heads, support arches, or centre them. Next to the famous Alhambra, the ruins of Heidelberg are the most magnificent of the middle ages. Fitting spot to view the scene below, where the town rests peacefully on the shore of the grape-fructuating Neckar. Opposite rise the Odenwald ; and the Alsation hills, blue or purple, complete the picture. But the tun, the vat, or rather the huge wine-cask, is the crowning glory of Heidelberg, and shares its renown. It stands in an arched hall, like a Bacchus crowned with flowers. With

a diameter of 18 feet, it must hold a goodly amount of the generous liquor. Let the name of its maker, Michael Werner, of Laudacica, be held in proper honour with it. We did both justice, believe us; and as soon as we had had our fill of the fascinating old place, where, by the by, we met with some young students from the new world, we rolled on to Carlsruhe, and found Baden lightly reposing in a valley of streams and freshets, gentle hills rising on every side, and shady walks on all hands inviting us to stroll along them.

The spacious public saloons and ball-rooms upon the Cursaal, finished and furnished like palaces, are crowded of an evening with fashionable and often frivolous crowds of people. Here, too, are to be found those gambling tables—those almost incredible agents of ruin—those doorways to perdition, in which good men and fair women enter, and return—never more! Silently, but with a silence of a fierce and feverish nature, the infernal play goes on. Now the howl of the maniac breaks it—now the pistol-shot of the suicide, or the bubbling that follows the poinard of the assassin, are heard. Impassive, however, the keepers, bankers, and gamblers play on. The boxes rattle, the ball whirs, the monotonous cry of the game is muttered, the golden coin jingles tunefully; but oh! what haggard, spectral creatures do they soon become—one set demonized; the other, harpies!

Under the glare of the overhanging lights, while wine was drunken of, and the music pulsed from the dancing-rooms in the distance, I contemplated a picture that gave me but little pleasure. It was like that of the obstinate and lost souls in the Castle of Indolence. There stood a circle of human beings, actuated by one of the most contemptible passions that can degrade a man, and beggar him of every loftier quality—cupidity. The desire of gain is, in one form, an honest and healthy impulse; but to gain by the chance of the gaming table is quite another thing. Avarice must have chuckled to see those inhumanized and pallid faces. If there be such a thing as a poetic side to this disgusting picture, it is that of the constant reanimation of hope. What kind of brazen-looking harlot would the benign goddess look under such a limning?

It was a blessing to go forth into the woods, by the waters, up the hills, around the valleys, and far away from the reeking pestilence of these poison-houses, which have a power to fascinate the stoutest, the best. To shun, to fly, is wiser than to defy and dally. There was that without, in the cool shady groves, which repaid us; for I saw, within the few half hours I spent in the gambling saloon at Baden, enough to last me my life. As for Dewbank, he was almost furious at being made to confess that he believed the passion could be infused into the most apathetic. Ruin and suicide—misery and horror—these are the seeds fruitfully sown there. For my part, when I hear that a gambler has blown out his brains, I feel a sort of savage satisfaction at it. If a man is bent on going to the devil, the sooner he is gone the better.

Strasburg, where we arrived at next, has one of the most noble and beautiful of all the Gothic churches we had seen. The loftiest pyramid is but *twenty-five feet* higher, I was informed, than the Monster Tower. It has an incomparable air of towering sublimity, which tones down its richness with a harmony that is felt, while one stammers in the attempt

to express it, and where language fails in description. There is a profusion of the minutest work, and that of the most ornate style in almost every stone, which, viewed in conjunction with the whole, is totally lost; but while it does give a character to the whole stupendous pile, the curious can anatomize it on closer inspection, bit by bit, and thus perceive and appreciate the patient labour of the old architects of the Gothic ages—ages that, while every other art was either dead or had retrograded, still, in the mysterious confraternity of free-masonry, brought down from the days of Solomon, the consummate skill which is only imitated—scarcely equalled—at this day. The city itself, besides being a judicial seat of some importance, and besides its episcopal rank, possesses many institutions and noble edifices, of an antiquity and a value quite suitable to its own proper dignity. Once the capital of Alsace, and a French province, it is essentially German in language and manners. The environs consist of many pleasant gardens, and a favourite walk is planted with an avenue of trees, and is called the Ruprechtsau.

We were now bidding adieu to the Rhine. We looked on its picturesque windings from the heights, like lovers, who cast a last regretful glance after the beloved one. We thought of its rich wealth, on the beauties of nature, on the treasured poetry of its traditions, its vine-bearing shores, and felt a part of its joy, as from the depth of its flowing heart some sweet singing arose like ballads of the past. Not like a lover who hopes to behold his mistress again did we cast a backward glance. We had bidden it farewell, most likely, for ever. It had become dear to us; and when we finally quitted Basle, and clomb up to Switzerland, we felt sadder; and whether wiser men or not, I will not undertake to say. We could not, however, be very much the worse for feeling a momentary sadness at losing the loveliness of the Rhine. Grandeur scenes were in store for us; but we missed Ralph Potter more and more.



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CHAPTER V.

Switzerland.

BASLE, Soleure, and Berne, full of historic memorials, having been left, we began to enjoy the ever-changing and sublimer aspects of the mountain scenery we now passed through, or beheld far away from us. Here rivers lost their character of lovely repose, of stately tranquillity. They became brawling torrents, impetuous cascades, dizzy and thunderous falls; and going strong and soundingly along, rejoicing in their might, and grand in all their irresistible force, at last gathered into mighty basins, and formed lakes that are among the loveliest and the broadest in the old world.

Here, once more, were a new people, language, and manners; still, as yet, there was a German air mingled with the whole. We arrived at Thun, and stood in delight gazing on this purely Alpine city—the gate, as it were, of the Bernese Oberland, and situated on the rapidly rushing Aar. Beautiful indeed it lay—almost reposing within a mile of the waters of the lake. Here an island is formed, on which the parish of Bellitz is situated, with the church standing on an elevation, which gives I know not what of quiet and placidity to the whole. The narrow town, which winds with the river, boasts of four wooden bridges, and numbers some five thousand souls. It sleeps under the shadows of the Oberland, while the pointed Alps, far away, bound the picture. The next day we had a boat out on the lake, which sometimes, when the wind comes down the mountains, gathers together the dignity of a mimic sea in a tempest. It is fourteen miles long, and is between three and four wide. The Aar runs quite throughout it; and on the one shore, vineyards and green ascents diversify the picture, while rocks more rugged, on the other, vary the shifting aspect. On the following morning we set out at sunrise, and traversed the deliciously cool valley of the Lauterbrunnen, with its green pastures and sentinel-like ruins here and there dotting the hills. We had, while leisurely walking along, the Jung-frau in the far distance, and the Schreck-horn and Schwarz-horn still beyond. Around this valley mountains rise like walls, and falling waters create a sort of deep diapason of harmony unutterably impressive. You see the herdsmen, with their docile cattle, on the swarded slopes; and passing places where sketchers stop to add to their pictorial stores, by cottages, and sleeping villages, and green trees, arrive, by a slight deviation, at Interlachen, one of the most enchanting spots on earth at a certain hour in the day, and on a certain day in the year. In the evening, as the last light of the sun dies in the valley, and kisses the silver-topped mountains, the Jung-frau and the Silver-horn seem, in their flashing attire, like shadowy angels standing on the portals of some sublimer world.

A day or two after, we had sailed up the lake of Brienz, and rode into the pretty little village of Meyringen, which, embowered in cherry trees, and with innumerable and apparently perpendicular runnels of water pouring down the very face of the Alpbach, and gliding away into the Aar, so attracted our notice, and pleased our senses, that incontinently it was put down into the sketch-book, as we first caught the idea, while standing in the pretty village street.

From the summit of a hill, while gazing downward over woodland and meadow, which contrasted strangely with the white and fleecy Alps on every hand, the ancient Castle of Resti is seen. All around the birds sing as in the sweet copses of an English scene. The trees cast down soft shadows, and sheeted waterfalls come tumbling down the wooded ravines, fretted with spires of foam, like the silver tops of a cathedral; and thus rambling about a spot where the beauty of the warm and fruitful summer had robbed the sterner features of the country of the grim and spectral whiteness which it wears in the winter, we took up our abode, in order to wait for Ralph Potter, who, we knew from letters waiting for us, would ere long be at hand; and here it was that, on a sweet evening, seated in a chamber which looked into a flower-garden, we took up Ralph's manuscript, and finished it out of hand;—and here we offer it to the reader, who, we hope, will be as greatly interested in its somewhat abrupt and startling end as we ourselves were.

Conclusion of the Story of Aline.

"The fever in my blood," it went on, "the conflict of passions which had made my heart pulsate and my brain throb, were scarcely stilled when I woke the next morning after my strife with De Souché, and began to ponder what I should do. I loved *her*, I hated *him*! The one was a consequence of the other, and what the conclusion of all this was to be I did not know. That there was something dire and terrible enough, brewing as a catastrophe, I felt perfectly assured; but, in the meantime, there was I struggling in my pent-up fury, determined to save Aline—to save her for whom I would have poured out my blood like water—desirous also of meeting with my foe once more, and in such wise, and at such a time and place, as should make the strife final.

"The only thing that suggested itself to me, was to go in search of her; and as I had already penetrated by the forest to the habitation of the planter and his slave, I could have no difficulty in once more discovering it. I barely waited for breakfast, and taking my rifle and ammunition, together with a hunting-knife, for any emergency that might happen, I started forth. In the shade of the noble trees I could defy the fierceness of the sun's vertical rays; and caring for neither snakes in the grass, nor wild cats in the branches, without much risk or labour discovered my track of a former day. Finally, I arrived at the spot where I had seen Aline; and the elegant house, with its green and cool verandah stretched between laurel bushes, and a profuse intertangement of the most brilliant tropical flowers, stood before me. Not a soul was to be seen moving about, not a human sound was to be

heard. Birds, however, sang blithely overhead, while parrots, of brilliant plumage, chattered in the most lively manner. Aquatic fowl plashed in the cool waters of the broad basin, on whose margin, broad, deep-tinted water-flats hung with a dewy and grateful splendour. I was possibly on dangerous ground—on ground I could not convince myself I had a right to occupy—and yet I could not have gone back one step for the world. The interview with him or her, or both, was to be a last one; and, desperate as it was, I imagine this feeling made me bent on accomplishing a purpose scarcely recognizable to myself. Reckless of everything, I had still sufficient command over myself to keep in the shelter of the dense and aromatic vegetation, lest, by an absurd rashness, I should disappoint my own plans, such as they were. Suddenly I was brought to a halt, for the following words fell on my ears:—

“‘I will not force you; but, remember, your father lives, a hunted outlaw, whom I could send to the galleys!’

“‘My father!—the galleys!’ and then followed a heart-rending cry, ‘Oh! have mercy, man! Be not all the demon you seem bent on being. But it is false!’

“‘He is a murderer, and he is in my toils! No defence that he can make will have power to save him. You have been led to believe him dead! Shall I show him to you, bound to the flogging post? Shall I lead you to the foot of the gibbet, to which a word of mine can consign him?’

“‘No, no! Oh, for God’s sake, no!’ was the earnest cry. ‘What have I done to be thus degraded, and hunted to such shame and anguish? Spare me, lest I go mad, and do that which you, unrelenting as you are, may be sorry for!’

“‘You have scorned my love, and listened to another. Fool! do you think that a man like myself is to be thwarted? You threaten too! that is still less a reason. Spare you! You are mine—my goods, my property, my slave! and it is not your tears—which would dry up in the very heat of your own baffled rage were but your paramour here—that shall save you!’

“‘Paramour!’ Then there was a pause. ‘Would I were dead—dead! and, coward that I am—but take heed, master and owner of me, as you call yourself, take heed, I say!’

“I was standing before an open window, which was half covered with the gorgeous buds and blossoms of a vast rose-tree which filled the purpled atmosphere with an insupportable weight of odours, and then I heard the sob and the voice which thrilled through every atom of my being. It was the voice of Aline, who still murmured plaintively, ‘Mercy, mercy!’

“A mocking laugh followed, and the voice of the slave owner—of the satanic De Souché—replied, ‘Mercy! proud, beautiful, and accomplished! When I have trampled you, soul and body, in that depth to which I would have wooed you with tenderness and kisses, I will sell you, *mother* and *child*! and you shall not go together!’

“A stroke from the lightning could scarcely have struck upon my brain with more appalling force. She—mother—and child! What nameless crime—what brutal usage—

what wordless outrage had been committed upon her! I had not the strength to have lifted up my weapon even if he had then offered to strike her. There ensued a long pause, and then something like the sound of a blow followed a few words that he had broken the silence by, and then there was a bound, and a fierce yell, and a body rolled on the floor. This destroyed the accursed spell in which I had been enthralled, and with a cry I leaped into the chamber. What a sight met my eyes! It was enough to have turned me into stone.

"I shall never, never forget it! On the ground, drawn up by the fierce convulsions of his death agony, *he* lay. Far in the breast, up to the haft, was the blue stiletto which the maddened girl had plunged in! On the ground, with death-dews on his ghastly and still beautiful face, half reclined De Souché. It was the beauty of terror, so satanic was its expression, which was heightened when his glazing eyes caught sight of me, and, with a curse that rang with a withering and diabolical expression of a hate that no death could quench, he fell forward on the rich carpet, on which a black pool was silently gathering.

"Babbling and gibbering like an idiot—as indeed she had all at once become—the pallid cheeks having spots of blood on them, her white dress marked in the same hideous manner, and casting indescribable glances on the weapon she had plucked out, and on the Antinous form of him who now lay in his awful rest—there was Aline. Beautiful—but of a beauty that made the gazer shudder—she was. It went to my very heart—and perhaps prevented the sickening effects of the first terror that I felt—to behold her so utter a wreck. I had reason to know that *he* had made her a creature of ruin; so outraged that I could have wished her dead, and *he* living. To see her mad was a new phase of the tragedy.

"The chamber itself, the perfection of elegance, luxury, and coolness, was superbly furnished; and its white curtains, its gilded chairs and tables, its crimson couches, and the marbled veins of the walls and chimney-pieces, contrasted hideously with the objects it displayed. The glare of the noonday sun was softened by green blinds and by the verandah, yet everything was startlingly distinct. The froth was even now working on the dead man's blue, sharp lips.

"In a large cage some canaries chirped and fluttered about, and in another compartment were birds of paradise, cockatoos, &c., whose plumage were almost fabulous in their extraordinary display of colours. There was a piano-forte of rare work and exquisite tone, the melodies of which those dabbled fingers could have wakened up like a magic song. Completely fascinated, or rather frozen, for the moment, into an attitude of mingled horror and surprise, I had yet the opportunity of examining what I have here detailed, with a composure I never could afterwards comprehend.

"But the alarm was soon given. Servants came, and my first impulse was to fly. Aline herself leaped forth and bounded into the woods. There came a trial—my evidence—the story—Aline's condition—the mad mother of a dead child—all, in the course of time, proved the unexaggerated wickedness of him whose passions had thus plucked down death upon himself, and made of so magnificent a creature the ruin that I beheld, and now



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it had become my duty to watch over her, without, perhaps, being ever rewarded with a single look of recognition.

“De Souché’s relatives, in their blind rage, would have wreaked their vengeance on her. They sold her, but, unknown to them, I purchased her. Carrying her away with me, and taking the proper steps to secure freedom for her in any case, I had her placed under the charge of a medical man, whose establishment was already famous for working cures in mental disorders. Aline’s was a most hopeless case: from melancholy idiocy she flew into fits of raging madness, and ever before her lay the corpse of him she had slain—ever before her was the harrowing spectacle of the dying man.

“But what was to cure *me*! I had neither vengeance nor expiation. I had lost all. From me she was as completely severed as though the grave held her, and I sought for relief in travel and absence. I mourned for her as for one that was dead, and I sometimes yearned for that sad consolation of going to her grave, and shedding tears or strewing flowers over it.

“Months had gone by, and just as I was preparing for a long journey to the Rocky Mountains—anywhere, in fact,—I received a letter from my friend, stating that Aline had recovered her mental, at the expense of her bodily health. I was prepared for this; but, at the same time, I felt a singular depression coming over me. I deferred my journey, and hastened to her. Wan, weak, emaciated—the very spectre of her former self, yet spiritually beautiful—I found her lying in snowy sheets, looking like a corpse, and, apparently, waiting but to bid me farewell. There she lay—my heart’s adored—the crushed dove—the trodden lily—the greatly wronged—meek, submissive, prayerful—quite ready for her flight.

“What passed between us I can remember well. It is written on my heart, but I never could write it down. She died in my arms. Her last sigh was breathed upon my bosom. Her last words were a blessing. Her last look, one of ineffable love.

“Alas, Aline! most unfortunate and most unhappy. In losing thee, I lost, for a long time, the sunshine and the breezes, and the world was a wilderness of unrest. Time has softened the poignancy of the pain—it has also strengthened the memory.”

In a day or two, Ralph himself, fatigued, but looking well and cheerful, came into the little inn where we stayed, and, without further loss of time, we started forth on a longer and a more perilous journey, (after having canvassed the different routes that so very much easier suggested themselves than the one selected,—the appalling wastes and awful sublimities of the Upper Alps,) by the sublime pass of the Mount St. Bernard, which, with its sunny vales and dizzy chasms, its magnificent dogs, its *hospice* and its hospitalities, so welcome and appreciable, are so well known that I need not recapitulate them; and then we descended into the Sardinian plains, and trod the battle grounds where the Lombardian kings had fought so stoutly many a time for the iron crown, and where the mercantile spirit of the south was cultivated into a science, the results of which are commemorated by Lombard Street, in the heart of the city of London, at this day.

CHAPTER VI.

Italy.

HAIL to thee, Italy! land of sun and beauty—land of liberty and despotism—of slavery and freedom—of vices and of crimes—home of the arts—land of Dante and Tasso, but also of the Borgias—Queen! whose shores are decked with many diademed cities, but where also there is wretchedness and fear—Hail to thee!

So I thought murmuringly, as travelling through the plains of Lombardy, so opulent and so beautiful, we approached Milan, famous for its iron crown, which, however, is kept at Monza, some ten miles away, but which does possess Da Vinci's great masterpiece, the "Last Supper," and with its cathedral, whose roof rises above a forest of pinnales and smaller spires, boasts also of some three thousand statues within, together with other products of the artistic genius so lavishly bestowed upon her sons.

Here, too, are palaces built by Leoni, Marini, and Cagnola. Their walls are covered with pictures by the greatest Italian masters. Relievos are there from the hands of Abertolli; Franchi and even Canova have placed sculptures in their halls and saloons. Calani carved out the caryatides of the Royal Palace, and Appiani has left on the walls the finest conceptions of his fertile brain and brilliant pencil.

Passing through this portal to the grandeur of architectural states, (so to speak,) we dashed gaily along the road, our vetturino rattling recklessly on a smooth road, fringed on either side with vines and olive-trees; and after a few stoppages at the different stages of our route, (with the additional stay of a few days at Mantua, where "Romeo" doomed himself to die,) we approached the walls of Florence, the birthplace of Americus Vesputius, Boccaccio, Machiavelli, Petrarch, Galileo, the great Sully, and that sublime incarnation of the arts of sculpture and painting, Michael Angelo!—names these of themselves sufficient to immortalize a city; but add to them, the grace, the beauty, the proud majesty of the city in itself, and it stands forth with characteristics as brilliant as they are unrivalled. Nature has joined herself with art in beautifying Florence; and as the softly-flowing Arno goes winding along the base of gentle hills covered with verdure and carpeted with flowers, one sees in an instant how suitable a dwelling-place for the Muses such a city must be. You lounge among the splendours of the Pitti or the Uffizzi palaces; you look on the starry hosts with eyes of love, as, standing on the top of Fiesole, you think of the old astronomer who was tortured by the Inquisition. In the next hour, you pass by the Venus of Cleomenes, and remain speechless before the Madonna of Raphael.

Life in Florenee, like life everywhere else in Italy, is always a luxury, when it is not

View from France



actual wretchedness. If you drive in the Cascine and the environs, the delicious climate charms you with its golden softness. Wander about the town, and here the sculpture gallery, the painter's studio, the student's chamber, with ever-cordial welcome, are open for you. There is the opera, in all its surpassing pomp and powerful magic, for the enthralling of the senses; there are the theatres, to amuse and distract; and there is company, high-born, courtly, polished, and cordial, to entertain and to please you. To all of these, in turns, a stranger soon finds his way; and the short time we stayed there had an effect as powerful on us, as on the knight, who, returning home after fighting bravely at the Crusades, stayed in silken dalliance with the daughters of Italy, and not till the wine of life was drunk to the lees, and pleasure became a poison, did he tear himself away. It was then too late. To remain in Florence, under certain favourable conditions, becomes a passion—an actual infatuation—in a very short time.

In the bold tamelessness of her old republican days, Florence was at the very zenith of her fame. When the merchant princes of the house of the Medicis grasped her government, and began to convert her free institutions into an oligarchy, then she began to droop her stately head; and now she is lovely in the ruin which has made its home there, a captive fettered in chains, although the fair and servile head be crowned with flowers. Looking back, a grandeur more sombre than the city itself (now so indistinct in the purple haze of sunset), seems to loom over it, but which, at the same time, made her revered and feared, as also loved and worshipped. The very names I have written invoke something stately, and the shadows of her mighty dead stalk on with an air like those of the heroes of the *Iliad*. Their brows are very grave too, as if they mourned over the degeneracy of their descendants.

Here Alfieri wrote some of his noblest works, and exhibited a sterner tragic force of passion than any of his compeers, while Metastasio ranks no higher, in comparison, than the writer of operatic *librettos*. Alfieri is hard enough in style, it is true, and the action of his great dramas is cramped; but still, what vigour, what force, what deep groans, what pangs of anguish does he not delineate! While the Italian poetry, for the most part, is like the play of dulleimers, or the warbling of flutes, his voice breaks in like a trumpet blast, and startles the Sybartses who drowsily listen to the pleasing but effeminate piping.

It was Florence that gave birth to Dante—he who, long after, used to walk through the streets of Verona, an exile, muffled, gaunt, and haggard, with something of a mournful grandeur stamped on his majestic brow, as if it had been scathed by the lightning. And it was after him that pale men and trembling women used to point, and say, shudderingly, in a subdued whisper, “Yonder is the man who went down into Hell!” and this was written down in the *Inferno*.

Tuscany has, on the whole, natural advantages which have been lavishly bestowed. Bosomed under the shelter of the Appenines, and traversed by the Arno, its fertility strives to outdo itself in clothing that which is always beautiful with still greater beauty. Stand on any of the hills to gaze upon the city, and gardens mingle with palaces, green uplands

rise beyond the towering edifices, giving twenty charming varieties to one picture, while a horizon of countless heights and leafy mountains forms a perfect frame for this gem, of which we finally took leave with so much regret.

We went on to Leghorn, and took our passage by water to Civita Vecchia, as a variety in the journey, and proceeded towards Rome along the shore, through dreary wastes that had once been fields; and, after climbing an ascent, where the dome of St. Peter's, with all its stupendous air of vastness, met the gaze, we entered one of the gates, passed the court of St. Peter, crossed the Tiber by the bridge of Adrian, and by temples and columned ruins we entered the Custom-house, and released thence, drove on to the Hotel de l'Europe, situated in the Piazza di Spagna. We were in Rome, and could scarcely realize the fact. We were in a city which has a circumference of thirteen miles, and whose churches, palaces, fountains, aqueducts, antiquities, and ruins, bespeak its ancient greatness and its present magnificence,—magnificence rendered sacred by time and tradition. It would take months even to view its monuments, and years to become acquainted with it. How, then, is it possible to describe the indescribable? To make St. Peter's intelligible to the reader is no easy task, and I shall not attempt it. It occupied a century in its erection; was commenced by Bramante, carried on by Michael Angelo, and completed by Carlo Maderno; and cost more than forty-five millions of Roman crowns, each of which is, in round numbers, equal to our dollar.

We traversed the Corso, the chief street of modern Rome, out of which, for a mile in length, squares, and flashing fountains, and stately palaces open,—and drove to the Forum, the very heart and centre of the Roman world. You tread the Capitol, and thoughts which defy utterance fill the breast. In fancy you can see

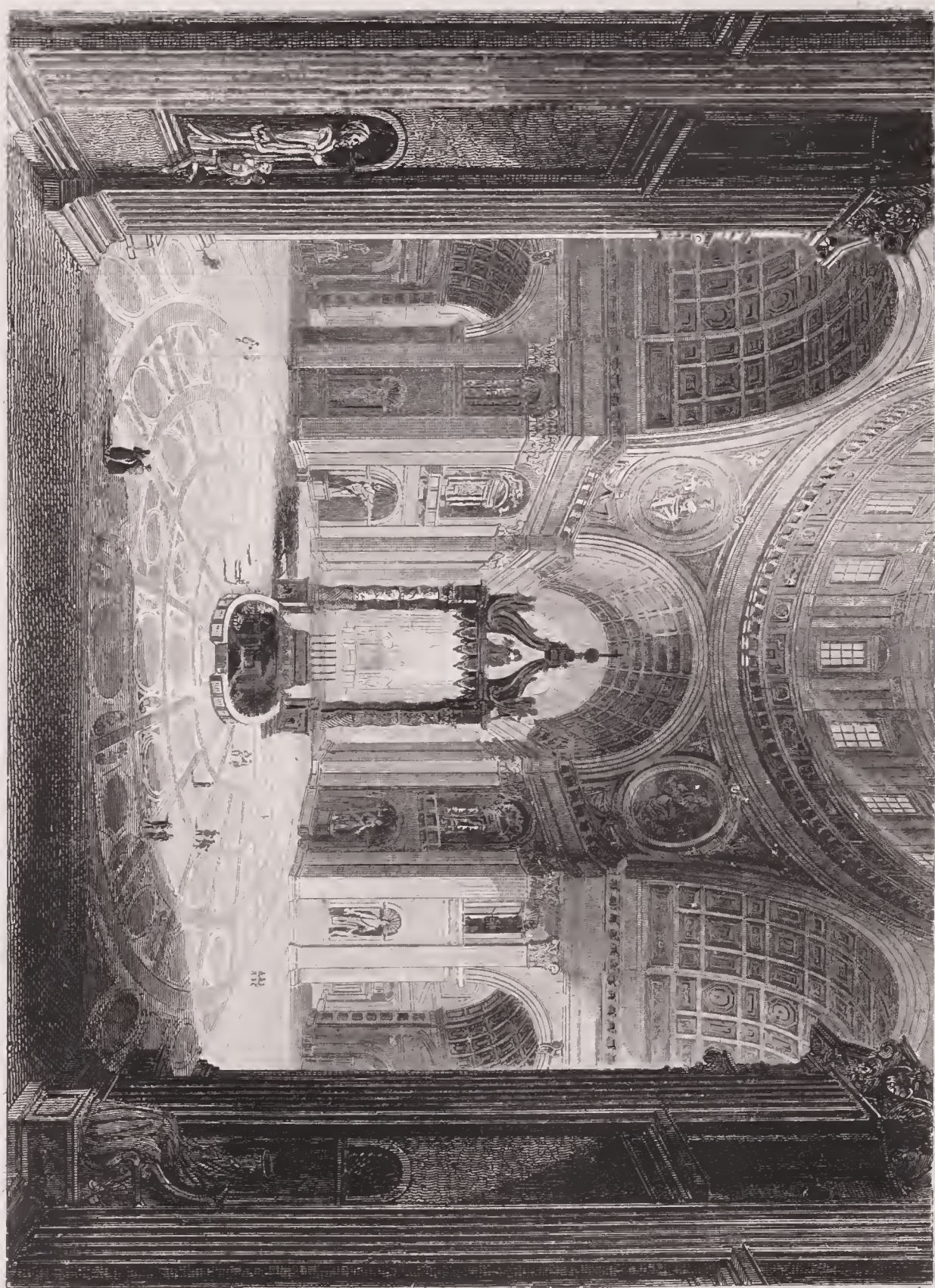
" Horatius in his harness,
Kneeling upon one knee,"

hear the voices of Coriolanus, Cicero, the Gracchi, and twenty centuries are taken away from the world's age. The Colosseum had the same effect upon us as upon all spectators, as we beheld it in all the softened glories of the moonlight; and while Ralph stole to the Barberini palace, to gaze on the Beatrice Cenci, painted by Titian, and elaborated with such appalling grandeur by Shelley, we rambled to the baths of Caracalla, and by the Appian way, among the tombs of the Scipios of Metella, and the household of the Cæsars. All was wonderful, massive, grand, and antique, while above the city rose the gilded top of the noblest cathedral in the universe. It confounds the sense with its vastness.

Here are gathered together some of the richest treasures of ancient and modern art. To the former belong the Venus, the Apollo, and the Laocoon; to the latter appertain the sculptures of Michael Angelo and Canova, the Aurora of Guido, and the *chef d'œuvres* of Raphael the divine, among thousands of inferior works, the worst of which would suffice to create a lasting reputation.

The streets were different, too, from the streets of almost every other city, owing to the monks, nuns, ecclesiasties, and pope's guards, in red, black, white, and grey, and gold, that

Interior of St. Peter's Rome



went to and fro. Processions began in the morning, and ended at night; mourners and revellers met in parties at the corner of some square, and drew back from each other in a sort of terror. The strange, wild, striking faces—peasant or noble, bandit or cardinal, male or female—had also an indescribable interest in them for us. Restless, ever moving, ever changing, the busy phantasmatic crowds went moving, gliding by. Now it was a fray with knives drawn; now a monk was preaching out of a ruined archway; anon it was the language of love which flashed out of those magnificent eyes that have gone by. The next who comes, with a face white with rage, is seeking an enemy to slay him.

One day we would visit the Villa Pamphili, to which are attached the most extensive pleasure-grounds in Rome. Another beheld us at the Colonna, Corsini, the Spada, or the Albani palaces, which latter contains the richest collection of antiquities of any other. We then would drive, perhaps, to the square Navona, which is under water on certain days (through the Jews' Quarter, which is far better worth seeing cursorily than remaining long in, as its features in some respects are of a most repulsive cast). At other times the convents, galleries, chapels, studios, and other places, in which an hour could be pleasantly or profitably spent, would tempt us to roam among them, from the one to the other, for hours and even days together. One never sees enough of sights in Rome, and yet it is sight-seeing without end. It requires to be a man of some phlegm, too, in order to retain the memory of an object, since the next is so likely to obliterate the last. In this respect Dewbank was as precise and as methodical as a catalogue.

At Tivoli, (the Tibur of Horace,) so remarkable for its wild and romantic scenery, its Cascatelles, and its sulphurous waters, which boil up the moment a stone is cast into it, we beheld those ruins shown as the site of the pleasant villas of Adrian and Macænas, as also the tomb of Plautus Lucanus. Temples and trophies are in abundance, but he who enters the wretched town receives a lesson, and repeats his visit no more, except it be to the vicinity.

Across part of the Campagna, treeless, houseless, and desolate, with here and there a solitary herdsman, we went to Fraseati. Thence we saw the Alban mountains break out of their usual compact appearance, and villas and wooded grounds peeping from among them. In Tusculum we saw what remained of Cicero's house, and found its old owner *out*.

The scenic beauties we noticed coming back were of the highest order. Purple and gold, the sunlight bathed the ancient palaces, the Forum, the baths of Caracalla, and the crested hills, in an atmosphere almost fabulous, which became solemn in its very repose.

On one occasion, as we were returning by some ruins which crown the Drive, on the Trinita de'Monte, between the Mons Sacer and the Porta Pia, seated on some broken columns was an old pilgrim, to whom we saw a peasant girl giving refreshment, with a face in which reverence for his age and office was mingled with a commiseration for his poverty. It was a picture pleasant to dwell upon, and it was a charming illustration of practical charity in a pious form.

We heard the music of Palestrina in the churches, and the creations of Mozart at the opera, and from the awful paintings of Michael Angelo in the Sistine chapel, it was not far

to go and offer our devotion to the enshrined Art, embodied in the matchless sculptures at the Vatican. If our tastes were in a sort, a contrariety, their variety made them infinitely pleasing, and no one ever thought of being weary; but we were beginning to stay at Rome too long. We saw by the crowds of idlers in our daily path, how faithfully the sketches of Pinelli were to nature. He is to the Roman, what Callot was—what Gavarni is, to the Parisian, and Cruickshank to the Londoners.

These gorgeous villas, resplendent with the glories of the past, have interests of a still deeper kind to one who gazes on their pictures—the hero and the heroines of life's romance, in which flowers and gold, and blood and anguish mingled with feverish joys, go to make up its sum. Cross their tapestried chambers, their perfumed boudoirs, at the latticed window of which the Roman maiden stealthily listened to her lover's lute, and perchance beckoned him up as did the heroines of Boccaccio, or Juliet in the play, during the passion of her pure heart. On that threshold, where a spot is seen that never comes out, let them wash e'er so long, like the sanguine drops that stain the floor of Holyrood—there the jealous man stabbed his foe. In that gloomy little chamber, turning from the staircase, more like a crypt than a lady's tiring-room, another Ezzelin, jealous and grim, smote his beautiful young bride to death, driven to the act from doubt and false report, and then lived ever after a life of sorrow and remorse—that remorse which never pardons itself. In yonder square Rienzi harangued the people. Mingling among the crowd of boatmen on the Tiber—strong and brawny as an athlete, there first, amid shoutings and greetings, goes the prow of Cæsar Borgia's boat. He races with them, becomes popular, and goes to a feast to poison those in his way. Thus it is that every nook and corner writes for itself a history in the mind, and the very stones are eloquent.

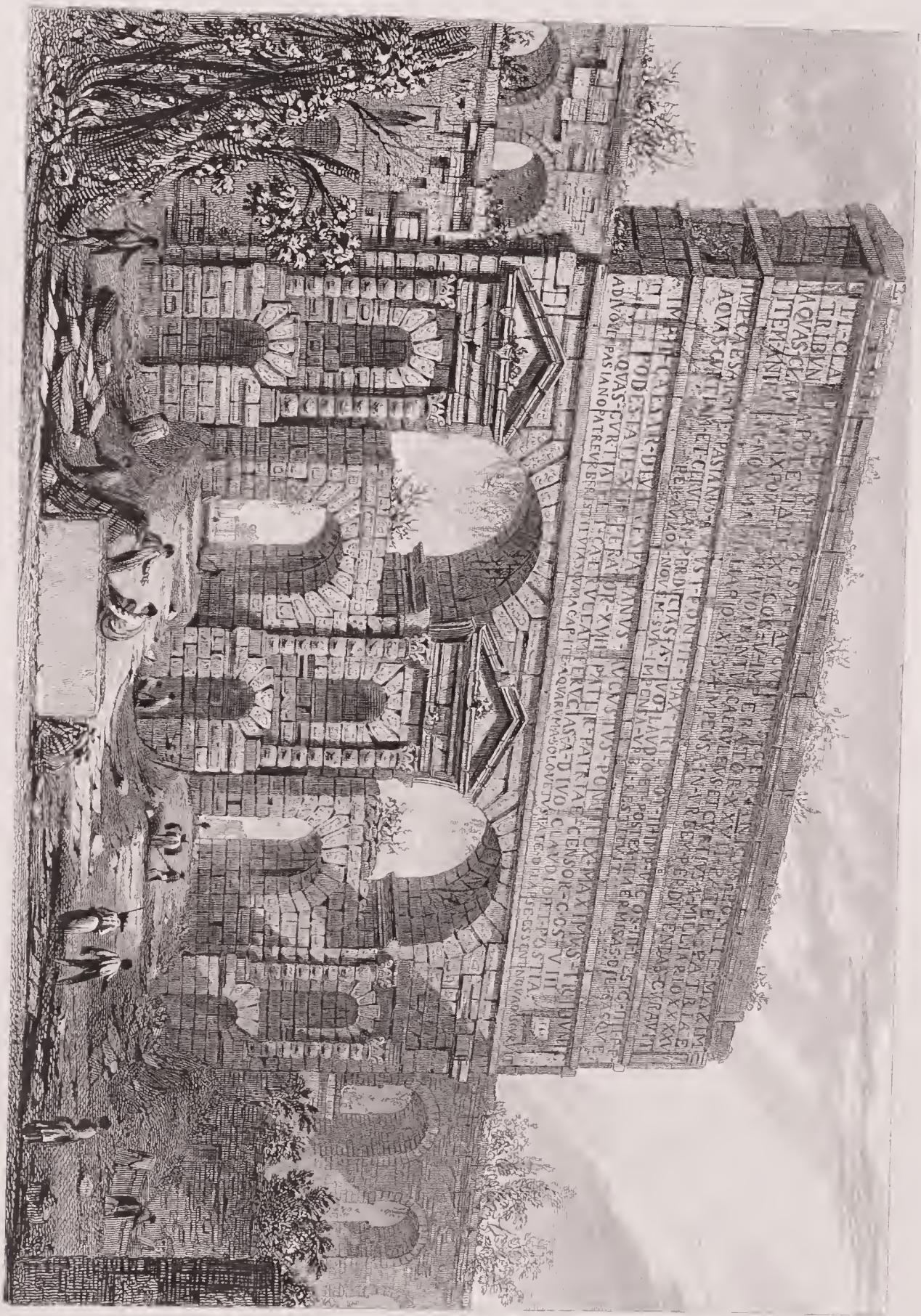
The Porta Maggiore is one of the ruined celebrities of the Eternal City. On the east of the city, where four roads diverge, the Collatine, the Prænestine, the Palatine, and the Labicana, are to be found the crumbled remains of several antique gates, some of them distinctly known. One of these is the gate above mentioned, and was formerly a monument of the Claudian aqueduct carried over the high road, and suggesting the uses from which it derived its name. The grandeur of what remains derives its stateliness from the vastness of the work with which it was connected, and as a monumental entrance into a city nothing can be more imposing, not even the Porta del Popolo, the largest and noblest entrance which modern Rome possesses.

Having paid one more visit to St. Peter's, which continues to be oppressive in its almost illimitable vastness each time the stranger visits it, and having made a flying tour round the chief thoroughfare, with a last glimpse of its glories, we found ourselves a day after traversing the Campagna, marvelling at the contrast shown between the fertile environs of the city and this desolate region we now were crossing.

Leaving Frascati far on our left, we turned towards the south-west, and at last arrived at, and crossed the terrible Pontine marshes, on the way to Terracina, where everybody gets robbed by the brigands, and which makes the journey to Naples so full of a dreadful



The Pilgrim Refreshed



Temple of Mars Ultor
Forum of Augustus

charm. This appalling waste being very subject to inundations, and always swampy, the activity of the sun draws from it a pestilential exhalation, that is noxious to every living thing that moves on its surface. Its herbage is like that upon a "blasted heath." Whoever sleeps on it is likely never to awaken, and the few that dwell upon its borders have a pallid and spectral appearance. No one should cross these marshes until he shall have well fortified his organization with food and wine; and Ralph, on the day we passed it, having made but an indifferent breakfast ere we started, was affected with nausea and headache. Before sunset even, the dew begins to rise like a cloud, and the whole horizon is obscured by a vapour such as one would imagine to arise from some region where sorcerers and witches dwelt.

Passing the Appenines, which lie some five leagues distant, we crossed a canal by a beautiful marble bridge, as also the river Uffente, and arrived at Terracina, (anciently belonging to the Volseians,) so famous for banditti; and leaving this last town of the Papal district, entered the territory of the King of Naples, and went along part of the ancient Appian way, which led to Capua, and entered Mala. Thence to Gaeta, once so celebrated for its wines, where we halted for a short time to refresh ourselves, and recover from the accursed breath of the marshes, where we wandered about for a while, previous to embarking in a small brigantine, a piratical craft in fact, bound for Naples, on board of which we met with an adventure worthy of the pen of Dumas, but which, for the present moment, I am compelled to reserve.

In our ramble we met a blind old hermit, that should have won the "cock'd hat and sandal shoon," who was being led over a little wooden bridge crossing a rivulet, (where it came from, Heaven knows,) by a little fellow, whose arch countenance, lighted up by a smile of intelligence and an entreating glance, won for him a handful of small coin, and who, after a cordial salutation from ourselves, and a benediction from the venerable *padre*, led on his charge with cheerful triumph.

Our voyage lasted nearly a week, since we were *compelled* to visit some of the islands that stud the sea, and become acquainted with their people in a way we had little anticipated; and it was only after a smart chase from one of the armed craft which are placed in these waters in anticipation of such a duty, and a tremendous fight of some dozen or fifteen minutes, we were boarded, and released from a position that had threatened to be attended with perils of the most imminent kind.

Finally, we arrived at Naples, and having passed the ordeal of the Custom-house, which, I must say, was rendered somewhat lighter to us, on account of the danger and hardships we had undergone, (since it took but little to exculpate us from all connection with the rascals who had kidnapped us, though we had to appear against them at a trial by which a few were condemned to the galleys,) we took up our abode at the Villa di Londra, and made up our minds to repay ourselves for the time we had lost with all possible industry.

CHAPTER VII.

Naples.

WITH a full view of the beautiful bay of Gaeta, and the Mediterranean expanding its glaucous waters on our right, we came in sight of Naples, which is situated, as few other cities are, on the declivity of a range of hills whose shores are washed by the sea. These shores encircle a bay some sixteen miles in length, and as many in breadth. Nothing can be nobler than the aspect of the roadstead, which, being dotted with ships and smaller craft of all kinds, for a hundred miles, has a most brilliant and attractive air. Opposite the harbour is the island of Capri, so famous for the orgies of Tiberius, in which the ruins of his sybarite palaces are still found. On the right is the coast of Posilipo, on the left lies Portici, and towards the north the cone of Vesuvius is distinctly seen, with a fine line of blue smoke mounting upward like the streamer of a ship of war.

The chief street, the Toledo, three-quarters of a mile long, is ornamented with superb buildings, interspersed with splendid shops. That leading to the Capo di Monte, over a very fine bridge, is also extremely handsome; but, in general, the streets are narrow, very dirty, and infested with beggars, pickpockets, and armed police, who do but little to prevent depredations. The fortifications, with the castle of St. Elmo, and the Pharos, with the dockyards and magazines, are well worthy of a visit; and the churches, of a strikingly beautiful architecture, and decorated with pictures by some of the greatest Italian artists, attract the traveller's attention. The Villa Royale, the noble palaces, institutions, squares, and those indispensable appendages to great cities, where the climate is so enervating—the fountains, are amongst the handsomest of their kind in all Italy; while the theatres, (San Carlo taking precedence,) are not to be surpassed, since the opera of Naples stands deservedly high, though other theatrical entertainments do not reach those of Rome or Florence. One of the most popular amusements is that offered by the Improvisatori, who collect eager and attentive crowds around them, while others recite and expound the poems of Ariosto or Tasso, with as much grace as judgment. Punch, too, but in an inferior form, is a popular amusement of the people, and I have seen groups convulsed with laughter at the gross drolleries of these wooden actors.

The promenades and environs of Naples own no superior in their way. The prospects from these latter are so boundless, so beautiful, and so dreamy, as the sea and the sky meet far away over the islanded Mediterranean. One of our visits was paid to Vesuvius, which has so much of the lovely and the terrible blended together. Viewed from across the bay, it is like a picture from the hand of some great artist.



Vaples

We passed Portici, visited Herculaneum, and rode to a mound of ashes, when we dismounted to follow the guides. We ascended to the highest platform by the lips of the crater; and while the horrors of Phlegethon were dimly seething below, over the town, and seaward—waveless, calm, golden—the prospect was absolutely Elysian. Smoke, ashes, and sulphureous exhalations circled us; and when we had seen our fill, for the volcano was not active, we descended to the lower platform, and having pledged ourselves, and the mountain too, in a draught of the famous *Lachryma Christi*, we returned to the city.

Pozzuoli, Baia, that looks like a land of enchantment yet,—Canae, which reminded us of the sybil,—the Grotte del Cane, and Paestum, in turns, were visited by us; and we traversed the ruins of the ancient Tyrrhenians with the antique present to our fancies. At Stabiae and Pompeii, the days of Sallust were recreated; and the islands, celebrated by one circumstance or other for their intimate connection with the past, reminded us of Roman luxury and patrician pride, that erected their temples of pleasure in these several places, and where the consuls and great men of Rome used to spend their summer seasons, as in England or Europe they do at baths, watering-places, and in amusements quite as frivolous and equivocal.

Paestum, whose fertile luxuriance is famed by the poet in its “twice-blowing roses,” infects one with its delicious languor. The city of Neptune has, however, only its serene heavens, its wild olive-trees, and its sunny sea below, left to tell us what it was. The roads to Baia, Pompeii, Resina, and other neighbouring places,—so celebrated for their antiquities, their ruins, and the curious evidences of refined sensualities and polished debaucheries which are dug out of them,—could be easily filled with *bigæ* and other chariots, bearing the scented and purple-clad coxcombs of the Imperial age of Rome to the arena, the theatre, or the villa of some *gourmand*, whose cookery must have been as famous as that of modern diplomatists. Nowhere, perhaps, does the beauty of the past blend with the beautiful of the present with such a harmony of accord. Rome is magnificent, and would be matchless if Rome were Ostia, with the sea at her feet; but Naples is Queen of bays and blue waters, and marble relics, vineyards, hills, and mountains. Beggary and indolence crowd her streets for all that; and it is strange to remark how these half-clad wretches, with their gay patches, assist in the composition of the picture.

We had spent our time at Florence, Rome, and Naples, in a round of enjoyments, to which Nature and Art contributed more, perhaps, than they could do at any other place. Fine skies, noble ruins, charming scenery, splendid modern edifices; the people—male and female, fair and dusky, grave and gay, high and low—moving amid those things dedicated to Fame and to the Past, gave a strange life to every step we traversed; and it was with the brain reeling under the intoxication of the dazzling scenes in which we had lately mingled, that we bent our way towards the mountains, intending to traverse Calabria, as far as the Gulf of Giorgia, in order to take Sicily in our way.

It was during a somewhat dangerous and difficult journey in the wild mountainous region that I met with an adventure, which, as it is illustrative of Calabrian brigandage,

—a pursuit allied with smuggling,—obtains a considerable share of patronage among them, and which is handed down—crime, consequence, successes, reverses, plunder, wealth, or penury, &c., as the case may be—from father to son.

This country, in some places lovely, sylvan, with fine waters, well-tilled fields, and noble woods, is also grand, rugged, and mountainous. It produces delicious fruits and honey, and is rich, in some departments, in corn and cattle. We had entered, however, into a wild and inhospitable region, and found greater difficulties to contend against than we had anticipated, and the following sketch of an experience that I had of the people will more faithfully depict my impressions of Calabria, generally speaking, than any notes of travel that I could have collected, or that, given in the way of commentary for the information of my readers, could by any possibility do.

We had arrived at Chiaravalle, a little town south of Squilace, which lay under a spur of the southern Appenines; and during this journey, whether through exposure to alternations of a season that was by turns humid and hot—hot as a day in Florida, for instance, when the sun is in the ascendant,—or whether it was owing to previous fatigue, excitement, or the sudden alternations of the variable atmosphere, Ralph was seized with a sudden illness, which terminated in fever, and which necessitated our stay in a hotel full of the most startling contrasts of wretchedness and plenty. Delicious wines, grapes of an unrivalled flavour, with cool and pleasant fruits, were to be had in plenty; but the “flesh-pots” were nothing to boast of, and bread was at a premium. This inn, like a palace, was furnished with worm-eaten furniture and ragged hangings, and we were infested with insects and vermin, whose voracity wrung many an emphatic curse from Dewbank, and certainly no blessings from myself; but every attention else was paid to the sick man, and we watched over him in turn, while the physician we had sent for was assiduous in his attentions—only God preserve all from the drenching and the phlebotomy that the unhappy Ralph went through. We saw, however, that the course of treatment was pursued by a man of no contemptible skill, and, though he had a heretic under his charge, he could not have been more anxious for his recovery had he been a pillar of the holy catholic church of Rome.

Well, we did the best we could—Dewbank and I—and we sat up with our patient in turn, when one day, as I was released from my self-imposed duty, and the energetic Yankee took my place, I seized my gun, which had been for some time put aside in its case, and having given it a hasty cleaning, and furnishing myself with a flask of strong cherry brandy, tobacco, powder and shot, and so on, I sallied forth for the day, intending to go a few leagues into the mountains, where I had been told there was a vast lake, or silent tarn, on the margin of which a great number of wild fowl of exquisite flavour was to be found, some of which I was desirous of obtaining for poor Ralph, whose appetite was becoming voraciously sharp, but who could not enjoy the execrable cookery of the hotel, by reason of the quantity of oil which they persisted, in spite of all remonstrance, to drown it with.

The weather was fine, and the air sharp and bracing, and, full of spirits and elasticity, I had accomplished a dozen miles, through wood and ravine, and was climbing up a steep



A. H. T. 1790

mountain path which led to the lake, where I sat down to rest myself a while, and, after a draught from my flask, and a very primitive meal, I began to look around me.

Breasting the steep side where the path went winding over the verge of a rugged defile, that grew steeper at every step, till nothing was seen below but a mass of abrupt rocks, waving pines in the depth of the dark green shade, and through which there went a thin line of silver, from whence came a subdued sound—the sound of a distant cascade, and the rush of an impetuous torrent—so that I knew I had arrived at a spot some thousand feet removed from below. I had not paid any attention to the landscape around me till that moment when arrived at a little plateau—a rocky platform covered with mossy grass, and now above me, the wild and savage grandeur of the scenery struck me as I rose and went on.

There were grim grey basaltic rocks, from which clumps of stunted pines arose at times with frantic aspect. There were the remains of old lava streams—as if there had been a volcano far away above—all now hardened as iron, and wearing, on the whole, an aspect of great desolation. Frowning pinnacles, still thousands of feet above, were tinted with edges of blinding white. I saw that I was approaching the region of perpetual snows, and the cones of Mount Leone began to flash in the distance. I was close to the silent sides of the black and tideless lake; and on the summits of these volcanic table lands, sure enough, broken and dark and jagged, like the sides of a crater, but fringed with a rank growth of rushes and water-flags, and a dense wood of gnarled pines and firs, there stretched away this almost solemn pool, while flocks of water-fowl, with snowy plumes, started up from their lairs, as I first changed the character of this striking solitude with my presence.

Nothing could be more impressive than the panorama which I, for a few moments, leisurely surveyed. Down eastward lay the steep mountain sides, the rocky passes fringed with green, and, in some places, the far-off valley appearing like a sea of verdure. Town and village, with quaint white convent towers, and pinnacles glittering in the sun, dotted the plain. While westward, the bare and blasted heights rose from over the sullen surface of the waveless pool, over whose face the birds were now skimming, till, dim and dusky, the iron-grey of the northern horizon bounded it—one vast dead sea, on whose solitary shores I strolled half fearfully—the awful solitude of the spot making me fancy myself, for a moment, Sadok seeking for the waters of oblivion—and there they lay, coldly blue, almost fearfully transparent, and stretching away from my feet. It was a spot whereon to celebrate a witch revelry—a Brocken sabbath—and I might have been one of the first of the terrible visitants who had arrived before the proper time.

However, I endeavoured to shake off the oppression which this desolation forced upon me. As I am not a poet, nor particularly imaginative, I was more annoyed than disposed to yield to the influences of the picture, and so I loaded my gun, and, selecting a batch on the border of the lake, I let bang at them, and, amidst a scream from those that rose in the air, I had the satisfaction of seeing two drop—my well-selected charge of duck-shot having been effective. But the echoes of that shot, ringing in the wild barbaric solitude, pealed

like dismal bells tolling in a church tower, amid the crevices of those rocks, with a metallic iron-like sound, their very surfaces being of a ferruginous hue, added to the spectral nature of the illusion. I had never experienced anything so dreary to sight and hearing in my life. The very sunshine that bathed the valley being denied this spot, as though it had been placed under some dreadful curse.

I plucked up courage—for, to say the truth, it was needed—and whistling a “Yankee Doodle,” which actually seemed to be trying to be jocular in the presence of ghastliness and ruin, I walked on in order to pick up my birds. Arriving at a ridge, I was startled to find that I had to descend—or make a *detour*—into a riven fissure that still bore traces of volcanic energy, and that this descent, on trial, was not the easiest thing in the world. Still I persisted, and having slung my gun on my shoulder, after some moments of scrambling, during which I was not certain but that the false ashy-looking soil might give way under me, I arrived at the opposite side, and prepared to seize my prize, which had fallen several yards off amid the moss and vegetation that lined the sombre lake.

All at once, as I was rounding a crag in order to approach the spot where my game lay, I gave an involuntary cry, and started back in mortal terror, for there I saw an object that made the blood cold at my heart for an instant, and actually paralysed me, so that I stood gaping in mute terror on the spectre that had raised my alarm.

It was the figure of a man, clad in a barbarous dress of soiled and ragged sheepskin. The face was ghastly, dark, and bronzed, only that the horrible pallor upon it, changed its hue to something livid as corruption. The arms and legs, partially bare, were attenuated as with famine, and I thought unconsciously of those appalling pictures which some old painters are said to have executed in the charnels. Black matted hair, and a long beard—the parted lips showing the teeth less like ivory than bone—that hue which, it is said, the agonies of death impress upon them, added to the startling hideousness of the grisly thing. I knew not whether I was looking on the corpse of a human creature or not. A rude gun lay on the ground, as it had fallen out of his grasp. A belt held a naked knife, and a powder-horn and shot-belt were attached to his primitive jacket, while worn, home-made sandals partially sheltered his bleeding feet.

The next moment I recovered myself, and, with a call, advanced towards him. He made no movement, and I placed my hand on his breast. I thought I felt a fluttering beneath. Famine, thirst, and weariness, suggested themselves to me. A hunted outlaw, perhaps, had there failed after escaping his pursuers. I took some water in the hollow of my hand, and, mingling a few drops from my own flask with it, lifted up his head, applied it to his lips, and then bathed his matted forehead.

He breathed, to my great joy; and instinctively as his feeble hand touched my flask, he applied it to his lips, and took a draught before I could hinder him, which would have turned the brain of a seasoned old “bo’swain.” I thought it would have killed him. On the contrary, he sat up, and, as his glittering and feverish eyes fell upon me, a scowl darkened his face, and his hand sought his knife; but the consciousness that I had done him an

act of kindness, and reading a certain sympathy in my face, perhaps—not the most mobile in the world, however—proved to him that I was not an enemy at least, and his hand fell again.

I opened my capacious game-bag, and took out a fowl, a paper of salt, and a piece of bread, and with some garlic, approached him with cheering words, which I endeavoured to pronounce in the frightful *patois* of the mountains, and placing them on a stone beside him, with my flask, still well supplied—though I will not name what it would hold—signified to him to fall to, while I sat on a rock opposite, dividing my attention between him and lighting a cigar.

For a moment or two he stared strangely on me, then glanced on the food, while across his beard and pallid face there swept conflicting emotions. He seemed like one that was offered food by the hand of an enemy, and was determined to resist to the last; but hunger was all-powerful. He seized the fowl, ate bread, salt, garlic—all, in an amazingly short space of time; and when he had washed these down with another draught of the cherry brandy, I, without a word, handed him a cigar and a light, which, with a phlegm that did credit to his philosophy, he instantly seized and lighted, and presently he was smoking with a zest and relish which actually pleased me to behold. Several minutes elapsed before he spoke.

“A few minutes more,” he said, in an impetuous, deep voice, “and I should have been dead—dead of hunger; but I don’t know, by the Pope! whose hounds have been chasing me, that it was a service after all. You—may be—you—are——” He paused.

“An American,” I said; “a traveller—an idler—come up here to shoot a few birds.”

“Ah, you are a man,” was the reply; “I owe you my life, and I have eaten bread and salt with you; but”—and here another change so strange came over his face that I was startled, and asked him what was the matter.

“Nothing, nothing,” he said, in a tone of hasty embarrassment; “but in this inhospitable region—no guide—a stranger—you may miss your way—be overtaken by the darkness—meet with brigands.”

“Brigands!” I echoed; “the devil! That would be more romantic than agreeable. Are there brigands about here then?”

A strange smile was on his thin lips, as he puffed from between them a volume of smoke from his cigar; and as his eye fell upon his carbine, mine followed it, and then something like a knowledge of the dangers I might encounter in these mountain solitudes fell upon me, and an uneasy sensation began to fill my breast. Besides, I heard, too, that the Calabrian brigands were oftentimes very ferocious and revengeful, especially if disappointed in their prey, and had, before now, given a poor devil of a traveller a few inches of cold steel to digest, if the contents of his purse happened to disappoint them.

“Brigands,” he repeated evasively; “pooh! there are brigands everywhere.”

I then observed his condition, remembered his remark about being hunted, and felt satisfied that here was a veritable specimen before me. The moment this conviction came,

I grew perfectly quiet and at ease, "for," thought I, "if he were ten times a brigand, he will not attack a man who has assisted him in such extremity;" and though I never looked on a man who combined within himself every outward aspect of truculent ruffianism, whose hollow and hungered features expressed ferocity, as well as his lowering eyes indicated the presence of wild devouring passions, I had no fear of him—still less a doubt.

It is true, that, physically speaking, I was more than a match for him—better armed, in better condition, and so on; but how did I know but that he had comrades within hail! But no, he could not have, or surely they would not have left him there to die; and the reverberations of my gun would have brought any companions into view that he might have had. All this time I was watching his wan and haggard face, and I felt sure that he must have endured, for many days, the greatest possible privations.

"Have you no friends near here?" I asked at length.

He looked up a moment, and I fancied that his eyelids trembled. Then he burst into a laugh, bitter and snarling. "Friends!" he said; "but I know what you mean. There are none here at present, and you may reach the foot of the valley before the day closes in, safely and without molestation—only, after that, I warn you it is unsafe."

"Unsafe!—what, to come here and shoot birds!"

"I am hunted by the sbirri—our holy father the Pope wants me. I am obliged to dwell in the mountains—that's all!" And this was the quiet way in which he told me that he was a robber—perhaps an assassin!

"Can I assist you any further?" I asked in turn.

He appeared more surprised than grateful; but he tried to rise up, and staggered to his feet. "By the fiend," he growled out, "I am weak as a child, and my knees are like water. However, you want some birds; come, you are a good comrade, let me see if I can help you in return;" and reaching forward to pick up his gun, he would have fallen, but that I caught and supported him.

I began now to be seriously disturbed for his safety, and, if truth be told, for my own also. Across the lake I saw the roof of a hut, which had been rudely put together for the purpose of shelter on some occasion, and, pointing to it, I told him to lean upon me while I led him thither, till I could manage to send him help.

"The dogs would seize the wolf now," he muttered, with a grim laugh, "though they had not a tooth among them; and if you were to whisper of it in the valley below, the stones might blab of me. The very air," he added, with a blanched and scared look, "sometimes turns accuser and betrays." His words so directly indicated the possession of some terrible secret—the weight of a deep remorse—the residue of a heavy crime—that I drew back a moment from him; but, seeing the deadly pallor on his face, compassion conquered the new instinct, and I assisted him on by the rugged shore of the dismal lake in the direction of the hut, which we soon attained, when he cast himself down upon some dried grass, like one in the throes of death, and again I had recourse to the panacea, which I had already found so useful.

His iron constitution, however, had conquered privation and danger. I poured half of the brandy left in his own dried flask—gave him two or three cigars, some tinder, the remaining contents of my wallet, and asked him what I could farther do.

“I am an Ishmaelite, at war with all,” he said; “but you have given me food and aid—I have taken bread and salt with you, and I would peril my life for yours with even more goodwill than I would have put my carbine to your head, had we met otherwise. I owe you a debt—I will try and pay it to some one. Leave me; I am safe enough. An hour’s rest, and I shall recover; thanks to this gourd of yours. Do you hasten from hence, for there may be danger.”

“Of what kind?” I asked.

“From losing your way—from the closing eve—from wild fellows who prowl about when the stars are muffled. Take the path that leads down the gorge”—he pointed to it from the doorway. “It will save you a considerable distance; and if the blessing of one whose hands have been ruddy and red—on whose soul there weighs a heavy load of blood—be of avail, take it and go!” He spoke wildly, almost fiercely. I could scarcely tell whether he was mad or really guilty.

“But shall I not send any one to you?” I asked in a hesitating manner.

“Not unless you would see the vultures feast upon my carcase, or my head roll in the basket. Adio!” and he motioned me away. I went, and soon found the path, pondering on what I had seen, forgetting my wild fowl, and prepared to see brigands starting from every rock that jutted out in my wild mountain path. Once or twice I turned round to look for the hut. At last it was out of view; and the sight of some noble fowl sailing past me towards the pool, recalled me to my previous purpose. At any cost—my wallet so full on coming, and now quite emptied, must not go back in the same condition; so—bang—bang—I fired, and soon its collapsed sides began to fill out again.

Descending the slope of the mountain, I had lost sight of the unutterable dreariness of the summit; and lost, for a time, in the excitement of the sport, I began to think of my whereabouts, and of my return; besides, I was growing hungry, and the remembrance of the poor wretch I had left filled me with pity and remorse—this latter feeling arising from the consideration that I had not taken any particular pains to find him aid and help, however much I might excuse myself on the score of inability, not having met a single living soul besides himself in that desolate region; and so weary and apprehensive, as the afternoon was waning, and I was in an unfamiliar path, I shouldered my bag, grasped my gun, and set off in good earnest to reach the little town whence I had started, before the evening shadows fell. I had gone by many crooked and devious ways, sometimes up, oftenest downwards, when, to my consternation, I found that I had lost my way in earnest—if such it could be called—considering, at the same time, that I had never traversed the ground before; but it required no conjuror to tell me that I had missed the path which my director had evidently intended me to take.

Wild and wooded, rocky, and full of deep defiles, with massive crags and inaccessible

steeps beetling around, the savage character of the scene was Salvator Rosa-like in the extreme. I fancied, for a moment, that I was on something like a track, when a peal of muttering thunder above warned me that a storm was brewing; and, to my dismay, on looking upward, there lay a black cloud, increasing and darkening over the very cone of the mountain, from which a few flashes began to issue, and I made no doubt that I was about to be caught in one of those sudden and impromptu storms which characterize the mountain scenery of the Appenines, as well as other lofty regions. "Oh! for mine inn now," I thought, when, lo! the next moment, snugly sheltered under a vast rock, far beneath which I heard a torrent thundering fearfully down—a torrent of the Marcpetame, in fact—and situated in a broad and guarded ledge overhanging the abyss, but secured by a stone wall, hidden with the tendrils of the wild vine, there stood the prettiest and most picturesque brigand-haunted-looking tavern it had ever been my luck to see! I paused a moment, taken quite aback. I wanted a haven to shelter in, and there it lay before me, with the door invitingly open; but I was in no hurry to advance.

I had been at least four hours in arriving there, and, fagged and tired as I was, something like instinct held me back, and a dread came upon me. I heard voices come from the house—rough, unmusical voices, heavy with wine, and more blasphemous too than would have been generally approved of. "Have I fallen among thieves?" was my involuntary query, when, glancing to the window, I saw a grim bearded face spectrally staring at me; and, seeing that I was discovered, I put on a bold face, entered the room, and sat myself down in a chair with a free and easy air—my gun being between my knees.

The room was large, but well lighted, and furnished in a rude, substantial manner. Around a table covered with wine stains, and supplied with drinking vessels, sat four men, whose ruffianly faces, naked knives, and carbines, indicated at once that they were contrabandists or robbers—perhaps both. The host, a villanous-looking, large man, stared at me as if I had been an ogre—perhaps he was surprised, and not over-agreeably, at seeing a stranger in his out-of-the-way hostelry. One of the fellows was flourishing his hand aloft, and bringing it down on the table till the vessels rang again, he shouted, "*Cospetto!* his teeth chattered like castanets as Dromè's blade went into his heart."

"*Maledizione!*" growled another as I was seen—"what's here, a spy! Look out, Simon ——"

"A stranger," I said, as coolly as I could; and then I told them, without taking breath, of my rencounter on the mountain, and how and where I had left the hunted outlaw.

"It's Dromè himself," said one, and he rose and departed. Meantime, after a few words uncouthly spoken, and while I was looking on these fellows, who might at any moment be my pillagers or my assassins, I demanded some food and a draught of wine. I was not deceived, however, in the fancy that my kindness to this amiable Dromè had not been quite thrown away. After a while, I threw down a coin, and bade the landlord take pay—asking him, at the same time, the nearest way to the town where my friends were.

A few words in a low voice passed among them, and a meaning look. "Signior must not depart yet," said one, very decisively: "he will lose his way again; by-and-by one of us will guide him;"—and I felt as chill at the moment as if an icy bolt had been shot through my heart. There was no fear of mistaking this fellow's significant hint. I made the best of it, however; said I should be glad of a guide as speedily as possible; and taking out my cigar case, flung half a dozen on the table, and lighted one myself. In half an hour I found myself playing cards, and pledging healths with them, and my advancement in their good graces fluctuated as I won or lost. I was certainly in a most delicate—a desperate position; but I was cool too, and was prepared to defend myself at the very first outbreak.

It was needed. All at once one ruffian, with a hideous oath, sprang over the table, knife in hand. I drew back, and received him with a well-planted blow which helped him with an impetus that dashed his head against the stone fire-place, with a violence that made me fear the skull of this explosive piece of human tigerhood was fractured. A couple of carbines were at my breast, but I had already seized my gun; I fired incautiously, and my finger was on the second trigger, when the door was dashed open, and in rushed the pallid spectre I had saved—Dromè himself, followed by the individual who had gone forth after my relation, in search of him as I had fancied.

"*Per Christo sano!*" he yelled out; "if a hair of his head be hurt, I will hunt you like a tiger—I will be a vampire to you. I have eaten bread and salt with him—he is a friend, and a stranger—he saved my life—down with your guns, or fire on me;" and, sure enough, in five minutes there was harmony instead of bloodshed, while the broken head of the fellow I had saluted was wrapped up. I found myself absolute master over these fierce fellows, who use the knife on the least provocation. It may easily be imagined how I used my privilege, for in two hours after I found myself seated *vis-a-vis* to Dewbank—after a hearty meal upon some of the birds I had shot, by-the-by—while Ralph lay reclining on a sofa, listening with unmitigated interest to my adventure in the mountains; for the latter had passed the crisis of his disorder, and was beginning the first stage of his convalescence.

"What a pity you did not stay to see the sequel of this interesting Dromè's story," said Ralph; in reply to which I gave him a look highly expressive of my gratitude.

While we stayed at Chiaravalle, Dromè was taken, however, and died upon the wheel, after making a very edifying confession, the substance of which was to the following effect:—

Dromè was the son of a small landed proprietor, whose ambitious ideas on behalf of his son, without any very definite aim, had resulted in an excellent education. Like most of the natives of this explosive and congreve-rock-rocket region, where the blood boils up to murder-heat in an instant, Dromè's father had a deadly feud with a rival neighbour, which had, at various times, received an accelerating impulse, and as their quarrel had been handed down, so did they hand their hate to their children—Dromè's father's to the youth, and the other to his daughter Francisca, who was as beautiful as a Madonna. The story is very much

in the Romeo and Juliet style. The two young ones fell in love—a headlong, violent, terrible passion. Francisca was locked up in a convent; the youth sought to abduct her from thence, and failed. Her father aided in his capture, and he was degradingly punished. Added to this, her father meeting with Dromè's father somewhere in the mountains, they fought, and Francisca's parent cast his foe into the gulf below. He, in turn, was seized, but escaped, and it became a duty on Dromè's part to avenge *his* father's death, in addition to the sense of his own raging wrongs; but the assassin's daughter found means to plead for him. In effect, Francisca grew broken-hearted, and, dying, sent for Dromè to give him her last blessing, and to soften his now indurated nature by the sight of her who had been to him a star so brilliant, but, at the same time, so fatal. It was too late, however.

When he came she lay dead, and he gazed on the white angelic face with an emotion that raised the slumbering volcano of his soul into the very madness of grief. The description given of his tremendous agony, spoke, with fearful eloquence, of the intense sufferings under which he laboured.

He felt that she would have extorted from him an oath, which he would have kept. He was free now to be revenged; and when he went forth into the world again, it was with an oath recorded in the book of doom. He met Francisca's father, and the blade of his knife expiated the wrongs under which he had laboured, and consummated the revenge for which he had panted.

* * * * *

A fortnight after, we were daring the dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, and sailing down the Faro of Messina towards Etna, and the ancient Syracuse, which, retaining few vestiges of its ancient greatness, or rather reputation, possesses a fine University, and is one of the finest and best fortified harbours on the Mediterranean. Of Etna, whose rugged cone we saw with great distinctness, since we almost passed its base, I have little to say, as the volcano was at rest, and only a thin line of curling smoke distinguished it from any other mountain of the same cone-like form. By-the-by, I remark that this funnel shape is the distinguishing form of volcanoes—with a vast interior, where the Phlegethon of fire and matter boils, and a narrow aperture, which, if it does not serve as a chimney, is, at least, equivalent to a safety-valve, as else the compressed gases would rend the very sides of the solid mountain, and multiply its destructive energies; and thus Etna makes but a small figure in my journal.

We then made for Taormina, the situation of which is magnificent in the extreme, with Etna as a background, and the green and golden sea at its feet. The remains of an ancient amphitheatre—from which there is a panorama of unrivalled loveliness—reminded us of its antiquity, while the road from Taormina to Messina, whither we next went, passing between vineyards and olive-groves, suggested the comparison of a terrestrial paradise; for nature, prodigal in her gifts, has lavished them here, as though nymph and antique goddess had once haunted those shaded gardens, and dwelt in the picturesque habitations which dotted the landscape.

Messina is a large town, well built, and has the advantages of a very excellent situation. Its buildings are spacious, stately, and otherwise magnificent, and its promenade on the harbour has a breadth and extent altogether striking—six carriages can easily pass abreast of each other. Its granaries, the *Loggia*, and the cathedral, attract the attention of all travellers; and from the environs, which are finely wooded and highly picturesque, Calabria is very distinctly seen. From the time of the Sicilian vespers, which forms a ghastly era in its annals, the population has visibly decreased, though the traffic is now on the increase.

From Messina to Palermo—our next destination—we passed, for a considerable distance, through the valley of Demona, with which is associated sundry wild and appalling legends, which, however, are not suggested by the lovely slopes themselves. Finally, we arrived in Palermo—the ancient *Panormus*—and found much to interest us in this celebrated capital. Beggary of the lowest kind is here a characteristic, and the opulent look of the city is placed in strong contrast with the general penury of the people. Swarthy African features meet us on every hand, and the *Marina* is crowded with them. Most of the well-laid-out streets lead into the great centres of attraction, the Strada Cossaro, and the Strada Nuovo; and as the Palermitans are fond of being much out of doors when the sun is not too powerful, these thoroughfares, with their gay crowds and thronging equipages, form very attractive pictures, even while the grated windows of the convents rise above all in an ominous manner. Although the buildings bear no comparison with those of Italy, there are noble palaces, delicious gardens, and churches of great beauty, which will amply repay a visit. There are also places of resort and amusement without the town which possess features of peculiar and varied attraction, amongst which are the edifices of Saracenic origin, where two beautiful sultanas once lived and reigned. Among the villas of the nobility is one at La Bagaria, where the interior architecture of a portion is distorted into the figures of women writhing into monsters, aided by a collection whose horrible grotesqueness suggests the fancy that, at one time, these creatures suddenly petrified, and remain proofs of some gorgonian power to this very day. The festival of St. Rosalia—the saints, it is observed, are always there young and lovely—is one of the gayest in the calendar, and the 15th of July is an absolute carnival. There are hidden in nooks and corners two specimens of rare and striking architecture, which the artist will do well to embody, if ever so hastily, in his sketch-book, and fill up the details at leisure. Contrasts of style are here more violent and glaring than we remarked elsewhere; but the effect is rather agreeable on the whole, especially to one who is not over-captious, and generally willing to take things as they are.

We sailed thence, with a favourable wind, in one of those beautiful brigantines, which English commerce has, in many instances, launched on the Mediterranean, and which was bound for Marseilles—the Massilia of the Phœnicians, who, five hundred years before the Christian era, had rendered Asia Minor celebrated for her maritime enterprise, and the people for their love of adventure—and having hurriedly visited its most remarkable

localities, admired its stupendous naval resources and its marine capacities, we took the road for Avignon, on our way to Lyons, intending to pay a visit to a city once so celebrated as having been the seat of the Popedom, during a strife of seventy years between the church and the empire; and the absence of which from Rome, Petrarch pathetically bewailed, likening this removal or secession of the papal rule to the Babylonish captivity, where those at home bewailed the loss of the glories that had departed, though only for a while, but which, without doubt, left the papal states a vast harvest of misfortune to reap.

Avignon is a very ancient town, and well known in the time of the Romans under the name of *Avenio*. In the reign of Philip the Fair, during the contest for the papal tiara, Clement the Fifth transferred the see to this place, and it became entirely transformed, socially and politically. The Inquisition was established, but was so jealously watched by France as to have attained but a very comparative development. The Popes erected there a magnificent palace, and the "Laura" of Petrarch was buried in the church of the Cordeliers, though the monument exists no longer. Colleges, hospitals, and ecclesiastical edifices were built, and exist to this day, through the monachal characteristics of the previous ages. Its commerce in wines, brandy, perfumes, silk, wool, &c., is very extensive; and the fountain of Vaucluse, which is in the environs, gives a sort of poetic charm to the traditions which hallow its chronicles. At the foot of a rock, on the summit of which the ruins of an old castle frown, is a vast cavern, suggestive of gloomy grandeur. Within this rocky bosom rises the spring which supplies the Sorgues in such an ample manner, as to make the river navigable from its very source. The water is of a very astringent quality, and favourable to the tanning of skins, as it also aids the mordant in the fixing of rich dyes.

At Avignon we embarked in a passage-boat, sailing up the Rhone to Lyons, which we found to be as agreeable as economic, where, in spite of some dangers attending the journey, we arrived in safety; for the Rhone sometimes lashes itself into a fury when the tempests come down from the Alps, and many boats and lives are annually lost.

Of Lyons itself we could write a whole book of its antiquity, its infinite episodes in history, its rise, and the progress of its greatness, its manufacturing energies, its commercial prosperity, its trade in silk and metals, its vast influence on the whole south of France. The bravery, the skill, and the intelligence of its artisans, are not less remarkable than have been the sanguinary parts they have played in the tragedies of revolution, and the blood they have shed in the cause of liberty. Ardent, impetuous, and reckoned among the first handicraftsmen and artisans in the world, they have acquired characteristics, and surrounded themselves by qualities of a high and lofty intelligence, which universally command respect.

Built on a tract of land whose skirts are watered by two great rivers, the Saone and the Rhone, its mercantile and manufacturing advantages were as irresistible as successful. It is a mart for the textile fabrics of Piedmont and the neighbouring states. Its central situation constitutes it a vast market, or rather exchange, that consolidates those interests which extend around it to the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, to the Atlantic, to Paris even, and



Spina

to those provinces that lie on either side of the Jura, as well as of those costlier articles with which Geneva so opulently supplies every demand, both home and foreign.

In Lyons there is less crime, and a larger amount of education, than in any other manufacturing city of like importance. It has produced great men, who have played prominent parts in their several paths of knowledge, science, art, or in those of a more stormy nature, the senate and the battle-field; and her mental glory is commensurate with her position as one of the great civilizing centres of the progressive world. Luxury is a quality that does not belong to her hardy sons; for, nursed in toil, and self-dependent, the consequences of a plethoric wealth, inherited by descent alone, have not been capable of destroying the masculine force of their character.

Most manufacturing cities have a certain air of gloom and dust, and are redolent of the grime and the sweat of labour; but there is much in its interior to compensate for this, while the environs present the most striking contrast. Some portions of the scenery beyond the limits of the city possess the most charming and fascinating aspect, among which the Isle of Barbe may be mentioned, as one of the great places of resort which the Lyonnais love to visit.

Four bridges cross the Rhone, and ten the Saone. The suburbs are very large, and the population have considerably advanced over two hundred thousand. The quays along the rivers are capacious and elegant. There are more than fifty public squares, and some fifty churches, which are of great beauty. Literary, scientific, and benevolent associations are almost limitless, and the great hospital extends its inappreciable benefits to some twelve or fifteen thousand people annually. It is said that the looms of Lyons number nearly twenty thousand, while the derivable income is between three and four million pounds sterling.

Having quitted Lyons, and visited St. Etienne, the Birmingham of France, we proceeded westward by easy stages, seeing all that was notable in our way of hoary city, ancient town, venerable village, and ruined chateau, buried deep in the noble recesses of localities almost unexplored. We had spent many months on the Continent, and were now making our way for England, from whence, in a very few days, we should be once more returning home—"home!" that name which associates in the life of man all that is dearest, best, and holiest; and our spirits, rarely at zero, rose in proportion as we crossed Normandy, and began to smell the air of the sea.

It is not my purpose to give any detail of our journey to Honfleur, since as we did not hurry ourselves, so neither did we spend any sufficient time at any one place, which could give me a right to speak of my own observation, whatever might have been the temptation to do so. We passed through the Orleanois, Chartres, and traversed the old town of Falaise, where the first William was born, and made for Caen, one of the oldest places in Normandy, hoary and venerable in its quaint and decrepid majesty; and, finally, we took steamboat at Honfleur, and, after a pleasant passage, landed at Southampton water, where we took the mail coach for London, and, on the second day, descended at the White Horse, Piccadilly, and were driven to the Hummums in Covent Garden, an inn of great note in the very

heart of London, and centred in a locality rendered classic by the presences of Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Addison, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the rest. There we remained several days perambulating the streets, and frequenting all the vestiges left of a period rendered almost Augustan in English literature.

It was on a lovely day in the summer, that, on a Whitsunday morning, we embarked on board a steamer at London Bridge, amid a gay and expectant throng of holiday-seekers, young and old, male and female, intending with them to partake of the gaieties of the world—renowned Greenwich Fair—and to go leisurely over the noble “Hospital,” which has no superior perhaps in the world.

Architecturally speaking, it is unrivalled. Its elevation is grand and stately. It spreads out to right and left with an air of majestic repose, as though its wings, really and figuratively speaking, indicated their protective nature, and that beneath them the storm and battle-battered seamen, maimed and otherwise unprovided for, might repose for the rest of their days, and, enjoying ease and honour, sink peacefully into the grave, after a life of vicissitudes and strife. The mighty pile shadows out the veneration which a grateful nation ought to feel towards those whose lot it has been to fight for and defend its rights, or to extend, with pretensions less just perhaps, the area of its conquests.

Seen from the deck of the boat on the river, with the plashing waters as a foreground, the wooded hill, with its observatory and crested slopes, undulating to right and left, with the clear blue, sunny, bright sky above as a background and relief, with the pretty and picturesque town, and the receding flats, with villas and small houses as accessories on either hand, and the magnificent structure, the very perfection of art, forming the centre, with its blue-coated denizens in groups, or slowly sauntering about, we had not beheld a picture more striking, animated, and admirable in every way, perhaps, in the whole course of our “travels’ history,” than was here afforded.

The river was studded with vessels, some descending, and others, heavily laden and homeward bound, at anchor, waiting the next tide to bear them to the docks. Boats, yachts, fishing smacks, and colliers of all kinds and denominations, were crossing and recrossing endlessly. A sea of people crowded the piers and filled the streets, all wending towards the fine park, and boat after boat brought down its gay and living cargo to add to the restless mass. It was fine weather, and the fair offered unusual attractions. But first let us complete our view of the “Hospital.”

On a terrace, which stretches above the edge of the river, to the extent of eight hundred and fifty-five feet, on three sides of the grand square, and supported by three hundred duplicated Doric columns, one hundred and fifteen feet asunder, there lie the vast ranges of the stupendous edifice, which was commenced by Webb, son-in-law of Inigo Jones, and completed by Sir Christopher Wren, who here, as in the great city itself, has left so many enduring marks of his genius and talent. It was owing to Mary—the wife of William the Third—that its use as a royal residence was discontinued, and that it should be devoted to a purpose so admirable and worthy of every praise. The seamen of the royal and the

merchant navy contribute six shillings a year from their pay towards its maintenance, and thus the members of both services have a claim upon it, under circumstances which entitle their claims to be granted. There is accommodation for three thousand men, and for more than one hundred nurses; to which are to be added the royal hospital schools, in which, it is stated, eight hundred boys are educated, and some five thousand have already passed their course. Every arrangement for the comfort and the convenience of the inmates is perfect. The care and the attention, the order which prevails in every department of this enormous fabric, claim especial attention, and give general satisfaction. There is an air of opulence about the dining-room and tables, suggestive of much better material than the rank pork, or the immitigable "junk" of a long cruise; and the only thing that mars the perfect felicity of the whole is, possibly, the monotony of a do-nothing life, and the fact of being subject to certain rules, contingent on the condition of being well off.

After the grim and garrulous old veterans themselves—many of whom are admirable hands at "yarn-spinning"—the great curiosity of the place is the painted hall, and the first aspect one has of it is a very imposing one. It is one hundred and sixty-four feet long, fifty-six across, and fifty feet in height. The ceiling, and the hall itself, was painted by Sir James Thornhill, the father-in-law of the great Hogarth, and their design and execution are in excellent accord and masterly in finish, while, between the pilasters, portraits of great naval commanders, and paintings of stupendous sea-battles, from the easels of the first artists of the day, perpetuate the victories of the English fleet, and serve, in a manner, as a chronology of naval actions. In the vestibule are several finely executed casts from the monuments of the principal admirals of the nation, while the relics of Nelson, the coat he wore at the battle of the Nile, &c., are preserved with a veneration almost religious. I may add, with some pride too, that some of the master-pieces of our own immortal West adorn the walls of the hall and chapel. Having rendered due and fitting respect to the Hospital, let us now proceed, with clear consciences, to plunge into the various attractions of the "fair."

Greenwich fair is a national festival; one of the "institutions"—a saturnalia, where the Londoners throw off the rust of their preceding weeks of labour, and proceed, in their own way, to enjoy themselves to the full of their means, and according to the dictates of their imagination. There are resources in abundance, from the gingerbread stall to the "bowl-and-dagger" tragedy of the great "Richardson's show"—from the spangled Harlequin and Columbine, in front of the gaudy booth, to the "penny hop" under canvas—from the lordly lion and the mammoth elephant of Wombwell to the industrious fleas—from the great Yorkshire giant, and the "stout" lady, weighing some forty stone, to "Toby," the learned pig, and to that produce of English gin—the race of Tom Thumbs—abortions in every way.

English parks are proverbial for their beauty and their picturesque grace, and that of Greenwich does not lack all the charms which can gladden the eye. Its grassy slopes, its wooded undulations, its pleasant walks, its commanding heights and shady dells, have all

their several attractions; and groups amounting to many thousands, gay in all the colours of the rainbow, were pursuing their different modes of enjoyment with an industry and zeal that showed no lack of a disposition to make up for lost time.

The din among the shows was awful—infernal. Trumpet and trombone brayed their clamour in the air, and the dull beating of a score of drummers added to the tumult. The sad moan of the clarionet was mingled with the shrill scream of the fife, and hoarse, brazen-lunged, fustian-jacketed individuals were bawling out the particular attractions of their several “exhibitions.” Next to the “grand dramatic entertainment,” modestly hidden, was a “roulette” tent; and further on, passing the gingerbread stalls, where the fascinating corkscrew-ringletted young lady gave her neck a swan-like bend, and invited you to treat the pretty lady on your arm; next to these came the “sparring” tent, where a hirsute ruffian, bronzed and brawny, begged you to enter and behold the “set-to” between some “chicken” and a “game” pigeon. Then came the swings, ground and lofty tumbling, Ethiopian serenaders—“white” gentlemen with sooty faces—the conjurer, the contortionist, the singer of gross and impure ballads, the toy trays, the ginger-beer stands—an infinity of bustle; to which may be added, the *brusque* manner of the dense crowd, the rushing, the pushing, the elbowing, the oath, the scream, the early stage of intoxication, the altercation, the fight, and so on to infinity.

In those saturnalian crowds among the English there is no politeness, no yielding, no accommodating gentleness; but vulgarity and pot-valiant bullying, and obscenity and oaths. The feculent sweepings of the human suburbs infest these places, and the busy fingers of pick-pockets ply their trade, increasing the confusion, and making what was already bad a thousand times worse.

Sailors, jolly, “happy-go-lucky,” a lass on each arm—whaleboned, padded, and pipe-layed soldiers, with their dressy partners—dignified and bridling old pensioners, having “boused their jibs,” are mingled with the motley crowd. The quantity of eatables and drinkables devoured is prodigious. The commissariat stands every attack, however, and the supply is exhaustless. One great practical joke is the drawing down your back a little instrument with a wheel, on the indented cogs of which a bit of thin wood snaps successively, and you turn round, under the impression that your coat is torn in twain, and see a medical student reeling away with a grin as he “takes a sight of you.” Look at yonder Hospital man, an old “Agamemnon” perhaps; he is capering under the influence of his “nip,” and has just knocked over a basket of oranges, while an ancient lady, in good Tipperary, is objurgating his clumsiness.

Let us walk out of the steaming crowd, and go towards the hill—One-Tree-hill—and, gazing westward, behold a prospect of singular beauty. For miles you may trace the broad river, east and west, bearing to and fro the various “crafts” which crowd it. Wreaths of smoke from the chimneys of the rushing steamers mingle with the air, and, far beyond, the great city looms up beneath its now clear canopy—a city of domes and steeples, chimneys, masts, and mighty edifices, stretching away in endless succession till they touch

the verge of the horizon. There is a chain of youths and maidens now careering down the slope, amidst shrill laughter and many screams—on they go—now they stumble, and again recover their feet, and, having arrived at the bottom, they stop for breath, and very much more slowly walk up again to go down once more.

Noon is past, and afternoon is come. We go to a tavern which overhangs the river, and dine. The dinner is good, the wine indifferent, the charges high, and the waiters are inclined to be insolent, because Dewbank makes a sarcastic comment upon a request made to “remember” them. This mendicancy is the most revolting feature in all the taverns, clubs, hotels, and public places of London and its suburbs. The smooth-spoken waiter, who can curse a furze into flame, is very mild when the leonine visage of Dewbank scowls upon him, and his large bulk is in motion to check his insolence. The Yankee casts a coin on the ground, which is fawningly picked up. A smile, almost angelic, is on the thin lips of that pale, bloodless face, and we are bowed out with a laboured politeness. Ralph and myself had done the “genteel thing” already, as we think it best to “do in Rome as Rome docs.”

The afternoon steals into the evening, and dusky shades begin to rise eastward as we go back to take one more look at the fair, where the mirth is fast and furious. As the shadows deepen, and the purple eve fades away, the fair is beginning to be lighted up with pans of charcoal, candles at the stalls, impromptu chandeliers within the tents, while a brilliant illumination of powerful tallow lamps are blazing in front of the booths, and the turmoil waxes louder and louder; the music brays and clashes discordantly, the crowd is dense, the noisy become obstreperous, the valiant wax quarrelsome, more fights ensue, the police are called. The whole scene arrives at an acme of confusion, and begins to have the aspect of an orgie; we find the cheerful day give place to the feverish and irritable frenzy of the night, and, tired at last, our pleasure becoming palled, we return to the boat, and steer up the river beneath a serene heaven, glittering with all the glory of countless stars, in which the solemn moon moves like Diana the huntress among her nymphs.

CHAPTER VIII.

London.

IN the opening chapter, I briefly, and in much haste, glanced at the more salient "sights" of London. I had now an opportunity of studying this huge aggregation of streets and squares, houses and palaces—of boundless opulence and limitless squalor—at larger leisure; and undoubtedly it was a study at once wonderful, and pregnant with the most astonishing results—to myself.

In Paris, all is gay and exciting, and every pulse bounds with gladness. In Rome, all is stately, grand, antique, and subdued. In Florence, you are poetical, dwelling in a world of quiet loveliness. In Naples, it is relaxing, luxurious—all sunshine while pining for balmy breezes. In Sicily, a sensuous delight possesses you. In the south of France, Marseilles and Lyons, one comes in contact with the seaman, the artisan, the mechanic, and the brawn and muscle of active every-day life is in a kind restored. In London, every idea, every impression is widely different, and all merge into one infinite, indescribable sentiment—that of huge, overwhelming, eye-loping vastness. Venison and turtle, port wine and porter—the shops, the parks, the squares, the bridges—these are only fragments of the colossal whole, each necessary to the completion of the stupendous structure.

Bulk, solidity, and business—the business of eating and drinking—the business of the docks, the warehouses, and the manufactories, represented by the Custom-house and the Exchange—these are other phases of the people of this great city. You traverse squares in which the base of the pyramid might lie. You rush along with a human tide through streets that count by the mile in length. The palaces are not here and there, but countless and immense; while within, the decorations, the gildings, the furniture, the pictures, if not arranged and chosen with the best taste, are upon a scale of profusion and grandeur that speaks of an opulence as great as it is ostentatious. The significations of a wealthy aristocracy meet you everywhere; but there is, at the same time, a rival aristocracy (because it apes the style, and rivals in its expenditure, the lineally descended heirs of lordly houses)—and that is the aristocracy of commerce, of the middle and professional classes, who have wealth enough to purchase all England, perhaps, at her own price. There is this to be admired in this country, where titles are respected, "blood" adored, the society of the great (in name) coveted as a miser covets gold—that all men are eligible to be lifted up to *any* grade, as they are liable to be cast down from it. There is in England no exclusion where men can buy. There is no invidious distinction when a man shows a check-book instead of a ticket; and the manner in which this is done among themselves shows something more

than mere mammon-worship and a respect for convention. There is as little of these as there is of them among ourselves—perhaps less; for the genius of industry, the intelligence of the leading men, sprung from the people, whether artists, men of science, literary men, what not, has rendered the old formal conventions of the courtier days of the Georges—when Bath was *tabooed* to the vulgar, and Brighton basked in the light of a sovereign's eye—a mere tradition, a nullity, an abstraction, having little more existence than in name. If any members of the aristocracy are haughty, proud, and distant, they make very little impression on the solid sense of the people; their grandeur is pitiful in its reduction to an absurdity, because nobody cares for it. “I care for nobody, if nobody cares for me,” I take to be as true a description of an Englishman's bearing as regards his fellows, as any aphorism can go; while, at the same time, he is polite but not laboured, frank but rarely rude; and, though he likes a little “cant,” Exeter-hall, anti-slavery rubbish, teetotalism for the “masses”—not for himself, as *he* “likeners” in moderation—he is, on the whole, as perfect a man, mentally and physically, as any nation on the globe can show.

In England, as generally respected, and as generally interesting even more than loyalty, religion, or politics, law bears the bell. Litigation is like a delirium, and those engaged in it incite those *out* of it, till they are bitten by the same mania. Their legal institutions and edifices, ecclesiastical and civil, are wealthier than dukedoms and principalities, and are as royally lodged in ermine, ashlar walls, and eider-down chairs, or eoveted woollsacks. Their revenues are enormous, their foundations deep in the constitutional earth, their evils awful and heart-rending, as reading the records of old Chancery suits will definitely tell you. Look at the Inns of Court, the Temple, grand and imposing, even now in the very heart of a “hurricanous” bustle, seated on a tranquil bank of the Thames, the abode of silence and studious delight, as well as of chicanery and extortion. Look at Westminster Hall and the Ecclesiastical Courts; count their revenues, if possible, while the salaries of the great men are things to walk through the valley of the shadow of death in order to attain.

Yet they are free and unenumbered, are these mighty people—none more so, not even ourselves—only we have no prejudices from of old taken in with our mother's milk; while their formulas of life are a consolidation of prejudices, which, like an old Gothic tower, crumbles every day into dust.

If, however, it is observed that, between the higher and the middle classes, the line of demarcation is narrowed to title and “blood” only—though a commoner of “unblemished descent,” &c., is held to be as good as a lord—between the higher classes and the peasantry, or the artisan and working classes, the distance is illimitable. There is another abject-pariah class, which hovers in a shadowy darkness on the confines of Egyptian night, that *all* in turn seem to ignore, save that the labouring tribes have an affinity with them, such as exists in that link of organization which binds the animal to the plant. These vegetate in ruin and in sin, and between them and society there is a war of extermination to the death. They are called the class *dangereux*; and, having given them an ill name, like the dog in the proverb, they are doomed to the prison, the hulks, and the hangman. This

characteristic in the midst of the enlightenment, the wealth, the intelligence, the Christianity, the "progress" of the nineteenth century in England, is one profoundly significant—another proof of the detergent capabilities of wealth; for a rich returned transport finds society will open its arms for him, without being offensively particular; mothers will angle for him, and eldest daughters wed him.

Where the greatest anti-slavery cry is raised, exists the monstrous inconsistency of purchasing every slave-grown article under the sun. The cotton of the tropics is worn in filmy fabrics of the costliest kind by women, who moan in Exeter Hall, or the orthodox chapels, at the lecture which paints the black—a man and a brother—working in bondage, and sold from wife and children. The picture is spiced up to a pitch of sentimental agony. In Ireland, eviction of tenantry; in England, the clearance of whole villages of huts, turning more than one "sweet Auburn" into a ruin, to procure ground for sheep-walks, prove the honesty of this sympathy, but prove also how dearly "cant" is cherished; and while much is said, and well said, of the objection which the American has to permit the negro an equality and a status, it is only on "lionizing" occasions, a parade for subscriptions, a "dodge" to pile up contributions for unknown purposes, that a black man in England becomes valued. As for constantly associating with him, petting him in the *salôns*, introducing him into their families, and so on, it is only a theory to be imagined by a dreamer. As an "Ethiopian serenader" he may pass, assuredly not else.

The parks of London are superior to anything in the world. The only thing which may approach to them, as a vast recreative property of the people, are the antique games and the amphitheatres of old. St. James's Park may be taken as the true type of beauty; Hyde Park for vastness; while the Regent's Park, circled in its immense extent by stately residences, rows of palaces, and a Cockney Mont Blanc—Primrose Hill—combines the garden, with its unequalled zoological collection, its superb domain, Caprean retreats (lovely villas laid out on enamelled roads, girded by stately trees, and watered by a fine canal), with an extent not much less than that of Hyde Park. The trees in these parks are glorious specimens of umbrageous foliage, crowning mighty trunks. The walks are marvels of neatness, cleanliness, and dryness. Children, with their mothers and nurses, flock in them by myriads. Lovers walk, softly whispering, in the dewy eve, by the cooling waters. On the Sundays, the artisans and the working classes have them all to themselves. East, west, north, and south—for there is the "Victoria," "Battersea;" and in contemplation as a park, a large waste piece of ground south of the Thames, called "Kennington Common," all surrendered to the people. When shall we, who boast nothing of the kind in New York, and but a hybrid tasteless affair in Boston, be possessed of these! With us, land is "cheap as dirt." In England, it is worth its scores of guineas per square yard. They manage these things much better.

On the Thames are lovely groves, open to the public; and several which are private, by the liberality of their owners, are also at the service of the people on stated occasions. Out and in-door amusements abound everywhere. There is no end, no stint, no limit to

them. If many of the latter be objectionable, let it not be forgotten that it is difficult to deal out a variety of amusement for more than *two millions* of people, dwelling in ONE TOWN!

And again I come to the first impression—magnitude—an overwhelming, even an oppressive sense of magnitude! There is a perpetual and infinite reproduction, as well as reduplication, of the same things in different forms. Over the houses go flashing engines, with their loaded trains. In the streets are drays, carts, coaches, omnibuses, broughams, chariots, horsemen, truck, barrow—vehicles of every kind and description man can think of, loaded with every produce, with elegant groups, with tipsy sailors, with villainy and virtue, with childish purity and youthful innocence, as with astute guilt and hoary pollution. It is a whirling, rushing, maddening vortex. Up and down the silent “highway,” as it has been aptly called, go loaded and empty barges, and the perpetually emptying and refilling steamboat, with their motley passengers. Overhead sails a mighty balloon—two, perhaps, racing in the air! Under the streets, men traverse the great sewers from end to end. In the Adelphi-arches crouch the outcasts in crowds, while beneath the bridge the shuddering suicide stands, as, perhaps, the wine-warmed seducer gaily gallops over in his well-ordered cab. A multitudinous tide, an enormous agglomeration of active struggling, of a fierce, angry strife, sounding like a battle, where the combatants have only strength left to strike, and only cry at intervals, when they smite or are smitten—that is a summary of the picture as a whole.

It is brilliant at night from a perfect glare of gas in the shops and the streets, so that all is clear almost as at noon-day. For cleanliness, order, punctuality, and an admirable arrangement for the facilitating of everything, London may be said to surpass all other cities, as it does in bulk; and the wonder that the multitudes do not interfere, and get entangled with each other, is accounted for by English habits of order and promptitude, and their unrivalled system of police.

One laughs at city processions, “Gog and Magog,” and other singularities, that remind us of children at play; but then, what feasts, what balls, what display! The city is a large larder. Every man is a gastronomist; and if one desires to eat the best dinner, drink the best wine, enjoy the best dessert, and smoke the best cigar, let him go to the city. Beneath your feet, in every direction, culinary matters are going on. In their festivals, the citizens are irreproachable, and you have only to dread apoplexy or surfeit. Once past Temple Bar, you begin to sniff the *nidor* given forth by meats on the groaning spits. The world has sent to meet you there, every delicacy. It is true, that in drinks they are not original, and ice is only beginning to be in general use. Fancy a man drinking hot brandy-and-water on a sweltering summer’s day! This was what provoked Ewart’s contempt more than anything. In time it will be altered, and the ice of “Wenham Lake” once established as a marketable commodity, common sense, and an appreciation of a luxurious draught, will supersede their horrible system of pouring boiling-hot-water into your liquor.

The Horse Guards is the emblem of the military institutions of England. In that square-looking, strength-suggestive building, lodge the Prætorian Guards of the empire; and if they are not quite like their older prototypes, and do not take the election of a ruler into their own hands, there have been times when their adherence to this or that side has decided a struggle.

Within those walls reposes the power, which extends its bayonets, its smoking cannon, its death-dealing armaments, to the distant Indies—to the isles of the sea—where they keep millions of Burmese in slavery, and make war upon the Chinese for refusing to buy opium. Here the generals, commanders-in-chief, and soldiers of the empire, confer, receive and give orders, and do at times absurdly incredible things. Beside it stands the Admiralty, a plainer, but also a fine building, with the air of a veteran that has fought a sea-battle against the “bravest of the brave”—with old Van Tromp—for three days in the Channel, for instance; and we respect it, hardly knowing why, involuntarily.

Of the numberless hospitals, museums, picture galleries, exhibitions, and a thousand other places, where amusement or instruction, scientific or otherwise, may be gained, I cannot now stop to speak, since I have a topic before me of an all-engrossing nature. It was, in fact, the approach of the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851; and I waited in London, contrary to my first purpose, (along with Dewbank, Ralph, and a couple of old friends whom we met, one from Brunswick and the other from Schloss Bronnen, on the Danube,) for several months, in order to watch its erection, its progress, its opening, its success, and chiefly to see what sort of a part *we* should play here in this Olympiad of the nations, and in which, on the whole, I took an interest that was second to none I had felt in any part of my “travel’s history.”

History bears testimony to the civilizing influence of the Olympic games; and one reason why Greece was the centre where all that was mighty in poetry, great in philosophy, magnificent in architecture, faultless in sculpture, unrivalled in her principles as regarded the glory, the greatness, and the freedom of every Athenian, must have arisen from the fact, that if elder nations gave them their experience, and nations more modern ideas more progressive, there was assembled at these mighty assemblages the mystic Egyptian, the star-adoring Chaldean, the subtle Saracen, versed in geometry, the Phœnician, master of navigation—scholars from every shore, as well as they who came from the islands of the sea, and the birthplace of Archimedes. By consequence, the Greeks knew the geography, the history, the lore, and the sciences of all surrounding people, and profited by them; and if this was not the first design and intent of the Olympic games, this is at least what resulted from them. As in the metropolitan cities of the world now, we meet with men from every clime, speaking every language, and clad in every garb, so in the streets of Athens were strangers alike to be met with; and civilization took up her abode there, and became there what it never was elsewhere, even in theory, in the course of more than two thousand years; though possibly there is a nearer approach to this civilization, so circumstantial, so immense in its circle of qualities, and its conquests over brute matter and uncivil-

tured intelligence, and so emphatic, when it is once formed, as not to be mistaken for either a sham or an attempt by a judgment ever so shallow, at the present day.

In nations whose prosperity, if not dependent on machinery and manufactures, at least are remarkable for perfection and extent in these departments, an exhibition of converted material, from the highest work of art to the merest cotton thread, when it challenges an honourable competition for the increase of commercial intercourse, and for the spread of that brotherly communion between people who have so often been foes and rivals in the field of carnage, must be one of those admirable elements of mental greatness which may fitly be put side by side with some discovery that has a direct tendency to benefit mankind, and be classed with those great results which have made the names of Plato, Bacon, Kepler, Newton, Davy, and the rest, so significant and suggestive.

Besides the mere acquisition of a fresh stock of knowledge, however large and extensive, theoretical or practical, there are results to be counted for beyond triumphs of art or the mechanician's skill. The tentative efforts to revive the decaying prosperity of manufactures in France during the Revolution, the Consulate, the Empire, and the Restoration, were quite sufficient to show what *could* be done, and quite successful enough to point out in what particular direction the success counted upon would most probably lead. The cultivation of the arts of peace naturally leads men to the contemplation of cultivating that peace and good-will towards each other, which the nations of the earth, up to the beginning of this last century, have been total strangers to. It is a monstrous idea that of turning the genius which cultivates the beautiful and the grand, as well as the ornate and the useful, into a source from which those engines that shall deal destruction upon the largest scale can be created. A mighty floating battery, a fleet of battle-ships, would certainly make a spirit-stirring sight, and some there be who have an enthusiasm for them; but a fleet of noble merchantmen, laden with the produce of every clime, coming and going, is one far nobler. The paraphernalia of an exploding shell, a grenade, a bomb, a fire-ship, may be matchless; what are these to the shuttle and the loom—what the steam-gun to the steam-press! It is, then, in the close bonds of brotherhood that shall make the artisans of England and America and the Continent clasp hands frankly together, that the great triumph of the Exhibition will be consummated; and this sight I have seen, this cordiality I have witnessed. Foes from of old, on this solemn neutral ground, all met with their hearts in their hands, and their hands met as freely, strongly clasping each other, with no bad or envious feeling arising from the memory of the past to disturb this admirable *compagnonnage*. I never beheld a sight that moved my heart with a thrill so exquisite.

The Exhibition became in effect a college for workmen, a school of design, a practical lecture, not only upon their own particular branch of labour, but upon all. For to him that was unlearned or unread in one art, there were those by, to develop its mysteries, and his active mind seized the whole without much effort. The advance of intelligence, unspoken, unwritten, and unknown, but brooding deep in the mind, as a silent lake lies hidden among mountains, must be incredible, and count its thinkers by hundreds of thousands.

Do you think, reader, that six millions of people came to that place and bore away nothing with them in their beating brains?

I am now writing of the Exhibition, when not a stick or a stone, a pillar or a post, marks the spot whereon it stood. Not a fragment is left to mark the site; but yet there were fragments—ideal parts—yea, consummate wholes, mighty torsos, or stupendous images of creative genius—which, being taken away by the very soul of the gazer, dwell in men's minds, and fructify and produce fruit of the healthiest, soundest, and best.

The prevailing character of the Exhibition was machinery. Machinery here, there, everywhere. It was the ubiquitous principle of all that was collected. Where the machine was not, there were the stuffs, the wares, the matchless articles the machine had made. Art, in its true sense, bore no proportion to what machinery contributed. Those to whom machinery was as a strange, occult, incomprehensible, or inappreciable power, witnessed its working, saw its matchless regularity, its order, its wonders, and beheld woven tissues grow under their eyes—some of the richest dyes, and some as fine as gossamer or a spider's web. They beheld its strength, too—its resistless power: in effect the locomotive is now too trite and familiar a thing to be used here as an illustration.

This Olympiad of artisan industry, of which we can boast as having put every one of its grand originals belonging to the dead past far into the shade, is a proof of what can be done under friendly rivalry, honourable competition, and a lofty intellectual strife, which is destitute of every *animus*, save that generated by cherished and reciprocated sentiments of esteem and respect.

This magnificent building, which was a realization of the wonders of Oriental story—to which some fifteen thousand people contributed of their goods, their manufactures, their treasures of art and nature, and where two thousand men a day had been working—was certainly one of the most stupendous edifices that the sun of Heaven ever shone upon. Its visitors amounted to more than six millions of souls, as I have said. The receipts at the doors amounted to half a million sterling! One million additional is calculated to have been expended on railways and conveyances of every kind; while the refreshments sold in the building are estimated at thirty thousand pounds!

On the whole, therefore, the results were of the most congratulatory kind. All gave and shared the praise. All shared in the honours. What conquest ever collected such treasures? What spoil ever amounted to so much? What warlike armies could ever be compared to the armies of the artisans? No trophies borne to Rome can for an instant be put in competition with the trophies sent from distant climes, willingly trusted to English integrity, received back in the same order, without a rumour of breakage or loss being heard or spoken of; viewed alike by the child of the pauper and that of the peer!

It is a thing to be carried down in perpetuity; and it is for this reason, gentle reader, that I invite you to follow me through a volume dedicated to a faithful description of the Crystal Palace, its origin, history, and its contents; to which the skill of the artist has done all that, I venture to hope, can possibly be desired by the most sanguine.

I repeat it, at the time I write, all is swept away, and no monument of it is left standing. It was an incursion of the modern Goths. It was the triumph of a purse-proud aristocracy against the universal voice of the people. Certainly it was not worthy of becoming the text of a revolution; though more frivolous things have served to make a very sufficient cause for a very pretty quarrel. As the time drew near when the palace must finally close, scheme after scheme, each and all tending to its retention, for the gratification, the recreation, the pleasure of the people—appeared in the newspapers. For a marvel, there was, so to speak, the unanimity of brotherhood; and the object to be served by its remaining, was its convertibility into winter gardens, to comprehend a theatre, music, scientific, ball, and other rooms. The pretence of those who represented the “Woods and Forests,” or some technicality that indicates the immitigable “other party” of a novel, was based on a shallow and frivolous ground, which it may be asserted would never have stood in *their* way for a single moment. Down it must come! ‘*Delenda est Carthago*:’ for there were bearded, sapless soldier-men, who *would* play Cicero here; and the middle-class *genteelity* of Knightsbridge and elsewhere grew potential. With very mournful faces the artisans of London, and those who think a little of them and theirs—their narrow courts, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted homes—and desire them to have a promenade, they went home also, and wrote much and fained more. There were decorous observances to be attended to. In vain some shovel-hats grew grave, and said, “Vanity Fair is over—get you gone!” and gone they were, like children who are obliged to leave the gaieties of the country fair on a wet afternoon; and much was the moan, and great the lament, when the renowned Colonel Sibthorpe “had his own again.” The “hivens be his bed!” as the Irish say.

Down it came! If its erection was a miracle of human skill, its downfall was surprisingly smart; for, converting weeks to days, and days to hours, and so on, the inverse ratio of its departure, as though it never had been, all is at once invisible as by the wave of an enchanter’s wand; and everybody knows that Aladdin’s palace (the comparisons have been numerous enough) cost a great deal of trouble to the poor fellow before it was erected; but as for its departure, it was—puff! presto! gone into the infinite.

I am sitting with a majestic print of the palace exterior, as it was, before me; and “eannot but regret that such things were,” for it is one of the stateliest realizations of a poet’s dream—say Shelley’s—one ever looked upon

I cannot well say, after all, why I should be the advocate of other people’s property. It delighted—it astonished me. I suppose I caught the enthusiasm, and leaving OUR OWN (we owe for the idea, however) for the present out of sight, let me add here the pendant of this marvellous structure.

Seeing that it *was* decided to be pulled down—seeing that the artisans of London and places circumjacent, far and near, were desirous of possessing a place of physical, mental, and moral recreation on that day in which our Saviour “walked through the fields,” a company of men have decided that the people shall *not* be without the means

of breathing fresh air once a week, and exchanging the shop for the fields, the little room for a noble garden, the "graven images" of the plaster-casters for specimens of Michael Angelo, Canova, and the rest—shall have something worthy of human beings to bathe the wearied mind in, and restore the elasticity of the man.

I am just about to propose a toast, for it so happens that I have still a *leetle* "Monongahela" left; and so, with that, I wish the projectors of the New Crystal Palace of Sydenham success. May Fox and Henderson, Paxton, and the whole body corporate, live a thousand years, and "die in the circle of their own shadow,"—an Arabic toast, that Bulwer, by-the-by, has not yet quoted.

In closing this volume, therefore, let me invite you all, kind readers, to accompany me through the interior of the palace as it stood. It is possible I may point out something you have missed. You may also correct me if I be wrong in details regarding that which, from the nature of its attractions, drew your attention with more of decision; and so, until we meet in our "Illustrated Crystal Palace," I bid you all a cordial Adieu.

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